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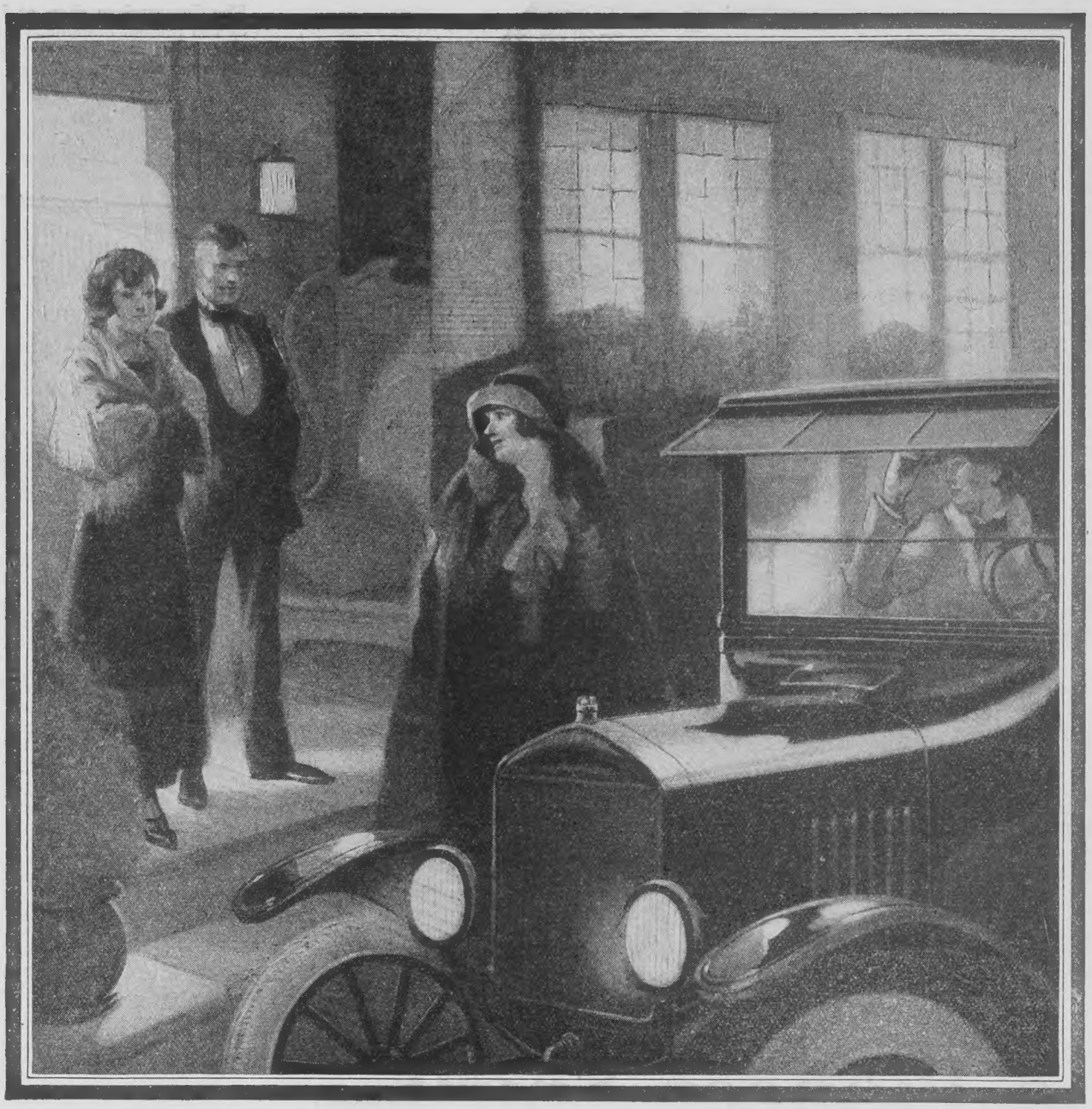

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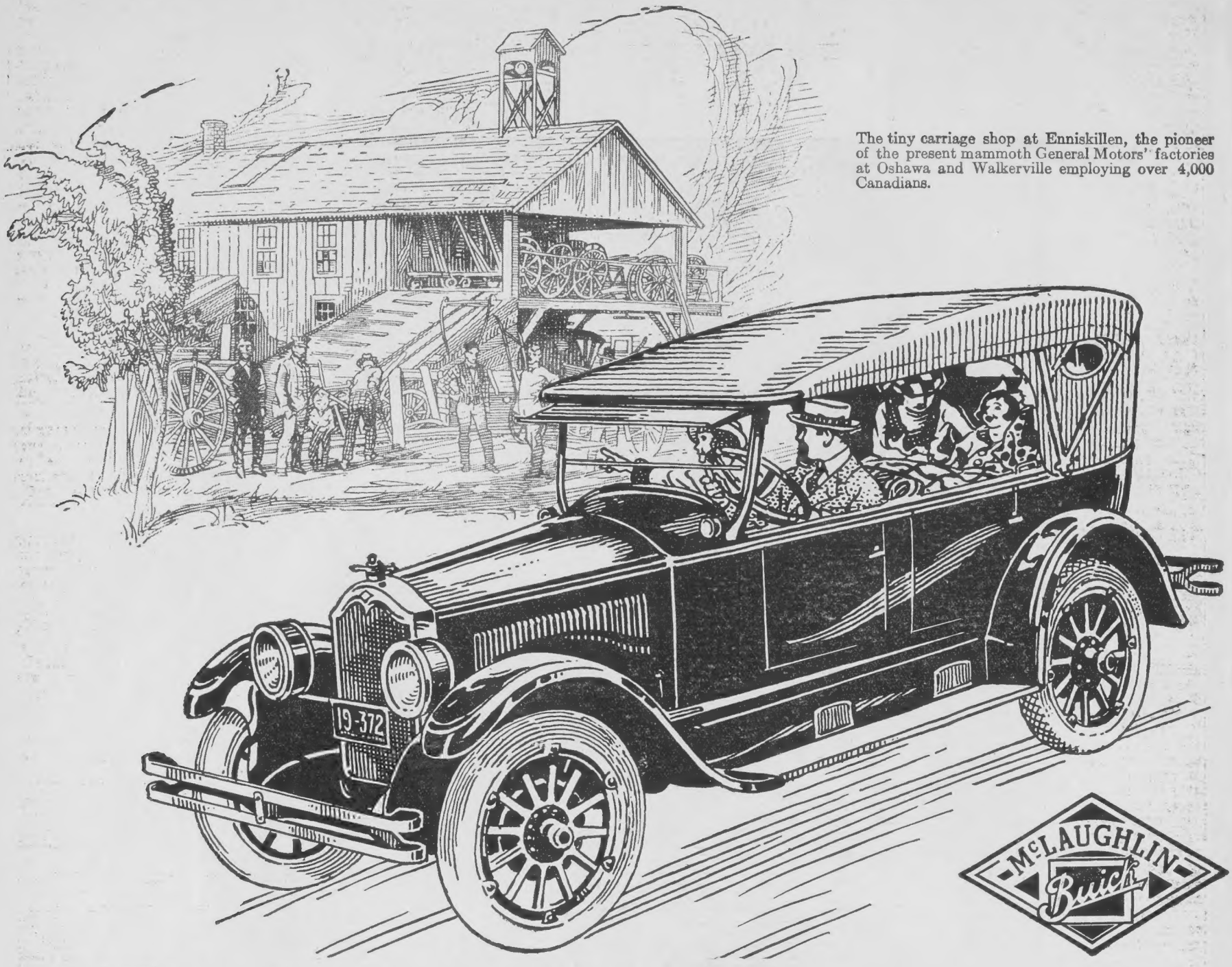

The tiny carriage shop at Enniskillen, the pioneer of the present mammoth General Motors' factories at Oshawa and Walkerville employing over 4,000 Canadians.

The Pioneer Spirit—

FROM the first horse-drawn McLaughlin vehicles to the new 1924 McLaughlin-Buick cars seems a far cry, but the lessons learned in those early days are in a measure responsible for the present popularity of "Canada's Standard Car."

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So the McLaughlin-Buick, not only by its honorable record of past achievement, but also by its present mechanical excellence, has earned its title of "Canada's Standard Car." And the pioneer spirit which prompted its first venture keeps McLaughlin-Buick in the forefront of every worth-while advance made in motor-car construction or design.

GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED
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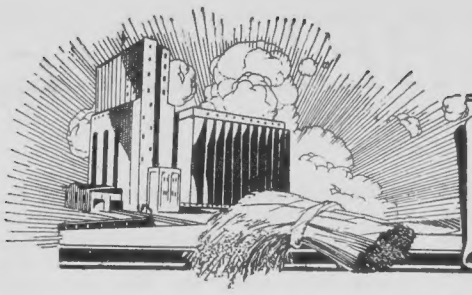
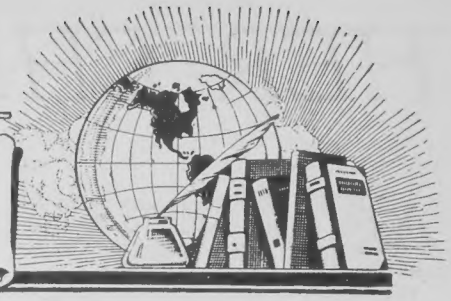
GENERAL MOTORS

CADILLAC CHEVROLET McLAUGHLIN-BUICK OAKLAND OLDSMOBILE G M C TRUCKS



EDITORIAL



CHRISTMAS

It is Christmas—Memories of long ago come thronging upon the mind—memories of a babe lying in a manger, of a mother with holy fear and wonder in her eyes, of worshiping angels and of shepherds on the hillsides: Memories too of a midnight song, the song of all the ages!

"Peace, peace, peace on earth!
To God the Highest, Glory, and Glory in the highest!
Among men, good-will—good-will and peace!"

It is Christmas—Memories of childhood are here—memories of stockings hanging by the chimney side and torn down ere daylight, stockings long and lean. but then, surpassing rich and full, with just an apple and a sugar cane, or perhaps a pair of mittens and a scarf; memories of a service in the Country Church and of a drive to Grandma's, of a turkey dinner, followed by wonderful kissing games, and of fond farewells and endless wrappings and then the long drive home to the tinkling of sleigh-bells, the creaking of harness, the smell of pine woods, the bumping over fallen timbers, and then once again night and sleep and peace. Thus, the old world of our fathers interpreted *the song*, and found happiness and peace and good-will, and gave all Glory to God.

It is Christmas, 1914—The world is dark and dreary, torn by war and hate. No longer peace! No longer God! Human ambition, human greed, human heartlessness have defied the eternal. *The song* is drowned by the roar of guns, the moans of the dying, the cries of mothers. But not drowned altogether, for there are listeners in town and city and in the remotest country-sides, and in every part of the Great Dominions, and men are rushing, rushing, rushing, with the one cry on their lips—"They shall not pass!" God's peace can be preserved, good-will can be restored, and God can be glorified through service. And so 1914 passed away. Then came the long black years and then the longer waiting years and once again—

It is Christmas, 1923—Is *the song* stilled forever? No! For God can never die. His love is eternal and it cannot fail. But it will triumph only among men who are possessed of good-will.

France! Poor France! You have suffered beyond endurance and your fears for the future are not groundless, but if you keep alive the spirit of hate and jealous suspicion, you will lose not only the respect of the world, but your own soul. Germany did wrong; no one can measure the extent of that wrong, but the best thing for you to do is to forget it as quickly as you can. There is only one remedy for a world gone wrong. Force may present destruction, but only love can bring about reconstruction.

United States of America! You hear *the song* but it comes to your dulled ears with a strange accompaniment of money—clinking, and somehow it cannot be heard in Wall Street and in the Councils of the Nation. But you are coming to your own again. You are growing lonely in your isolation and you are finding that *the song* is more than the accompaniment. So you are returning with good-will to complete your unfinished task. Good-will must reign. Peace must be triumphant. You will achieve your destiny only by losing yourself in the greater cause.

Britain! Motherland and Dominions Overseas! How you have bled and suffered in a cause not your own! And now as you try to take up *the song*, for it is only those who sing who can hear, you find there is something missing. The parts do not blend. The wail of the unemployed has no ring of triumph. How hopeless to try to sing when the heart is sad! Waken, Men of Empire! You are living yet. You have lost nothing by your devotion and sacrifice. Your song that seems to you and the world so weak and uncertain reaches Heaven. You have give all—money, ships, men. You have lost all—wealth, trade, markets. But you have saved your souls, and these are all that are worth while saving.

Canada! What a lovely past you have enjoyed! But what of the future? Races that do not understand each other, creeds that mistrust each other, languages that differ, classes that disagree—where is peace and where good-will? There is only one way out, and that is not the way of class organization and racial antagonism. Last born of nations and the best and greatest! What is our hope? These know that only as we catch the song of songs and reflect it in our deeds, shall we achieve our destiny. So let us sing

"Peace, peace, peace on Earth!
To God in the Highest, Glory, and Glory in the highest!
Among men good-will! Good-will and peace!"

READING

THE professional reviewer takes a delight in speaking in caustic terms of "The Pollyana Books and all such trash as that." One cannot but feel that there is a good deal of affectation in this. True, these are not over-intellecualized productions, but they glorify the best things in life—Kindness, Sincerity and Sacrifice. They are better, infinitely better, for many people to read than the high-class productions of master minds, that, however rich in thought and perfect in diction, are yet wanting in moral quality. At Christmas time one appreciates the homelike quality of these lesser books which appeal to the hearts of the populace. The reading of "Pollyanna," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Heidi," will prove a good moral tonic, even though while reading them one is conscious that he is not perusing the works of the immortals in literature. A healthy book is better than a clever book or a well-written book. However, this is only a personal opinion. The following from a valued contributor, expresses an opinion that will be shared by many:—

"Reading," says Bacon, "maketh a full man." And, adds Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch in one of his Cambridge lectures, "too much reading makes him too full."

The point made by our contemporary brings us at once to the problem faced by all modern readers, that of choosing wisely amongst the almost numberless books at our disposal. In Bacon's day a reader with the necessary culture and leisure might know practically every book in existence, but we have passed far beyond that stage and our reading is bounded less by opportunity than by choice.

Except in the case of students, with whom we may include all who read in order to obtain knowledge rather than recreation, personal inclination is probably, and rightly, the first guide in the choice of books. The man or woman whose daily life is monotonous, full of tasks never finished and often distasteful, finds in fiction first, and to a lesser degree in poetry and travels and belles-lettres, a way of escape, an open door into the land that they may never see but in which their minds may claim citizenship. The door once open, they have the choice of many paths, old and new, but it is well to remember that any book that has held its place from generation to generation has proved that it contains something that other people have desired, and so is worth a trial. The newer books, assisted by all the modern machinery of advertising, are in little danger of being overlooked, and while it is often only a foolish pose to cry down all work on which the authors are still collecting royalties it is none the less a mistake to throw aside unread what has been left to us by the great writers of other days.

A third class of readers, one which might well be larger, is made up of those who are alive to the continuity of history and the homogeneity of human experience. It is unfortunate that to a great extent this class is composed only of those whose work brings them into contact with the problems of religion and philosophy, for it might with profit be enlarged to comprise also the searcher after exact knowledge and those who read for little more than amusement.

We have quoted Bacon, who lived seven hundred years ago, and it is impossible to read his Essays to-day without being painfully aware of the fact that much of his advice, particularly that which has for its subject personal conduct and the relations between man and man, is needed almost as much to-day as when it was written. This is surely a waste of human wisdom comparable only to the waste of human life through preventable disease.

To say that experience is the only teacher is but half true. In the material world and also, but in a less degree, in the sphere of conduct and in the deeper matter of morals, we contradict the proverb daily. We do not wait to make for ourselves Bacon's experiment in refrigeration, for instance, having accepted the discovery that cold acts as a preservative. But when he tells us that by studying revenge we keep our own wounds green, we are not impressed even to the extent of making the experiment. We accept the conclusions of the scientists but we leave to preachers and teachers the great body of wisdom that has been accumulated, age by age, by men whose problems were our problems.

In his plea for liberty of discussion John Stuart Mill has this to say, which applies with equal force to reading: "All languages and literatures are full of general observations on life, but as to what it is, and how to conduct oneself in it . . . . . yet of which most people first truly learn the meaning when experience, generally of a painful kind, has made it a reality to them . . . . . there are many truths of which the full meaning cannot be realized until personal experience has brought it home, but much more of the meaning even of these would have been understood, and what was understood would have been far more deeply impressed on the mind, if the man had been accustomed to hear it argued pro and con by people who did understand it. The well-being of mankind may almost be measured by the number and gravity of the truths which have reached the point of being uncontested."

RING SOFT THE BELLS

Ring soft the bells across the world
to-night
The old year's dying slow.
The year with all its passion and its
hate
Filled to the brim with woe.

An old man stooping with his weight
of day,
Slips to eternity,
Leaving behind to oh, so many hearts,
Only a memory.

Hallowed and gaunt he lies upon his
bed
While the new year looks in.
Dying before his rosary is said,
Unshriven of his sin.

Toll the bells slow, as one in sorrow,
dead,
Counting each stroke that falls;
Hearing the hollow echo of that beat
Around the city walls.

Ring the bells sweet for after all its
pain,
Some days have held their gold.
Across the years a shining memory
bright,
Is all we have to hold.

Ring the bells wild! A new year
golden stands,
Lent from eternity.
I wonder what he holds there in his
hands
Ready for you and me?

The pages of his book all fair and
clean
No blot, nor sorrow writ
Into its pages, without mark or stain,
What shall we write in it?

Eternal peace shall all its pages breathe,
Its starting and its end,
Eternal peace that shall not pass away,
God, to Thy people send.

Ring the bells low, we bought eternal
peace,
But oh, at such a price!
The sun is dim at noon with battle
smoke
Come from our sacrifice.

Ring the bells soft, the world is sad
to-night,
Yet even through our pain
In faith we look beyond the cross, and
see
The temple built again.

HER CHRISTMAS MAKE-BELIEVE

By Florence M. Theel

A TOWN clock chimed above the noises of the street. ONE, TWO, THREE! Why keep them longer on Christmas Eve?

Constance Warren, gracious proprietress of the Bluebird Studio, glanced up from her easel at the flushed, happy faces of her four assistants, who, bent over drawing boards beneath gay Christmas bells and red and green festoons, were deftly sketching in heads and feet and hands on fashion layouts.

"Better call it a day, little daubers," she said brightly, with a certain soft inflection the girls had come to love. "Trip along home, and have a happy time, all of you."

As she spoke she swiftly washed in the finishing strokes of the water color on her easel, signed it with a flourish that didn't quite match her general state of mind, and laid down her brush.

Four bobbed heads were quickly raised, four bright faces wreathed in smiles, and four chairs scraped back simultaneously.

"O-o-h, Miss War-ren, that's just lovely of you;" drawled Netty, a pretty little blonde with a penchant for color harmony. "Now I can get the tree trimmed before dinner."

"And I shall have time for a marcel for the dance tonight," chirped Madge, the dashing one of the quartette.

"I'll go along with you for a manicure; my nails are a sight," decided Pegby, while Belle Fontaine, the quite one, called up her salesman beau and made an engagement for the afternoon tea on the spot.

Constance watched them get on their smart little hats and coats, exchanged good wishes with them all around, and then the four gaily trooped off in high spirits, each proudly carrying home the little remembrance she had left on their drawing boards while they were away at luncheon.

Happy, carefree girls! What would she not give to change places with any one of them today! Herself only little older in years than they, today, Christmas Eve, she felt miserably old and lonely. They, light-hearted little butterflies, concerned only with pretty clothes and beaux and parties, had life before them. She had years before her yes,—but the joy of life had flown, leaving only dead ashes of sorrowful memory.

Mechanically she washed out her brushes, and straightened her table. Great flakes of snow sailed past the big north window, drifting listlessly, they cared not where. How very like them she was, herself,—drifting, drifting, she cared not where.

She shivered, and, turning from their contemplation, slowly put on her wraps. As she fastened her veil before the little mirror in her vanity case, she was startled at the hard expression in her eyes. Merry Christmas! Self pity surged into her heart, tears welled, ready to flow. But through tribulation Constance Warren had learned self control, and, with tightened lips, she brushed away the tears, ushed. Why weep, anyway? Tears were worse than useless. Life called for action, achievement,—there was no time for vain regrets.

As she buttoned on her gloves she recalled that she, too, had half-heartedly made an engagement for the evening. —with Mrs. Waring. In the morning she would go to church. Church! What a hypocrite she was,—she who so loathed hypocrisy in others.

Day after day she was living a lie, a lie that so stung her conscience that she wanted to shout out to all the world that she was not Constance Warren at all,—but Constance Stanford,—Mrs. Stanford,—the unloved, unwanted wife of Dwight Ronald Stanford, who was even then leisurely tramping around without her, somewhere on the South American continent. Why should she lie to her dear, fluffy little artists? Why shouldn't they, why shouldn't everyone know the truth? Because she was too proud—a coward! If only she could muster sufficient courage to tell them she would be free of that monstrous burden of untruth that was so ruthlessly crushing her.

With a stifled sigh, she switched off the lights, and locked the door of her studio,—the one place where she could still enjoy a semblance of happiness.

The elevator man touched his hat as she passed out of the car. "A happy Christmas to you, Miss Warren."

The little red-haired newsy offered the evening paper with his usual grin. "Merry Christmas, Miss Warren."

She gave him a shining silver dollar, and, his blue eyes dancing, he skipped ahead and held the door open for her. "The merriest Christmas ye ever had, Miss Warren," he called after her. And the door swung shut.

It was refreshing to get out into the swirling snow. The damp flakes cooled Constance's burning cheeks, her aching head. The streets were bustling with traffic—the jangle of street car bells, the honking of motor horns, the noisy rumble of carts and trucks. Pedestrians hurried in all directions, but only half conscious of it all, Constance strode on, her head bent before the wind, until the faint breath of fresh violets caused her to suddenly look up. A sweet-faced woman, swathed in sables, was passing, leaning on the arm of a tall, well-groomed gentleman. Constance caught her low remark, vibrant with affection.

"Christmas in our own little home, Harry. Isn't it wonderful. Just we two."

And love had come to this woman at middle age. Constance, still in her twenties, had hers far behind her, lost.

The man drew the woman's arm closer, and smiled into her eyes. Constance bit her lip. Something in that look reminded her of him.

Wistfully she gazed after them,—and turning nearly collided with a stout, jovial, bundle-laden man, apparently doing all his Christmas shopping at the eleventh hour. With him trudged three, merry, eager-eyed boys, also heavily laden, and laughing and chatting joyously. One, more exuberant than the rest, smiled up at her roguishly, and waved a bunch of holly. They, too, had loved ones for whom to make Christmas happy. She wondered how many others in the world were like herself, alone.

Through the fine gold mesh of her wrist bag she fingered a crisp fifty dollar note, the proceeds from a woman's journal for a Christmas cover design. Across the street gleamed the blurred lights of a jewelry shop, its revolving doors drawing in and expelling with the same motion the ceaseless stream of shoppers. Without volition, Constance found hersel carried over, through the turning doors, down the crowded aisle. At the leather goods counter she stopped, involuntarily, and peered into the cases filled with wallets, collar bags, hat boxes, every conceivable accessory for a gentleman's convenience.

"Something for you, madame?" A smart looking clerk stepped quietly forward.

"Yes, if you please—something unusual—and beautiful."

Constance blinked, came to herself with a start. Something for her? Why not? Yes, she would do it! It was only for a day. After Christmas she could lay it away in her trunk, and forget it. Why not indulge her caprice this once? There was no harm in it. No one would know but herself.

"Yes, if you please," she replied evenly to the waiting salesman, althought her heart beat wildly. "Something unusual, —and beautiful."

His keen eyes having swiftly appraised Constance's seal coat and ermine toque, her expensive gloves and gold purse, the young man took from the glass case, a small, hand-made pigskin case. He unlocked it with a little gold key, disclosing rich purple velvet trays and compartments for the accommodation of scarf pins, cuff links, rings and chains and other trinkets. Pressed into little holes in the upper tray gleamed a set of pearl dress studs milky white against the rich, dark background.

Gently, lovingly, Constance fingered the little box. Yes, it was exactly the sort of thing he would fancy, she knew. And so, calmly, with her fifty dollar bill she purchased it, and, holding it close to her side, hurried home to her apartment with an eagerness to surpass that of the ruddy-cheeked little lad with the holly.

At eight o'clock Constance was pinning in place the last errant wave of her golden hair, when the telephone rang sharply.

It was Mrs. Gordon Waring. "We're counting on you at the theatre party party tonight, of course, Constance. Just thought I'd better remind you."

So that was the invitation she had so indifferently accepted. Fortunately her Studio demands gave her the privilege of making her social arrangments conditional.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you, Margaret, but I can't be with you tonight," she said quietly.

"Don't try to intimate that any one needs fashion drawings on Christmas Eve," Mrs. Waring protested. "Get on your things. We'll call around in the taxi."

"Margaret, dear, I cannot come, really. I'm—entertaining—an unexpected guest this evening."

"A lady?" Mrs. Waring was undaunted.

"No, no-no, not a lady—"

"Well, bring him along. There'll be an extra chair in the box, anyway." Mrs. Waring made no attempt to conceal her disappointment. "It's rather unfortunate though, I particularly wanted you to meet a most charming young gentleman. Just arrived in town this morning."

Mrs. Waring, who could not, of course, know Constance's secret, was always wanting her to meet charming young gentlemen. Too bad, thought Constance, that she could not take the same interest in someone more appreciative of her efforts than she. She sincerely regretted having to refuse, so often, still—

"Margaret, dear, you'll have to excuse me tonight. Some other time I'll meet your charming man but tonight it is impossible."

"My dear Constance, tonight you are impossible," returned Mrs. Waring with asperity, and hung up the receiver with an impatient click.

"Poor Margaret," Constance smiled, and, humming softly, went back to her boudoir to finish her toilet with leisurely contentment.

How different from her reflection at the studio was the one which greeted her in her mirror now. A warm, happy light glowed in her eyes, her lips were soft with a hovering smile, her cheeks flushed with expectation.

On the bed she had laid out the afternoon frock she had worn that day she had gone to meet him—was it only two years before? Nearby, on the floor, the old gold brocade slippers he had so frankly admired at their last dance together. Dreamily she fingered the lacy frill of the handkerchief lying there on her dressing table. She had carried it the day of their wedding; in her nervous excitement had dropped it, and he had picked it up, abstractedly putting it into his pocket. Beside it lay her rings—the platinum engagement ring that had been presented *after* the ceremony. Often its large, glistening diamond seemed to her like a great, unshed tear, but tonight it gleamed like a drop of morning dew—and with it, the slender chased platinum loop the one tangible evidence of their marriage. Tenderly she slipped it on her finger, and, as she had done in secret a thousand times before, pressed it to her lips. How she loved him, and tonight,—tonight he loved her, too.

A quick knock sounded on the living room door. With a start, she hastily slipped on her negligee, and answered. It was little Miss Darrow, a pretty Dresden-doll type of girl who had a tiny room opposite. Excitedly she burst into the room, one hand behind her back.

"Oh, Miss Warren, will you please hook me up? My fingers are trembling so, I simply can't do it myself—and he'll be here any minute."

She wheeled about, and as Constance quickly fastened her pretty silk frock, impulsively disclosed the reason for her

excitement. "I just know Jack is going to propose tonight. I could tell it in his voice—over the 'phone. Isn't it just too wonderful?"

The last hook in place, Miss Darrow faced Constance, a gloriously happy expression beaming in her child-like eyes.

"Miss Warren, have you ever been proposed to?"

And then, before Constance could reply, she cried, "Oh, there, he's coming now." And with an impulsive hug and a hasty "thank you," she flew out of the room to the joy that awaited her on her own threshhold.

There was no bitter longing in Constance's heart now, as she returned a second time to her dressing. She, too, would be with her own dear loved one this Christmas Eve—in Make Believe.

When the clock on her mantel chimed nine musical chimes she was ready, and lovely, indeed to look upon,—tall, slight, composed, with sweet, sensitive features, the more expressive for her suffering, deep-set, fine dark eyes, and flowing golden hair.

On the handkerchief he had touched, she put a drop of the French perfume he had sent her without comment from Guiana. Confidently she glanced once more at her mirrored reflection, snapped out her dresser lamp and passed out into the living room to entertain her Christmas guest.

Two deep chairs were drawn up on the hearth before the crackling fire. A shaded lamp mingled its soft glow with that of the burning logs. On the little gate-legged table nearby stood her gift, wrapped in snowy white tissue, and tied with a bow of rich, red satin ribbon. Peeping coyly from beneath it was a sprig of pale green mistletoe. Lovingly she fingered the chaste white berries, and with a tender glance towards the other chair sat down before the fire with her guest,—absent, yes, but present always in her thoughts, tonight more loved than ever before in all the years she had known him, every feature and expression as real in consciousness as though he were truly sitting there beside her.

Constance's love for Dwight Stanford was a rare, enduring passion, awakened first in her pinafore days when, with his father, a renowned lawyer and capitalist, Dwight had moved into the big house adjoining their estate on the lake shore in Michigan. Very sacred were her memories of that first meeting, when he had leaped over the hedge to rescue her doll from her lively terrier. They had become friends at once, little child lovers, sharing toys and secrets, joys and woes and dreams. To the private kindergarten they had gone together, driven in the little pony basket by the Stanford's butler. Then, after a time Dwight had been allowed to drive her alone. What unalloyed happiness, those little rides along the shady suburban roads. Were ever skies bluer, wildflowers brighter, or butterflies more gorgeous than in those wonderful, happy, carefree days? Only once had they quarrelled,—when she had mischievously drawn on the blackboard a frowning caricature of Dwight, and a smiling one of his unsuccessful rival.

Staunch pals they had been through each successive stage of development. Partners too, at the Saturday afternoon dancing class, when he wore a little black velvet suit with white, starched ruffles. How they used to bother him! Partners always, too, in the croquet matches on her father's well-kept lawns. Lovers in the amateur community plays given by the children each Christmastide for charity. She thrilled now, as then, at the memory of his first real kiss, when, as a sixteen year old Romeo, he had climbed the balcony of his fourteen year old Juliet, and, holding her close had ardently kissed her passive, willing lips, amidst the thundering applause of an enthusiastic audience. His searching eyes had told her then that for them it was no play—but the dawn of wonderful love itself.

Not long after came their first separation, when he left for college in the East. Nothing past, nor yet to come, could ever blot out the precious memory of that last evening in the garden. She could smell the honeysuckle now, fragrant with the evening dew, could feel again his strong arms draw her close as they sat together in the little rustic pagoda, watching the sunset fade on the rim of the lake. It was as though his clear brown eyes were looking into the depths of her own blue ones even now, as she heard again his rich voice saying softly, "You are mine, Constance,—and I am yours, for all time. Nothing, nothing, shall ever separate us."

Then he had kissed her forehead through the shimmering cloud of gold that covered it, and she, in turn, had kissed his lips, in silent pledge of her undying fidelity. Well,—she had kept that promise, anyway.

The following year she had entered university, there in the West. What enthusiastic letters she had sent him then about her new experiences. What thrilling ones he had written in reply. Precious, boyish letters! She had them still in her trunk.

And so a busy year went by, and summer holidays came round. So that they might be together, both families summered at the same place. Well could she remember that meeting, and the blissful weeks that followed. Both had grown much in character during those months of separation, and their companionship had become the richer, then, because of them. All too swiftly the holiday sped by, and back to school they went, pledging anew their devotion, confident still that nothing could ever part them.

"Dwight!" she cried, affrighted. With a sob she sank back into the chair.

Another busy, eventful year made its swift cycle, with a glad reunion in the summer, and another reluctant leave-taking in the fall.

For Dwight his senior year had become strenuous. What with studies, fraternities, football and the countless other demands, there was less and less time for Constance. His letters grew more infrequent, more hasty, concerned principally with his own affairs, activities and honors. In the flush of success, he was neglecting her. And she, piqued and offended, foolishly sought solace in the attentions of a sentimental literature professor, old enough to be her father. On his own pale lips he glibly fitted the flaming ardour of the poets, utterly turning her foolish head, and befogging her usually level thinking.

With what secret satisfaction she had written Dwight of her "adorable" professor, of their lovely talks, and his "wonderful understanding of her, when she could not even understand herself."

Then, unexpectedly, one day the nettled Dwight appeared on the campus, surprising her strolling in the moonlight with the professor. It was the first time she had wandered off with him, and how it happened she could not recall, but when Dwight confronted them, the professor's arm was about her waist, her head resting against his thin, bent shoulder.

In outraged silence Dwight faced them. No spoken word could have been more expressive of his contempt than the scorching glare he bent upon the disconcerted professor, or the withering smile of condemnation he turned upon poor Constance holding her guilty eyes with his accusing ones, until at length she lowered hers in shame. Without a word, he turned and strode away down the moonlit path, leaving her shame-faced and wretched.

In a few days came a bulky package with her letters, and gifts, and every little trinket she had given him since childhood,—even his souvenirs of places they had been together. With them he sent two brief, scathing lines:

"Constance! Your actions have belied your name. May our paths never cross again."

And she, pride deeply wounded, had answered him not a word.

Tonight, across the space of years, she could smile at the recollection of that dramatic denunciation. Who could have known then, under what sorrowful circumstances, and with what cruel briefness their paths were destined to cross again.

Dwight did not return to their home town. Commencement over, he remained East, and, following in his father's footsteps, entered the world of finance, where his influence and ability gained him steady promotion from the outset.

Her degree earned, Constance came back the following autumn, wearing but poorly the laurels that had been bestowed upon her. Then, awakened to her talent for painting by a noted artist sojourning in the West, she apprenticed herself to him, putting into her art the little that remained of her zest in life.

With womanhood came bereavement, and misfortune. Her father died suddenly, leaving her leisure-loving mother utterly unfitted for the management of the considerable estate bequeathed her.

Quite naturally she turned for financial guidance to their friend and neighbor, the elder Stanford, until e'er long he directed practically all her affairs. Within a short time, himself facing financial disaster, he did what many another weak man in his position might have done. With capitalistic strategy he skillfully manipulated the widow's fortune, accomplishing, eventually his own salvation and the widow's ruin.

Tradegy followed tragedy swiftly. The shock brought on Mrs. Warren's early demise. Her unprincipled counsellor lived not long after.

And so, with the few personal possessions that remained when the estate had been disposed of, Constance turned her face towards the East, to make her own way in her adopted profession; while Dwight, sole heir of his father's ill-gotten means, returned to the West. They did not meet.

In the course of events, then, when examining into his father's affairs, Dwight learned of the embezzlement, and sought to make restitution—honorable enough, but bitter as it proved. Better for her, perhaps, if he had never wrong.

Out of the silence of years he sent made any attempt to right his father's her a brief note, asking that she grant him the favor of meeting him when he came to New York, where as head artist in a large studio she was already enjoying a fair measure of success and prosperity.

Poor Constance! All her love for him rekindled by his message,—his first since that fatal day at college,—what could she reply but yes!

And so on the appointed day he came to New York. From his hotel he sent a note asking would it be convenient for her to meet him that afternoon at his aunt's home uptown. It seemed a strange request. However, having met Dwight's aunt and her agreeable husband, the Reverend Dr. Thornton, during their stay out West, Constance sent word with Dwight's messenger that she would do so. Their limousine called at three o'clock, and, a thousand conjectures flashing through her thoughts, she started off to meet him.

As the car drew up before the Thornton's formidable residence in the upper Sixties, Dwight, himself, opened the door.

Bitterly disappointing meeting!

Very formally he shook her hand and led her, ceremoniously into the drawing room. The glad light in her eyes died out quickly. It needed only that first glance to tell that Dwight Stanford had not forgiven her.

He drew a chair forward, and, mystified, she sank into it, awaiting his explanation. It was not easy for him to give it.

As briefly as possible—his words seem-carefully chosen with great care—he told her of his father's misdemeanor. Honor made it imperative for him to make amends in the only way possible—by restoring to her every cent of the misappropriated money. If he did that openly, the truth would undoubtedly come out. His father's name would be besmirched. He had considered the matter from every possible angle. There seemed only one way open. He would be indebted if she could see her way to accept it.

As he stood there, facing her, leaning uneasily against the back of a chair, Constance could see that he was suffering. There was a long, tense silence, as mutely she waited. Then he cleared his throat, and went on evenly.

An important business venture was taking him that night to South America, to be gone, perhaps four or five years. If she would consent to marry him that afternoon, he could settle on her at once, with interest, the amount that had been entrusted to his father's management. In the event of his death he would leave her further possessions, by way of further atonement. Their marriage would be merely a form that would enable him to keep unsullied his father's name. All would be, as before. They need never meet. She could continue her career if she chose. He would go his separate way.

For himself he would never marry. But if the time came when she might wish to, she need only communicate with his attorneys, requesting her release, and it would be granted. That would be arranged in a sealed document before he sailed.

Poor Constance! The hopes which his puzzling letter had engendered, his cold, deliberate, well-planned words now

Continued on page 65

THE BREAD OF DESPAIR

By Anthony Alcott Arnold

IT was a hard winter in the Province of Quebec. The harvest had been lighter than for many years, and the first snow had come even before St. Catherine's Day. From week to week the cold tightened its hold upon the North Country, and in more than one village there were stomachs without enough to fill them; so that their owners shivered and vowed pilgrimages to the shrine of the good Ste. Anne in the hope that her intercessions would help them through to spring.

The region about Petit Rocher suffered; but, even with the pork barrels empty and snow to the eaves, men agreed that Richard Dorion was a fool to work for Pierre Robidoux. In his forty years Robidoux had never been known to give away the value of a copper cent—and this was the best that could be said of him. Those who had had dealings with the bearded, thick-bodied miser of Petit Rocher told of methods more sinister than the hoarding of money.

But Dorion was filled with the self-confidence of youth; and he was glorified by love. One among half a hundred suitors, he had won his wife, Beatrice, in the spring; and since that time his feet had walked lightly despite the pinch of unexpected hardship. It was in the hope of providing her with comforts through the winter that he accepted the offer of Robidoux. The Dorions were to live in a little house at the edge of Robidoux's woodland, and Richard was to chop firewood at so much for each cord cut. The price was low, but it seemed better than idleness and perhaps hunger.

Pierre carried the Dorions and their belongings to the house on the traineau with which he hauled wood; and then drove away, with the remark that he himself would come out to the woods and chop the next day. Richard, standing in the middle of the long-unused kitchen, turned a gaze half bewildered and half amused toward his wife, whose blue eyes were filled with little sparks.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "He might have helped me for an hour!"

"The house is dirty!" Beatrice looked from the cobwebs in the corners to the unwashed windows. "But I suppose it would have cost him something to have it cleaned."

"And there is not a stick of wood in the shed!" from her husband.

"Nor anything to eat until there's wood to cook with!"

Then they laughed whole-heartedly, with the unconquerable cheerfulness of their years. Young Madame Dorion looked so charming to her husband that he kissed her. What if they did work until after midnight to make the place fit to sleep in? They were together; and Richard had work of a kind.

It was not long after daylight on the following morning when Robidoux appeared, stamping into the kitchen without the formality of a knock. Dorion marvelled that a man having French blood in his veins could so lack courtesy.

"Ready?" asked Robidoux briefly. "The days are short, and you won't earn much if you don't get to work as soon as it's light."

That Richard Dorion knew well enough, but he had hoped for a little time in which to help his wife. However, he accepted the situation with philosophy and prepared himself to go into the forest while Robidoux stood by the stove and kept his eyes upon the slender figure of Beatrice as she moved about her work. Small eyes they were, reddened by a bit of cold and wind filled with a light that annoyed the younger man. He was glad when they set forth, for the presence of Pierre seemed like a spot of darkness in the house.

The section of the forest that Robidoux had chosen was not what a woodsman would call good chopping. It was jagged with ledges and cut by ravines so that the normal quantity of wood that a man could cut in a day was reduced by about one-half. Dorion spoke of this, although he was careful that his remark did not take on the nature of a protest, and he drew from his employer a sharp ultimatum:

"Nothing compels you to work!" The realization of power was in the hairy face of Pierre. "You may go back to Petit Rocher if you like!"

Robideaux knew very well that this was impossible, for Dorion had admitted to him the day before that he was using the last of his money to buy supplies. There was only one reply to be made.

"I will keep to my agreement," Dorion assured him. "Perhaps, after all, the chopping will not go so slowly as seems likely."

It did go slowly, however; even more laggardly than the worst apprehensions of Richard had pictured. He was master of the axe, and he loved the swing and feel of it in his hands, but not even his skill and the tireless back and arms that enabled him to work from daylight to dark could overcome the handicaps of the situation.

One hindrance was the cold. On the worst days of that bitter winter it became an all-permeating essence that took hold of the vitals of a man no matter how many thicknesses of wool and sheepskin he wore. Dorion found a cave in the face of one of the ledges, and, after he had had a narrow escape from freezing his toes, he took refuge there frequently for short intervals, making himself comfortable with a fire. The cold, the difficult chopping, and the short days all hindered him, so that he knew, when the end of the first month drew near, that his pay would not be large.

On the day before pay day, Robidoux, who worked in the forest only when the weather was good, appeared in the clearing and inspected the ranks of wood that Dorion had piled up.

"I am going to drive in to Petit Rocher tomorrow," he said at length. "You will want some pork and meal no doubt? I will get them and take it out of your earnings."

"Good!" exclaimed Dorion, cheerful in the belief that Pierre was experiencing a moment of kindliness. "I shall be much obliged if you will stop at my house and get a list of what we need from my wife. Tell her to write down the mittens that she desires and the cloth for a warm skirt and—yes, some candy. That will be a small enough treat after a month of hard work!"

Robideaux grunted acquiescence and departed. Dorion thought nothing more about it until that evening, when he asked Beatrice if she had made out the list of things to be purchased.

"Yes," she replied; and added, after a moment of hesitation: "Do not send him here again when you are away, my husband."

"What's that!" Richard barked the exclamation, flaring with sudden wrath against Robidoux as he looked into the face of his wife. "What did he do?"

"Nothing at all," she answered, with calm eyes. "Be tranquil. It is merely that I do not like the presence of the man, nor the expression of his face when he looks at me."

"Tres bien," he answered, his good nature restored. "If you wish, we will go back to Petit Rocher. I desire your happiness more than anything."

"That would be folly." She smiled; but he knew that the smile was for his encouragement, and it did not come from the heart. "The winter is half gone—let us see it through. At least we have enough to eat, and I doubt whether every family in the country has so much."

So there was no more discussion of moving. The next day passed with rather better progress than usual for Richard, and when he reached home at dark, to find Robidoux just driving up to the door, his spirits had risen so that he was able to give a cheerful greeting. He held the door open for Pierre, who entered with a sack in one hand and a very small package in the other. He put them down upon the table.

"Pork and meal," he announced.

"But where are the other things?" asked Beatrice.

"That's all there was money to get."

"I had pay for a month's work due!" cried Richard. "I cut enough wood so that there would be money for what I ordered and to spare!"

"I took out what you owed me." Robidoux was imperturbable.

"I do not understand!"

"There was the charge for bringing you here——."

"Parbleu!" Dorion was stunned by the meanness of that.

"And for getting your supplies today——."

"You are a marvelous rascal!"

"And the rent of this house."

"Rent?" cried Dorion. "It is not customary—you said I might have the house."

"But I did not say you might have it for nothing. It is not my custom to be a fool!"

Richard sought the eyes of his wife desperately. For the moment he did not know what to do.

"Even with all those charges against us there should be something left," she said.

"I forgot to mention the firewood that I helped you haul for your own use," from Robidoux.

"Very well," Beatrice spoke hastily, checking an outburst from her husband. "We will make the best of it, I suppose. Good night, Monsieur Robidoux!"

Her dismissal seemed to take him a little aback. He went out in silence; and no sooner was he gone than Dorion turned to his wife.

"What did you mean?" he demanded. "We can't remain. There is not food enough for another month!"

"I can make it do with what we have on hand. There is wood enough for a month, so there will be no expense for fuel. If we go now, we must walk to Petit Rocher and abandon our things. At the end of another month you will be able to hire them taken back to the village. Moreover, it will be a month nearer spring."

After some argument, he yielded, fighting down his desire to thrash Robidoux and leave. That charge against a woodchopper for fuel, a thing unheard-of, had been the limit of endurance—almost. But they comforted each other with the assurance that a month would soon pass. They would eat lightly and burn as little wood as possible. It might be, once in Petit Rocher, that they would find some remedy through the law.

After their decision, each day was much like every other one, except that the pressure of circumstances grew steadily harder to bear. Dorion spoke to his employer only when the work made it necessary, and Robidoux, for his part, kept well away from the house. After the first week there was nothing to eat except corn meal and pork, and the meals became each the same—until the pork gave out. Because of his out-of-door work and his great strength, Dorion managed to do well enough on his fare; but the red left the cheeks of Beatrice. Moreover, Richard noted, with uneasy protests, that when he was away she did not use wood enough to keep properly warm.

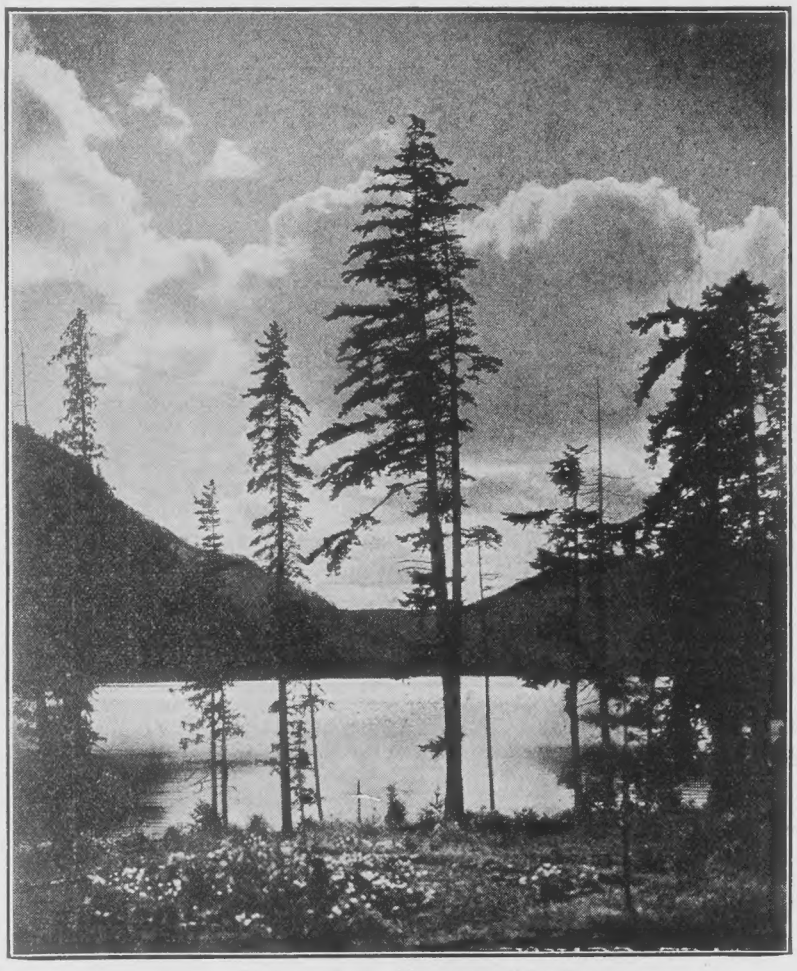
It is rare that a strong man can feel with one who is not in health. Richard saw that all was not well with his wife—he observed a growing listlessness in her movements—but he was so unconscious of his own perfect body that it did not occur to him that she could become seriously ill. So it was like a blow between the eyes when, one morning after he had built a fire, she turned slowly upon her pillow and said that she could not get up. A flush had spread in her cheeks, and her words came with patient effort.

"The good God forgive me!" Richard cried, kneeling beside her. "I have let you become ill, like the fool that I am!"

"You did not know," she said. "I thought I could stand it——."

Her words trailed off. Dorion leaped up and ran out of the bedroom in order that she might not see his anxiety. For a few moments he paced the kitchen frantically, with no idea of what to do first; and then he realized that the immediate need was to make her as comfortable as possible.

Continued on page 72



Cameron Lake, Vancouver Island.

Florrie's Christmas Idea

By Mrs. Nestor Noel

"WHY did Aunt have to leave this big house, I wonder," soliloquized Florrie Steel. "I was so happy away back East and I had to leave everyone, just to come and live here." She looked round the well-furnished room as she spoke. There was a deep pile velvet carpet on the floor, the armchairs were the most comfortable ones for which a tired person could long, the fire blazing in the open fireplace threw a bright light on the rose-tinted wallpaper and showed up the pink marble mantelpiece. Everything spoke of comfort and luxury.

"Any girl would love this room if she did not have to be alone in it," said Florrie to herself. "As it is, I'd willingly exchange it for my old, stuffy typewriting office. I don't know a creature in this town and it's two weeks before Christmas. A nice prospect I have of enjoying Christmas."

She sighed deeply, and at that moment a maid entered, turned on the electric lights, pulled down the blinds and drew the curtains. The maid left the room as silently as she had entered it. Ten minutes later she returned with tea, toast and delicious cakes.

"Anything more, Miss," she asked as she stood in the doorway.

"No, thank you, Selina," said her mistress.

Finding herself alone once more, Florrie began her tea. She was hungry and healthy. When she had eaten everything on the tray, she leant back contentedly.

"I suppose," she said to herself laughing. "It isn't the fashion to finish everything. The rich only toy with their food." She walked over to the window and pushing the curtains and the blind looked out.

The snow lay heavy on the ground and the few passers-by, wrapped in furs, walked quickly.

"It certainly snows in this part of the world," observed Florrie as she took up a novel and sat down by the fireplace. She glanced at the book but she did not read. Her great, brown eyes looked wistfully around. "If I only knew someone," she said. "Of course there are those old friends of Aunt's about here, but I'd love to know a girl just like I used to be—a girl who would work hard in an office and go home to a hall bedroom and wash out her own blouses! I am so tired of being rich—rich and lonely!"

She leant her chin on her pretty, dainty hands and was lost in deep thought. Her curly, bobbed hair made a golden halo round her face. Florries' brown eyes and golden hair were a pretty combination.

"Naturally, in time, I shall get to know some people about here," she thought, "but I shall not enjoy them. I have nothing in common with these people. I've belonged to the struggler's class too long though I am only twenty-two."

Suddenly she jumped up and her eyes shone with excitement. "Why didn't I think of it before," she exclaimed. "It's such a good idea, and no one really knows me here. There's always a rush before Christmas. I've every chance in the world. How I wish it were to-morrow. I can hardly wait. I think I'll look over some suitable clothes."

She ran up the stairs eagerly, two at a time. She dragged a heavy trunk towards her and sat on the floor in front of it, flinging out the clothes.

Her maid tapped at the door, but Florrie sood dismissed her.

She tried on a simple white blouse and a dark, blue serge suit, then she added a small fur toque.

"How business-like I look," she remarked to her own reflection. "I can scarcely wait until tomorrow. I am so excited."

* * *

"Are you here just for the rush," asked a pale-faced, tired looking typist of a girl who sat next to her in one of the biggest stores of the city.

"Yes," answered the new-comer. "I wish I were permanent."

"It's hard work here," said the first speaker. "Still I'm thankful I'm kept on. My name's Minnie King. What's yours?"

"Florrie Steel," was the answer, and the new girl bent eagerly over her machine, cleaning and oiling it as if she loved it. For a time nothing was heard but the click, click of the machines, then Minnie asked:—"Did you bring your luncheon?"

"Oh no," smiled Florrie. "I quite forgot. I was in such a hurry to get here."

"I expect you needed the work," said the other sympathetically. "Never mind lunch. I know a cheap place where we can go, and I'll treat you this time."

"Thanks," smiled Florrie. "I'll go with you."

At last it was time for the mid-day meal. The two girls were soon seated at a small table in a clean-looking and crowded restuarant.

"I come here because it's cheap and clean," explained Minnie. "What would you like?"

Florrie studied the menu, choosing some light fare.

"That's all right if you like it," said Minnie, "but I think you ought to have cocoa too. It's substantial, you know. You can work on it a long time. We may be kept overtime, and we won't get another chance to eat till we get home."

"Very well," said Florrie.

"We get pay for overtime," explained Minnie who was inclined to be talkative. "I'm saving up to buy mother a fur stole. Won't I be glad when Christmas comes."

Florrie sighed, and her new friend was quick to notice it. "Perhaps you haven't a mother," she added.

Florrie shook her head.

"Oh that's dreadful, especially at Christmas time," replied the other girl. "Do you live alone?"

"Yes," answered Florrie.

"It can't be any fun in lodgings," said Minnie. "Will you come to our place? I'm sure mother will like you because I do. I'll tell her about you. You really ought to have two cups of cocoa," she added.

The two girls chatted on, that is to say, Minnie talked and Florrie listened. The latter was afraid to talk much for fear she would give herself away. She even allowed Minnie to pay for them both, because she did not want to hurt her feelings, but she added to herself:—"I'll make it up to her later on, in another way."

The days passed quickly now. Florrie rose early, eager to join the crowd of workers to whom she felt she belonged. If she did not return to the house for lunch, there was less work for the servants, and no one complained, but Selina could not help wondering why her mistress never wore anything during the day except the same old blue serge suit. In the evening, she wore any pretty dress which the maid had laid on the bed for her, but she scarcely noticed what she wore. "One dress seems as good as another to her," said Selina to the housemaid, and they wondered.

On Christmas Eve, the girls lunched together as usual, and this time both paid for their own meals. Florrie drank two cups of cocoa without being reminded of it! She missed her afternoon tea and supplemented it by eating bars of chocolate which she shared with Minnie.

"You don't buy all this; do you," asked that girl, and when Florrie foolishly admitted that she did, Minnie warned her:—"You forget you're not taken on after Christmas; it will be hard to find work then. You'd better save your money."

"We're working late to-night," said Florrie, excusing herself. "I don't want to faint."

Minnie laughed at this. "Working long hours seems to agree with you," she remarked looking at Florrie who seemed as fresh as when she started.

"I like the work," remarked Florrie.

"Don't forget, mother and I expect you tomorrow," reminded Minnie later on as the two girls put on their hats at the end of the day.

"I'm not likely to do so," laughed Florrie. "I've been counting the days to it."

"MOTHER," said Minnie the next morning. "We'll give Florrie as good a Christmas as we can. She's out of work now. I'm afraid she'll be feeling depressed."

"We won't allow that on Christmas Day," said Mrs King, an energetic, elderly woman whose once golden hair was now turning grey. "We'll give her a happy Christmas, and maybe we'll be able to help find her another job. I shall be glad to meet her."

"Do you think she'll like these fur-lined gloves," asked Minnie. "I noticed hers were thin and old."

"If she likes them as much as I did my fur stole, you'll be pleased," replied the mother.

The church bells sounded their joyous peals and all the world looked gay outside. The softly falling snow was no drawback to the happiness which seemed to radiate on every face.

"I THINK I shall be away all day, Selina," said Florrie, handing her maid a Christmas present. "I hope you'll have a pleasant day."

"Thank you, miss," remarked Selina, and this time there was no need to exclaim over the dress which Florrie chose, for it was one of her prettiest. The soft brown fur coat which she put on top made a pleasing contrast to the golden curls and matched the dark brown eyes.

"You look real lovely to-day, Miss," exclaimed the maid in open admiration.

"Do I?" laughed Florrie. "I expect it's because I'm so happy. Don't let me forget my parcel."

"Shall I call a taxi?" asked Selina.

"Perhaps you'd better," answered Florrie. "It's rather a long way."

The streets had been swept the day before, and cars were running all the time, in spite of the snow which stood up like a wall on either side of the road. It takes a great deal of snow to stop the traffic in a town.

It was nearly dinner time when Florrie drove up to the little flat which Minnie shared with her mother. Both mother and daughter were too busy with their preparations for the Christmas meal to look out of the window, so they did not know how Florrie had come.

Minnie scarcely recognized her friend, "Oh what a dream of a coat," she exclaimed. "Was it a present?"

"It was," agreed Florrie, inwardly commenting that it was a present her late Aunt's money had enabled her to give to herself.

"Come to the bedroom first," said Minnie leading the way.

Another exclamation greeted Florrie's pretty dress, but the latter laughed it off saying:—"Well my old gloves scarcely match. I took them up in a hurry."

They were the same gloves she had worn at the office.

"Oh I'm so glad," cried Minnie. "Then I've got you the right present." She handed her friend the fur-lined gloves.

"They're just what I need," said Florrie giving the girl a parcel.

Minnie unwrapped it and found the loveliest dressing set of French Ivory. Both girls hugged each other, then they ran downstairs, and Florrie was introduced to Mrs. King who was busy arranging the holly and Christmas cards on the table.

"My very dream of all a mother should be," thought Florrie at once, and all through the meal she continued in this belief.

"How lucky you are," she remarked later on to her friend, as the three sat round the fire eating oranges.

"Because I have a job?" asked Minnie.

"No," replied Florrie. "Because you have a mother."

For a moment the smiling eyes were dimmed with tears, and Mrs. King leaning towards the girl said gently:—

"Minnie has been telling me how lonely you are. We have a spare room in this tiny flat, and we would love you to have it."

"Oh you are good—good," exclaimed Florrie.

"Then you'll come?" questioned Minnie eagerly.

Florrie did not answer, and Mrs. King added hastily: "It would save you rent. I know what it is for a girl to be lonely and out of work. That room is no use to us. We only keep boxes in it. You might as well have it."

"I don't know how to answer you," said Florrie, thinking how generous the poor always were. "First, I have a confession to make, and you must both promise not to be angry. I had to do as I did. I was so desperately lonely."

"It was surely nothing bad," smiled Mrs. King. "You do not look capable of that."

"Thank you," replied Florrie. "It was a small deception and it hurt no one. It was the only way that presented itself to my imagination."

She told the story of how, in order to get a girl friend of her own style and class, she had applied for the typewriting position and secured it. She ended by saying: "Of course, I shall give away the money, as I do not need it."

Both her hearers stared at her in bewilderment. Minnie was the first to recover, and she said in disappointed tones: "Then you won't want to live with us."

"On the contrary, I want it more than ever, if you will still be my friends," was the quick reply.

"You're welcome," assured Mrs. King. "Poor child; you must have been lonely in that big house."

"But I have a proposition to make," urged Florrie. "I have not a relation in the world. I'd like to feel I had acquired more than friends—perhaps an adopted mother and a sister. If I had to chose my own mother I know where I'd come."

Mrs. King held out her hand to Florrie. "What is your idea," she asked.

"That you two should come and live with me. Now don't deny me. It can't be good for a girl to live in such a great, big house alone, and it's a pity to waste the room. Besides, don't you think (here she turned to Mrs. King) I need a chaperone.. and a mother too."

"You certainly do," answered the woman, kindly. "Have you any objections, Minnie?"

"None in the world," said the girl quickly, then turning to Florrie, she added: "What is your address?" When Florrie told her, she said: "It's nearer where I work than here."

"You see you have to come," smiled Florrie.

It was quickly settled after that, and Mrs. King and Minnie moved into the big house, rent free; for as Florrie said: "One does not charge one's mother, and I need someone to teach me how to do the housekeeping, anyway."

"It was a glorious Christmas idea," said Florrie one week later as the three sat round the huge open fireplace in the big house which was no longer lonely.

RING OUT THE OLD

A Story for New Year's

By Mabel Burkholder

JIM LAWRENCE took the last day of the old year for a sort of reckoning up time.

"A fellow would like to feel that he was getting ahead of the game—making some gain," he thought.

Pecuniary gains Lawrence meant probably; though he would like to have realized some other vague ambitions, too, no doubt.

He walked along among the lumps and ruts of a country-side road, savagely grinding the frozen clods beneath his heels. Shabby clothes, empty pocket—scarcely a penny to jingle against a key in any of them—who would have supposed he could have come down on his luck like that?

It was the old tale of poor crops and stock not doing well. But when he said as much to a neighbor the man had replied unsympathetically, "Some folks like to hide behind that excuse; I ain't had crop failure nor stock failure in fifteen years."

The craving for the city was intense in Lawrence that day. There existence was varied and colorful, to say the least. He had never pulled down big money in what he now thought of as the good old days, but he had been called clever in working out easy schemes for making a living without this everlasting drudgery. The last three years had seemed like a punishment, a sentence to hard labor. He had come to the farm knowing no more about it than it did about him.

Yet the country had received him when the city drove him out. For once he had overstepped himself in his schemes for making easy money; he had heard himself called a cheat, and had known that the long arm of the law was reaching out—reaching out to get him—God, he would never forget the fear of those first few weeks.

And the country, not having heard of his lapse, had taken him as an honest man for three years—ah, that was something!

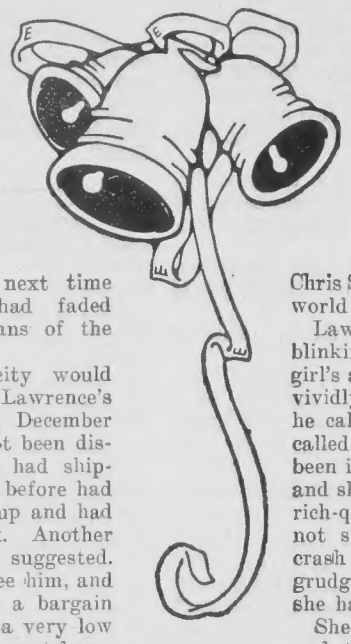
Lawrence was footsore when he arrived at Shelby's siding, the end of the city bus line. He was twenty minutes ahead of time, and it was cold waiting in the open. Across the road in the school-house Netta Keep was practising about a dozen children for a New Year's concert. To the wheezy notes of an organ they were all singing lustily, "Ring out the old; ring in the new."

Suddenly he recalled that at the last school meeting they had made him a trustee of the section to fill an unexpected vacancy. What more proper than that a trustee should visit the school? He would go inside. He liked to watch Netta Keep at work. She was invariably cheerful and her teaching was full of spice. Lawrence had often wondered why she stayed at Shelby's siding; it was probably because her father's health was better there. He had heard that she was a victim of the old man's whims.

She asked him to address the school, and he responded with a short speech into which he dragged some reference to the New Year, and turning a fresh leaf, and all that. He hated himself for it; but then she, like all the rest at Shelby's, took him for an honest man. Then the children sang their song over again for him—"Ring out the old; ring in the new!"—even the dullest of them doing their level best for "teacher," whose cheeks had grown rosy under the excitement of having company.

The next minute Lawrence was in the road hailing the bus. Thanks to the folly which had kept him lingering inside the school-house till the last minute, he was all but left behind, and the bus was full before he entered.

People who travel in buses cannot be stand-offish. When Lawrence stood up he hit his head every time the vehicle swayed; when he sat down he rolled onto his neighbor with every lurch. Just opposite was a stout clergyman of severe mien into whose cushioned calves his own sharp knees dug. He thought it wonderful that whenever a would-be passenger appeared at a crossroad they found room to take him in



A young and apologetic man rose at the entrance of every lady passenger, trying to find another seat for himself toward the rear. First he sat down on a couple of inches of cushion from which he kept sliding forward. Gradually he worked his way quite to the back; and the next time Lawrence looked he had faded away altogether by means of the back door.

The sights of the city would have gladdened Jim Lawrence's heart even on that dull December day, if his errand had not been distasteful. The cattle he had shipped to a buyer two days before had not been properly fitted up and had been refused point-blank. Another smaller buyer had been suggested. Lawrence was going to see him, and if they could not strike a bargain he would have to accept a very low price or have the animals sent home again. The failure of this deal was the chief cause of his discouragement, because he had hoped to pay off the season's debts with cattle money.

They told him in the city that the man he wished to see, the second buyer, would be at the Claymore hotel that evening at ten. Why the Claymore, he worried. That was a rendezvous of fashion. His well-worn clothes made him feel awkward in any brightly lighted place. Getting a meal at a restaurant he hung back until the clocks were striking ten before he crossed the street to the big hotel.

A New Year's Eve ball was in progress at the Claymore. Lawrence could not pass through and escape from it. All doors were thrown open; there were dancers on the balconies and in the private sitting-rooms. As his man had not come in Lawrence was forced to sit down somewhere and wait. He thought he had chosen a quiet corner—and sat down nearly touching a couple who were enjoying a tete-a-tete. Every alcove held its couple and there was no place for him but in the open.

Lawrence moved on and took a seat near the head of the stairs. The scene affected him strangely; he remembered that three years ago he would have been hailed as one of them, for he had run after every pleasure that warm young life could suggest. Even now he saw familiar faces in the crowd, but they either did not or would not recognize him.

He was ashamed of his appearance, yet felt in shabby clothes a certain safeguard. He could sit right under the lamps and enjoy the scene as long as he wished. What endless strings of lights! What music. How he longed for lights and music during his exile!

Strings of confetti overhead made the place look like a maze. Every bright color was shown in the glittering dresses of the women. The dancers could scarcely be distinguished as individuals as they wove in and out of the whirl. Was the scene real? Or had he gone out of his mind, as he had sometimes feared he would from his loneliness and disillusionment? Presently a couple detached themselves from the throng and swung toward him. The woman was in black, with clinging skirts and very bare back. Over this nudity fell a net train, as if making a futile attempt at modesty. A thrill shot through Lawrence as he recognized in her an old pal, Winnifred Weir; her escort was Chris Shepperson, a man of the world and an easy liver.

Lawrence rose and stood blinking stupidly, for the girl's appearance brought back vividly the old times when he called her Freddie and she called him Tabs. They had been intimate for a long time, and she had known of his get-rich-quick schemes. She had not stood by him when the crash came—but he held no grudge against her for that—she had herself to save.

She looked up into his eyes and touched his arm.

"Tabs—O Tabs, is it really you?"

The caressing purr of her voice made his senses reel. He was acutely conscious of the clothes Freddie and her companion were wearing, and of his own shabbiness. But they put him at ease by plunging into conversation about the good old times. Why pretend that those times were forgotten, or that one had secret pages in his history which the others had not read? They even teased him about getting into a blue funk and running away, when a bolder man would have carried off the situation successfully.

Lawrence asked them what their present business was, and they took half an hour in telling, after which he was still left guessing. They had what they called a chain business that they could move from place to place and set up anywhere overnight. They had gathered in oodles of money from the fall fairs, and were very busy now in holiday time.

"If you'd like to break into the game, again, Tabs," they both said, "come around and talk things over with us. We've got several propositions that would interest you."

For a long time they talked together, ate together and drank together. Jim Lawrence forgot the man he had come to see at ten o'clock. At half-past ten an irate person who had been waiting in the rotunda below snapped his watch shut and went up to bed.

Shepperson being called away on some errand, Jim Lawrence found himself alone with Freddie. He could not help being flattered with the attention of this beautiful woman of the world, who during his absence seemed to have established herself firmly in good society. She made him realize all that he had missed by his fatal break.

"Come back to us, Tabs," she was whispering, as they moved to a balcony in the rear which overhung a side street.

He was not himself. His head was in a whirl. She watched him narrowly, while he fought with a feeling of suffocation.

"It is really fearfully hot in here, isn't it?" she said, trying to read his eyes: "I will put on my wrap, and then you may open the window."

As he obeyed he leaned forward over the window-sill and caught a glimpse of the clock in a church tower across the street. He remembered that these feverish pleasure-seekers were supposed to be watching the old year out. Once he had hated watch-meetings because of their solemnity. The dancers seemed to feel the same, and he wondered if they would pause long enough to listen to the clocks striking.

Yes, there was a lull in the blare of the orchestra, and in the solemn hush all the clocks of the city began to strike twelve. Then came the mad peal of the bells. Suddenly the chimes of the church over the way struck up the tune to which Netta Keep's children had sung their New Year's song.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going—let him go!
Ring out the false, ring in the true;"

Lawrence listened to the last note. The crisp tones had steadied him. His fuddled mind came clear. He was breathing the sharp outside air and his face was cooling.

He found himself saying, "I can't quite decide what I would like to do. Don't urge me tonight, Freddie—I will try to see you again—"

But when he turned Freddie was not there: she had sensed defeat in the ringing of the bells.

THE dance went on again fast and furiously; but Lawrence passed downstairs and into the street. He found a low priced room in a tawdry but respectable hotel, and sank into bed, drowsy as a drugged man, wondering stupidly just what they had given him to drink. When he awoke next day at ten o'clock the strong morning light was showing up the shabbiness of the little room. A sweet taste was in his mouth and his head felt too heavy to lift from the pillow. Yet he had a queer sense that he ought to be thankful for something or other.

New Years! The day of resolutions—renewed hopes and plans! Rot! How his head ached!

Holding cold water to his temples helped some. Finally he got up and dressed for the street, feeling that he did not want anything to eat for a week.

The chief business in hand was to make arrangements for selling the cattle or taking them home again. All of a sudden he thought of Jimson, a country boy who had come to town and made a success of buying for the big stock dealers. This would be his best chance of selling the cattle; and Jimson had a stall in the Arcade, a line of stores under a covered archway.

Jimson's was the first stall. And oh, wonder! Jimson was ready to talk business, thought he knew where he could dispose of the cattle. Lawrence considered his price fair, too; though a little lower than he had hoped to get there was still a good profit. When he left Jimson he had money in his pocket and was holding up his head. Suddenly he realized that the fearful throbbing in his temples had ceased.

Lawrence sauntered along the Arcade putting in time until the bus went. He was really homesick for Shelby's siding, only he didn't stop to analyse the restlessness that kept him on the move. This Arcade building was something like a fair, he mused. Here was a flower-stall, there a toy shop, next a hot-dog and coffee counter—and far down the line some fellows were shooting at a bull's eye to win cigars.

In a gaily decorated booth, on an elevated platform a woman in short skirts was doing a fancy dance. Through the make-up he recognized "Freddie." Before she caught him he caught her real expression, old, dissatisfied, thoroughly world-worn. She glimpsed him and disappeared before the music ended.

Shepperson was talking loudly to draw the crowd to something he wished to sell. Red in the face, he affected not

Continued on page 78

Shirts enjoy the gentle dousing in Fels-Naptha soapy water. It sets them free from dirt, and they retain their youthful color.

Baby's rompers are delighted to escape destructive rubbing. Fels-Naptha makes them clean and sweet by soaking.

Stockings know they give Fels-Naptha a real test. Yet all the dirt, perspiration and odors are completely taken away and every thread is clean.

If clothes could talk—

"We want Fels-Naptha!" they would shout in chorus. Self-defense would prompt them to do it!

Do you think clothes relish hard rubbing, or the pulling, straining and tearing of their tender fibres that result from ordinary washing, and shorten their life? They *do* enjoy the safe quick way in which Fels-Naptha separates the dirt from their delicate meshes.

Why? The real naptha in Fels-Naptha not only loosens surface dirt easily—it goes deep down through every thread and unlocks the grip of ground-in dirt completely. The soapy water flushes it away and the clothes are thoroughly clean and sweet and wholesome.

All clothes need Fels-Naptha Cleanliness! And you need the saving in work—and in wear on your clothes.

There has never been anything like this unusual combination of real naptha and splendid soap for safely making clothes clean and healthful. It is the exclusive blending of these two great safe cleaners that gives Fels-Naptha its double cleansing value. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today, and treat your clothes to *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness!*

You can tell Fels-Naptha by its clean naptha odor.

PROVE the quick, safe, and thorough work of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia

The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

What Better Christmas Gift

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Borrowed Till After Christmas

by

Marion Wathen Fox

THEY met at a church bazaar. She was short, slight, dark, with a mass of black hair sending out a stray little curl or two playing wilfully about the ears or temples; her gray eyes were big, lonesome, rather hungry looking. When in repose or when caught off guard, one knew in an instant that she had known great sorrow. Yet one also knew in that same instant that in pre-sorrow days there had been a gay heart, a bright, enthusiastic in-love-with-life sort of person, for even yet lightly playing about her sadness, carried over from her glad years, were little ripples of gayness, piquancy, a brightness, an enthusiasm of manner that refused to die outright when this old world had tried to make wreckage of her life. She was thirty-five years old and called Mrs. Glendenning, signing herself "Marjorie Glendenning."

The one whom Marjorie Glendenning met at the church bazaar had a face like a rose-bud, the daintiest creature outside Fairydom; eyes bluer than any summer day, beautiful flaxen curls beyond description and wore a dress of glistening white net over pink silk, which dress was draped in fichu style about the neck and looped at the shoulders with tiny pink bows. She wore white stockings, and shoes adorned with tiny pink rosettes. She was dainty and small, very small, probably not more than six inches high, for she was—a doll. And Marjorie Glendenning, despite her thirty-five years, fell violently in love with her at first sight.

"What a dream of a doll!" she exclaimed enthusiastically at the very first glance, lifting the charmer daintily from her seat in the doll booth.

"Better buy her for the wee sister," suggested the minister's wife who was "on duty" at the doll-booth.

"Unfortunately there is no wee sister," sighed back Marjorie.

"Well one always has a little girl somewhere amongst her relatives to whom she may give a doll at Christmas —everybody has."

"Oh—certainly," lied back she of the lonesome eyes, who knew even as she was saying it that nowhere in the whole wide world had she a little girl relative on whom she might rightly bestow a doll at Christmas time.

But she bought the doll. And perhaps no six-year-old girl ever unwrapped a doll more hastily or eagerly than did this thirty-five year old woman sitting there on the huge chesterfield in front of the little grate-fire in her all-alone four roomed bungalow. She had not even waited to remove her seal-skin or crimson-velvet flower covered toque (both relics of by-gone prosperous and happy days) before hurrying to unwrap the doll; but with all her hurrying inwardly wondering as to whom she really could give the doll. "There's just second-cousin Amy's child and I never even saw her or knew her name —come to think of it, she may even be a boy!" But now the doll was unwrapped and sat there in her lap with that rose-bud of a face just waiting to be kissed.

And Marjorie kissed it, laughed recklessly, and then looked hurriedly and scaredly over her shoulder and out of the window in much the same manner as a lady does when about to climb a fence.

"What a dream of a doll!" she exclamed enthusiastically.

"I wouldn't give her to any of the youngsters at school because the rest would be jealous and they'd think then I should give them all dolls. I—I—won't give her away at all. I'll keep her. So there. It's nobody's business. I never before heard of a grown-woman owning a doll for just herself. But there's no law against it. I'd love to have a doll in the house. Be a litte more like Christmas. Already I'm beginning to have a little bit of the "feel" and its only five more days!

With this the soliloquizer threw off her coat and hat, stretched herself on the chesterfield with the doll now sitting

—which tells how a doll and a little girl brought back happiness into the life of Marjorie Glendenning.

up daintily on the seal-skin coat in full view of the lounger.

"I'll make-believe," she thought, "Make-believe till after Christmas that she really is my little girl. What's the harm! Be foolish if anyone knew but —they won't. And it will help the ache and get me over these lonesome days I've been so dreading." So she started in on a revelry of make-believe.

"I'll name her first!—Lillian Glendenning—no—Muriel Glendenning—Phylis—Dorothy—Oh, I know—Elspie! I've always loved Elspie! Its so quaint and dear. If I had a really little girl she'd surely be Elspie."

But she got no farther than the name for just then the door-bell rang peremptorily.

She sprang to answer it, for the moment forgetting Elspie.

The lady-caller was on her way from the bazaar and just ran in to ask if she was going away for Christmas—etc., and then as she spied the doll—"Oh, I see you've been buying one of the bazaar-dolls!"

"It's Ruth," she explained at once. "Oh doctor, she's gone!"

"Yes, and I haven't yet decided to whom I'll give it. I've just about decided to keep it for myself. It's so pretty I hate to have it go."

The both laughed, the visitor never dreaming that she really meant it.

"You'd have to adopt a little girl to go with the doll then, or borrow one till after Christmas," playfully suggested the visitor.

And after the caller left, her words, though spoken in jest, kept repeating themselves over and over again in Marjorie's mind.

"You'll have to adopt a little girl to go with the doll or borrow one till after Christmas."

After the suggestion had made about fifty revolutions in her mind she sat bolt upright on the chesterfield, cushions flying helter-skelter and exclaimed aloud:

"Well—why shouldn't I do just that!"

"I couldn't possibly, situated as I am, adopt one, but I could—'borrow one till after Christmas,' if such a thing can be done."

She looked across at Elspie. It did seem as though Elspie had changed. Her eyes seemed to be looking for someone—waiting—longing. Her little rosebud mouth seemed to be just shaping the words, "Where's the little girl that belongs to me? Where's the little girl that belongs to me?"

"I'll do it! I'll do it!—Here goes! I'll go right up to the city tomorrow morning and go to the Children's Aid place and see if I can't borrow a little girl till after Christmas—so there!" determined Marjorie in a dash, and then aloud to Elspie;

"You stay home like a good child and keep house while I go get you a little girl to play with."

She went on the morning train. At nine-thirty that same night she was back on her own chesterfield, and there sitting by her side was a real live little girl of probably five years, with eyes almost as blue as Elspie's and ringlets as fine and fair. They hadn't as yet lain aside their wraps, but Marjorie was making the introductions.

"Here Ruth, dear, is the doll I told you about. Her name is Elspie. She's tired waiting for a little girl to come and be her mother. She's just been so hoping she'd come for Christmas. She wanted a little girl with blue eyes and curls. She wanted her name to be Ruth. And she's just longing to have a little tea-party on a little red table and sitting in a little red chair on Christmas Day." (She'd decided to borrow these from her school for the Christmas vacation).

"Oh—I didn't know little dolls had stories! It's nice for little dolls to have stories—and names. Oh—she's a lovely doll. May I nurse her? and I'm awfully glad you borrowed me for Christmas. I love it—I just love everything here,"—and clasping tight the dolly, the borrowed-till-after-Christmas-girl sprang into Marjorie's lap and cuddled up to her as only a love-hungry, mother-hungry child could cuddle.

That night Marjorie had a dream. Perhaps that was not strange, for it was the first time in her life that Marjorie had slept with a child in her arms. But it was a strange dream—strange, because it was so fitting to the occasion (dreams are no often just the reverse) and because of its suggestiveness.

In her dream was a room. Every here and there in the room were dolls; three or four sitting at little red table having a tea-party; a doll in a cradle over by the fire-place; a doll in a rocking chair nursing a baby doll—all kinds of dolls, there were. And there also was the Elspie doll she had bought at the bazaar! Flitting, too, about amongst

Continued on page 75

The Price

of pretty teeth—just film removal

Millions have found a delightful way to beautify the teeth. You see the results now wherever you look—in teeth you envy, maybe.

Perhaps no other creation ever did so much to enhance women's beauty. Or to bring about a better dental era. You owe yourself the test we offer here.

That dingy film

You can feel your teeth now coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Most teeth had film-coats under old methods, for old tooth pastes do not effectively fight film. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, for film is their major cause.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people, under old methods, escaped those film-caused troubles.

New methods found

To meet that situation dental science searched for ways to fight film. Two ways were finally discovered.. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. Now careful people of some fifty nations employ it, largely by dental advice.

Found other needs

Modern research also found two other things essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to these great natural tooth-protecting agents.

A delightful test

You will find a test delightful. And it will probably lead to life-long benefits, both for you and yours.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. The results will amaze and delight you. Cut out the coupon now.

Protect the Enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

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Only one tube to a family

The right way to relieve pain

It doesn't just deaden the nerves—This treatment rouses the natural bodily forces to drive out the cause of the pain

PAIN — whether sharp and acute or dull and insistent—it seems as if you couldn't stand it a minute longer. You'd give anything to be rid of it—but it's so deep down, nothing seems to reach it.

And yet relief is easily at hand. Right among your own neighbors are people who can tell you about it.

Ask your next-door neighbor, or the woman across the street, if she has ever found anything of the kind. About one out of three will tell you of Sloan's Liniment—easily the foremost household remedy in America, as widely used as the telephone, recommended by doctors everywhere.

No matter where the pain is, no matter how deep-down in joints and muscles, it *can be reached* if the natural curative powers *inside* the body are only roused.

When you use Sloan's, it first stimulates the nerves on the skin. They arouse the brain, which in turn causes the blood vessels to expand throughout the painful area, *under* the place where the Liniment has been applied. Rich new blood rushes in.

This new blood coming, freshly purified, from heart and lungs, with all its marvelous germ-destroying, up-building powers brings to sick, pain-ridden tissues just what they need to heal them.

If the pain is rheumatic,* it indicates the presence of disease germs. The fresh blood that Sloan's sends to the affected spot carries the very elements that alone have the power to destroy germs. If the pain is due to over-exertion, to a sprain, or a bruise—it means that muscle fibres have been injured. The fresh blood supplies the materials that alone can repair the damage.

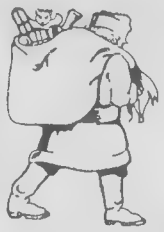
This is the scientifically correct way to relieve pain. It doesn't just deaden the nerves. It gives your own natural bodily defenses the aid they need to drive out the cause of pain. It rouses and reinforces all the natural curative powers of your own body.

Don't wait until you are in actual need. Get a bottle of Sloan's this very day, and have it on hand—35c at all druggists.

Spread it on gently—you don't have to rub it in. It will not stain the clothing. Immediately you will feel a gentle warmth—then a pleasant tingling of the skin—then freedom from pain. There is no burning, no blistering—only quick, lasting relief.

(*) If after one attack has been cured, another comes on, it may be that there is in your body some obscure breeding-place of rheumatism germs—possibly a decayed tooth—which the blood cannot reach in sufficient quantities. In this case, see your doctor.

SLOAN'S Liniment—*Kills pain*



CHRISTMAS MANOR

IN justice to him it must be noted that Hereward Percival Redmond was not responsible for his name, and further that he concealed it in the decent obscurity of initials until, after striking it rich in royalties for his airplane stabilizer (an epoch-making invention), he succumbed to Anglomania. Then, it must be admitted, he flaunted his unfortunate cognomen; he gloried in it. He even set the Heralds' Court to searching for his somewhat mythical family crest, and was delighted with the something or other rampant on gules and the motto: "Meo voto"—"At My Pleasure"—which his substantial fee unearthed.

He built in the midst of his large property on the outskirts of Gravelville, his native town, a house which he deemed the replica of a certain English manor he had particularly admired during his flying visit to what he referred to as "the right little, tight little isle, don't you know."

The original Roycroft Manor was a sombre, dignified mansion of age-old, ivy-clad, mellow brick, set amidst century-old velvet sward and trim, aged hedges. Its Canadian cousin, built of surprisingly red brick and surrounded by dandelion dotted lawns and infantile shrubs somehow looked rather giddy and slightly drunk. Beatrice declared it winked.

Beatrice was the minister's daughter and a school teacher, and had refused the heart and hand of the ever-hopeful Hereward Percival on an average of three times a week for the last two years, ever since the royalties began pouring in, and Anglomania broke out, so to speak. She heartily disapproved of Roycroft Manor, and expressed her opinion of it with vigor and fluent persistence. But when young Redmond converted most of his broad acres into a so-called park, installed grouse, deer and a uniformed gamekeeper, she gave up in despair, and did not even raise her voice in protest when Gubbins arrived. Gubbins was the Butler (a capital "B" is imperative here)—his air, which was that of a prince of the blood, and his "haitches," or rather his lack of them, were perfect, and the Anglomaniac felt that in Gubbins he had secured the finishing touch to a plan as well executed as conceived.

Though of course she was not in love with him, Beatrice was well pleased that some inner monitor had warned her to wear her newest and most becoming frock on a certain dull December day when Hereward catapulted himself out of his expensive racing car and into the shabby manse drawing-room.

"I say, Bee, the jolliest idea has struck me!"

"Don't let it bowl you over. Sit down and tell me all about it," sad Beatrice, drawing a chair close to the cheery open fire and seating herself with a careful view to decorative effect.

"Well, it's this," began the eager young man—"by the way, will you marry me on Christmas day, and we'll make a double festival of it?"

"No, I will not. Now that's over let's hear your plan."

"Righto, righto. I've no doubt you're wise. As I was about to remark, I've been reading up on Christmas celebrations in England."

Beatrice groaned, but, disregarding the interruption, Hereward continued:

"And I find that it is a priceless custom for the Lord of the Manor to give a bang-up dinner to all the villagers. Speeches, you know, and a boar's head.."

"If you're planning to inflict such a rumpus on us you'll have to provide something more nourishing than that," suggested Beatrice.

"Now, Beatrice," reproachfully, "why can't you be serious?"

"I am serious. I'm in deadly earnest. I live in fear and trembling of what you'll do next. If I followed the sensible counsel of the Beatrice who belongs to the working class and earns her living every day, I'd wash my hands of you and your Gubbins and your boar's head, and all the rest of your flamdoodle. But there's a silly streak in me that gains the upper hand where rosy infants are concerned, so you may as well let me know the worst, and if I perish, I perish."

"You're a sport!" cried Hereward, and, nothing daunted, proceeded to unfold his plans.

"We'll have it in the banquet room. I told you that enormous room would come in handy some day! We'll decorate with holly and mistletoe, lots of mistletoe in the doorways, red bells, green boughs, jolly mottoes and all complete——you know the style...."

"Vide Rosa Nouchet Carey, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mrs. Burnett et al—" sighed Beatrice.

"Precisely," returned Hereward enthusiastically, "there will be a regular old-fashioned English Christmas dinner and minstrels, and presents all around, and then a dance...."

"Presents? Who are you going to invite, and what sort of presents are you going to give? Gold snuff boxes and diamond rings?"

"I'm looking after the presents," was the reply, "but what I want you to do is to see that no one within a radius of ten miles is left out; absolutely no one. Our own crowd will have dinner in the library, and we'll join the rest for the toasts and speeches."

"Indeed, we'll do nothing of the kind. Do you want to precipitate a riot? This is not England, and all your wishes and contriving won't make it so. How will you decide who shall and who shall not dine in the library or in the banquet hall? Who is of the herd and who is not?"

"Perhaps you're right," he conceded reluctantly.

"Right or wrong, only on condition there is but one table will I touch your plan with a ten-foot pole, and if you're wise you'll give no presents."

"You may have your own way about eating all together, but I'm going to give presents. What's more, I'm doing the selecting myself—'Meo Veto'—They're to be a complete surprise to everyone, yourself included," and he set his chin at an angle of forty-five degrees, whereupon Beatrice abandoned all hope of persuading him to alter his decision, for when Hereward Percival Redmond set his chin at that angle not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men could make him budge one iota from his position. It was one of the things that Beatrice admired in him.

PLANS for the Roycroft Manor Christmas party began to make Gravelville hum. Invitations were scattered far and wide and, true to his word, Hereward left no one out. The banker's wife and her laundry maid received invitations in the same mail. Cards reached the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker; the world and his wife in Gravelville talked of nothing else.

Beatrice, in frequent consultation with Gubbins, who proved to be a perfect treasure, (though his accent was not excitement-proof; in moments of stress he dropped into pure Yankee), was perfecting plans for dinner and decorations, and professing herself willing to be a sister and a friend, but never a wife, to the indefatigable Hereward in every moment she could spare from the forty wiggling atoms who were her daily charge.

"You only imagine you love me," she declared one day, when she had to empty her mouth of a saucerful of pins to return the usual "No" to his usual request.

"I complete your picture, that's all. You'd like me better if this were a rectory instead of a manse, and if Dad wore solemn blacks and a hat like a pancake, instead of tweeds and a battered old felt. And you'd feel better about it if I taught in a parish school for love instead of a public school for a good old monthly cheque. Don't trouble to deny it; you

AT ROYCROFT

By M. E. Colman

know you would. Why, I'm supposed to have a modicum of good looks and the usual amount of brains; but you never notice what I wear, and you never laugh at my jokes. No, no, you are no more in love with me than I am with you."

Which last was truer than she thought.

The great day arrived at last, all dressed in white, as Christmas should be. Beatrice and her father were guests at Roycroft, and at six o'clock in the evening the young hostess, radiant in a rose-colored gown, surveyed the banquet room with a satisfied air. Not even her critical eye could see aught amiss. The whole house was gay with green boughs and scarlet berries, and plenty of mistletoe in strategic positions. A spicy fragrance pervaded the air. Enormous Yule logs, brought in with all due ceremony that morning, crackled and flamed in the great fire-places, soft lights gleamed everywhere, the whole house positively glowed welcome and good cheer.

The arriving guests, a shrilly merry crowd, coming from all directions on foot, in motors, in the family democrat, were greeted at the threshold by the stately Gubbins, who conducted them to the end of the spacious hall where, by the blazing Yule-log, their host awaited them.

At precisely eight o'clock every Gravelville inhabitant (with the exception of bedridden old Granny Mears and her niece and attendant Dolly, and they had their share of the good cheer sent to them) being present, Gubbins threw open the doors of the vast banquet hall with an impressive gesture and stood aside with a benedictive air while with Beatrice on his arm, the flushed and happy Hereward led the way to the table.

It was a good looking if somewhat motley company that Beatrice surveyed from her point of vantage at the host's side. There sat Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady, side by side, and if they were sisters under the skin, there was little on the surface to indicate it, Judy being all brave in ribbons and rouge, while the Colonel's Wife was soberly attired in a Paris frock of gray. The butcher sat beside the banker, and the grocer's boy beside the local M.P. But, thought Beatrice, all present had in common a prosperous and independent air that spoke well for the conditions of rural life in the Canadian small town.

Hereward, she mused, in seeking to reproduce ancient feudal customs had succeeded in making a vivid contrast to them; a contrast in which modernity had decidedly the best of it.

The dinner proceeded without a flaw. The mighty roasts of beef, the suckling pig, roasted whole and brought in with an apple in its mouth; the boar's head (in a previous existence a plebian swine) ushered in with all due ceremony and a skirl of the pipes, were received with applause, while the lordly plum pudding, brought in all aflame, provoked little shrieks of delight and merry clapping of hands from the youngsters, and nods of approval from the oldsters. The snap-dragon was even more successful. The room echoed to the merry laughter and happy squeals of all the guests under ninety as they scorched their fingers and tongues and lost their dignity tasting the fiery dainties.

"Meo Veto," whispered Hereward, joyfully, to Beatrice, "now for the presents."

At a sign Gubbins again opened the doors, this time to admit six boys in heraldic costume, each bearing a great basket heaped high with packets gaily bedizened with scarlet bows. Beginning at one end, they went systematically around the table giving each one a parcel. There was a moment's hesitation as to what was the proper procedure, then one and another began to open the parcels. Glancing up and down the table Beatrice felt a thrill of horrified amazement. Each woman and girl was unwrapping a bright red flannel cloak. She looked again, hardly crediting her senses. Each child was gazing at an eminently practical pair of woollen stockings, and each man handled gingerly a gold piece.

There was an instant's stunned silence. Then a small boy broke the spell.

"Aw, I wanted a'neugine, ma," he wailed.

A girl giggled; one or two men muttered angrily; white hands hid well-bred smiles; Beatrice felt the scalding blood mount slowly to her cheeks. Then a banker, a man of tact and resource—blessed with a sense of humor to boot—stood on his chair and began,

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
"For he's a jolly good fellow...."

The guests rose to the occasion and the rafters rang to the ancient and honored melody.

Beatrice never knew how they reached the great drawing room, but somehow they did, and the dancing began. Sheltered behind a friendly palm Beatrice watched for a moment before making her escape and so became an unwilling listener to the conversation of a group of men standing near by.

"What does he think we are, anyway? His blinking tenants? I felt mightily inclined to throw his gold piece in his grinning face," said one, flipping the despised coin with a horny thumb and forefinger.

"My wife is fair furious," continued another, "a red flannel cloak; whoever heard the like...."

"And the kids are that disappointed," added a third, "we didn't ask for presents; no, nor want them, neither. And I'm glad to say I can give my wife all the red flannel cloaks, and my kids all the woollen socks they need; yes, and not want for a ten dollar bill for myself, either. What does he think we are, anyway? Paupers? I call it downright insulting; he's no better than the rest of us, to put on such airs. Why, many's the time I've spanked his bottom myself, and many's the time my wife's wiped his nose."

"Oh, come on, it's not so serious as all that," interposed a fourth, "only it is killingly funny, the whole thing," he waved his hand comprehensively, "and the presents; they take the cake; upon my soul and supper they certainly do!"

Beatrice waited to hear no more, but, ears burning, hurried out of the room to seek refuge on a little verandah she knew.

"It's a shame, a perfect shame! The poor dear boy. Of course this is rather funny, I'll have to admit, but then his little finger is worth more than all those lumps that laugh at him. He's a genius, that's what he is; look at that invention of his; and geniuses are always doing queer things. Not many of them do such sweet ones, either; planning everything for the pleasure of all his old neighbors, and this is the way they appreciate it!"

At this point in her reflections she was obliged to dodge behind a curtain to avoid meeting a party strolling back to the dancing floor. Their high-pitched voices reached her with appalling clearness:

"....a perfect fool of himself."

"Of course, she'll never marry him now. Why, he'll be the laughing-stock of the county after this display."

"He certainly will. If I were she...."

The voices mercifully trailed off in the distance.

Cheeks flaming, heart beating high, Beatrice emerged from her hiding place, chin at an angle that rivalled Hereward's own.

"She won't, eh? Old cats! Hateful, spiteful, old pussy cats! I'll show 'em!"

In this mood she reached the secluded verandah, where, as she had expected, a glowing spot just above her head indicated the presence of the master of the house.

"That you, Bee?" he enquired.

"Yes, Hereward. Everything seems to be running smoothly."

Continued on page 74

What she likes most

something intimately personal showing your thought of her

WHAT pleases a girl (and what are women but girls grown up?) more than a gift that shows you know her likes and dislikes—chosen because you know it is something of which she is particularly fond?

What is dearer to a woman's heart than a gift intimately personal—to help her become more attractive—lovelier—more beautiful?

Straight from Paris—with all the rarity of atmosphere which is truly Parisian—came these ideas of beautiful gifts for women—creations of that master Frenchman, Monsieur Vivaudou.

Study this page with care. Carefully select your gift. Then go to the nearest department store—or high class drug store and ask, at the toilet goods counter, for the Vivaudou Christmas gifts you wish. All the sales people know these gifts well—and recommend them highly.

A Vivaudou Christmas gift will delight the lady of your heart and is sure to be received with keenest appreciation and gratitude.

For so small an investment, here is real value and certainty of delight and gratification for one you most wish to please.

Christmas Set No. 152

Red leatherette case, with full size box of Mavis Face Powder, a full size tin of Mavis Talc, and new bottle Mavis Toilet Water. Complete $2.25

Christmas Set No. 151

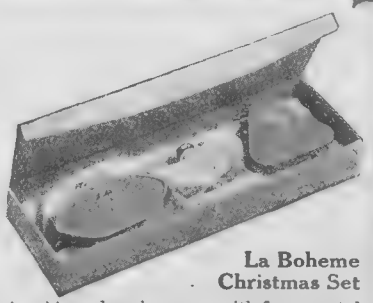
Red leatherette case, with full size box of Mavis Face Powder and two full size tins of Mavis Talc. Complete $1.25

Mavis Manicure Set

Contains Emery Boards, Nail Cream, Cuticle Solvent, Orangewood Stick, Nail Whitener, Nail Polishes three, Nail Powder, Nail Enamel and full directions. $2

Christmas Set No. 153

Red leatherette case, with full size box of Mavis Face Powder, new bottle of Mavis Toilet Water and bottle of Mavis Extract. Complete $3.50



La Boheme Christmas Set

An oblong dressing case, with fancy metal box of La Boheme Talc, box of La Boheme Face Powder, and bottle of La Boheme Extract. Complete $6

Mai d'or Christmas Set

Decorated case with box of Mai d'or Face Powder, pattie of Mai d'or Rouge, a full size tin of Mai d'or Talc, and bottle of Mai d'or Toilet Water. Complete $6

PARIS VIVAUDOU NEW YORK

The Song.

By V. W. Horwood

A MERRY chime came from St. Luke's bells as the chattering happy people walked through the wide doors into the gleaming Church. Christmas eve with all its associations and reunions had come, and on this spot where the fighting Crees and Assiniboines had battled, was being celebrated the advent of a Child born centuries ago, in a different clime and of different people. The air was clear. Sleigh bells rang their cheery peals, and the smooth purr of automobiles soothed the ear. On a corner opposite the waits of the Salvation Army sang their melodious carols, and overhead the blue-black sky was filled with sparkling stars. The bells ceased, and all the cries of "Merry Christmas," all the hurrying people and all the sounds of the city seemed hushed. Then clear into it came the hymn of the waits and with it as an accompaniment from the tower, the toll of the clock, methodically telling of time passing, then rushed clashing, clamoring, echoing into a carol reaching over the snowy roofs, far over field and farm and forest, and away over the lonely homestead with its twinkling light and happy scenes. The door closed, and the Church windows flaming in gold and crimson threw a light on a little shabby boy of thirteen who stood on the Church steps. A little foreign boy by his clothes, from the south side shops, and timidly he tried one of the portals and shyly entered the Church. A kindly sidesman seeing him took him to a seat, with a reassuring whisper at the boy's frightened appealing look. The service proceeded and the boy's soul went out to meet the music, closing his eyes in ecstasy as the throbbing, pulsating organ filled the building.

His memories went back to that last bitter Christmas over in the old land, saw the stately Church dimly lighted and the flickering votive candles before the Icons. The high altar with its gorgeous priests, and then the tumult. The dragging of the cross from its elevation, the destruction of the Icons, while overhead the great bells roared and clashed. The priests marching from the sanctuary carrying the flaming banner of the great archangel with his sword of fire, becoming martyrs in its defence, and the terror stricken crowd driven mercilessly out. Then the travel toward the land which would give them freedom. Travelling from the accursed country where in the name of liberty license reigned. Travelling by night, hiding by day, they at last had reached Canada, where they could work and try to forget the horrors they had left.

As the choir sang the well remembered words, his voice joined theirs, unheeding the glances of astonishment and wonder cast on him by the congregation, for the voice was that which we imagine the angels possess. One of those voices which are so seldom heard in this western country, and when heard, never forgotten.

He sang the Latin words as he had been taught, and when came the sentence, "For unto us a Child is born," although in strange language, yet the music was universal. The organ's symphony, glorious, pulsating in its great agonies, filled the Church with the quivering life of its master. The echo organ in the tower above the boy took up the refrain; faintly, far off, its silvery melody came, and with it to the startled congregation came the song. The boy was singing. He had not meant to sing, but the wild longing flaming in his heart forced the words from his lips. The tones came so clear and true in the resonant periods of the Latin that the congregation were swayed like a reed, and only the shrill organ notes and the boy's voice were heard in the building. Brethlessly they hung on the words of the greatest triumphant song ever given to men.

The organist at first startled as the voice came with the echo, realized what had happened and played as one inspired. The Church rocked with eons of sound and then whispered with the spirits of the night. It was deep calling to deep. Across the Church genius triumphant, that unnamable omnipotent soaring in golden heights, spoke above the people, lifting above their comprehension two souls in communion into the wide spaces of the night.

Oh, the heart beats across the world on this wonderful festival. Travellers weary, unreturning, looking longingly back across the world's misery to the hearths on which love ever keeps the fire burning for the sick souls of those who have adventured forth. Seeking, ever seeking, now at this hour the faces turn homeward, and through the mists which surround them, see that the old shrines of love are still ablaze for them.

The song ceased.

The people looked amazedly at one another. The boy, now realizing what he had done, tried dismayed to go, but the usher stopped him, and the service went on. Afterward he was taken to the organist who looked at him keenly.

"Who are you?" he asked, the boy thought harshly.

"Michael Antonovitch, sir," stammered the boy.

"Why did you sing?"

"Sir, I could not myself help."

"You have been taught?"

The boy confessed that he had sung in the old home Church.

"Where do you live?"

The boy was silent. Again the question was asked, and the tears rolled down the lad's thin face.

"Sir, I have no home," he said in a whisper.

"But you must have some place to sleep?"

The boy's self-control left him and he broke down. The self-control of those who have faced privation, those who have seen their own go down to despair. In this happy land many new people come and looking at their faces, blank, to us uninterested, we are inclined to think them stupid. Many are stupid because ages of repression have stifled all patriotism from their hearts. Many know no country as we know it. To be born in our country is to us the greatest gift that life can give, and in comparison with the welfare of our country, life itself is given. But to those whose country has been represented by oppression and the heavy load of an autocratic wealth, the words "love of country" mean nothing. Life is all they desire. Some, however, are filled with spiritual aspirations which if properly controlled and educated by the experience of our own age-long regulations, become the highest factors in elevating the status of the country. "The stone which the builder refused is become the corner stone of the temple."

"Well?" said the organist.

"Oh, sir! My mother she is buried today. My father he has been killed, and no one wants me as I am too weak to work." And then he started to walk blindly out of the Church.

"Wait," said the deep kind voice of the man. "Wait. Do you know what night this is?"

"Sir it is the night of the Infant Jesus."

"Yes, my lad, and the night when love and charity is given to all men. Come with me."

As they left the Church a flurry of snow enveloped them, but they soon arrived home. "Mary," he called as they entered the warm lighted house, "I have a little stranger for you."

The wife came, kindly and compassionate. There was no need of explanation to her. She took the little lad to her heart, and now he had found friends his grief was pitiful. A little lonely stranger, far from the homeland which had repudiated him.

The woman smoothed the dark hair, until his grief exhausted itself and he slept. Overhead the stars swing in their great orbits. The constellations obey some mysterious will, but the influence of the kind acts on the eve of Christ's birth must go on—blotting out of the Great Book, some of the misdeeds which error commits.

Clouds

Heaven's azure vault is stretched
  In glory all around.
And on it wondrous paintings glow,
  The art we have not found.

The stately fairy castles rise
  In spire and tower on high,
And ships, with tinted canvas set,
  Before the breezes fly.

The sunset beauties fleck the blue,
  In crimson hues and gold,
Which, when the moon is bright above,
  In billows grey are rolled.

In boisterous March the breezes chase
  Light wisps, see how they fly!
Like snowy horses, gaalloping
  Across the wind-swept sky.

And then the storm clouds, black as night
  Come rolling purple stoled,
With lightnings flashing in their breasts,
  Like dragons fierce of old.

So are the heavens colored fair,
  By One of signal skill,
Who, aided by the sun and moon,
  Can paint these scenes at will.

Richard Diespecker.

COMPARE THESE "ROYAL" ADVANTAGES

Cleans by air alone.
Its powerful, uniform suction. Gets all the dirt without revolving brushes that wear out your carpets.

Its light weight.
—Only 11 pounds.

Its extra wide nozzle.
—14 inches.
Slips into corners and under furniture most easily.

Adjusts to any surface.
From thick chenille rugs to bare hardwood, or even concrete.

Powerful suction attachments
Clean upholstered furniture, drapes, mattresses, pillows, registers, automobile upholstery.

Convenient trigger switch on the handle.
Saves stooping to turn current on or off.

LET THE ROYAL MAN DEMONSTRATE

In practically every community there is a Royal Man connected with a reliable retail store handling electrical appliances, who will be glad to explain the superiority of this new cleaning method. Without obligation on your part, he will be glad to clean a rug for you and let you judge for yourself the worth of the Royal. Write us and we will see that you are put in touch with the nearest Royal Man in your district.

Any ROYAL *Dealer will give you a Demonstration like this in your own home*

Every woman wants the "Best," whatever article she may buy. An Electric Cleaner is an article that should last practically a lifetime.

If you don't buy the "Best"—it isn't very easy to change when once you have made the mistake of selecting an inferior machine. Neither can you say, "Oh, well—I'll get a Royal one **next time!**"

Make **no** mistake—get a Royal the first time and you will have no cause for regret. But don't take merely our enthusiasm as your guide to proper buying. You can **see—experience—prove**—the Royal supremacy by actual demonstration on your own carpets, floors, upholstery, etc., right in your own home. Compare the Royal **performance** with any or all other electric cleaners and you will **see** for yourself why the Royal is supreme.

In the first place the Royal "cleans-by-air-alone." Years of testing — proving — experimenting — convinced us that air alone properly and scientifically applied is the best method of cleaning. Revolving brushes wear out your carpets and weaken the uniformity of the suction so essential in an efficient electric cleaner. But the Royal engineers realized that the true purpose of air was to get the deeply-embedded dirt—the dangerous, germ-laden dirt—which settles into the nap of carpets and rugs. The Royal powerful, uniform suction does this. It gets more dirt, and the absence of brushes makes it easiest on your carpets, upholstery, etc.

Then just lift the Royal yourself and see—light, easy, free-running.

You can carry the Royal upstairs and down almost as easily as a broom. The extra wide 14-inch nozzle of the Royal cleans under places where other cleaners cannot reach. And it adjusts to any floor surface, from thick velvet rugs to hardwood or linoleum—even concrete.

Let the Royal Demonstrator also show you the Royal Attachments. They are simply and easily connected. You merely slip off the nozzle and attach the suction hose and cleaner-tool you wish to use. The various tools clean your hangings, upholstered furniture, mattresses, pillows, etc., as thoroughly as the Royal itself cleans rugs and floor surfaces.

There's a Blower, too—that routs the dirt from radiators, off silk shades, aerates pillows, blows dust off bookcases, etc., and—as you move around the room, your faithful Royal remains upright and rolls after you! Household tasks are indeed quickly accomplished with a Royal Electric Cleaner.

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QUALITY SERVICE
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Cleans by Air-Alone!

WRITE US TODAY

and we'll be glad to have the nearest "Royal" man in your district demonstrate the Royal's superior cleaning ability—without obligating you in any way. The particulars of the deferred payment plan offered by Royal Dealers to their customers may also interest you.

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Made in Canada

34

PURE GOLD

By W. R. Gilbert

"This is the garden of the Hesperides and we are the fortunate mortals who get the golden pineapples."

CHUM," I said, "I'm gittin' tired of bananas."

Chum was sleeping sound on his bundle of tater sacks, putting all his attention into snoring like a tugboat whistle in a fog; in consequence he couldn't waste none of his lung force replying.

"Chum," I said again, "I'm downright sick of bananas."

Chum was still a-sleepin' for all he was worth and, as might have been expected under the circumstances, didn't make no sort of answer, unless you could call the hymn he was singing through his nose an answer, which I'd call a holy insult.

That settled it. I didn't like to use personal violence to no man, not even to a friend, but that sort of snore settled it right off. So I heaved the biggest-sized oyster shell I could reach to handy, at his head and shouted out louder than before: "I say, Dick, I'm gittin' precious well fed up of rotten bananas."

Dick woke up this time, and turning upon his elbow answered quietly: "But they are not all rotten, old man."

"No," I said, "but when they ain't dead rotten they're hard green, and turn a man's vitals up either way."

I said that surly, for it wasn't like as I was goin' to be in a good temper after I had taken all that trouble to rouse him out.

Dick laughed blinking in the sunshine as he said: "You ought to be a happy man, Jim, and yet you don't know it. This"— and he waved his hand all round the wharf—"this is the garden of the Hesperides, and we are the fortunate mortals who get the golden pineapples."

You could tell Dick hadn't been brought up in no charity school by the way he used to mount the monkey when he got struck that way.

"I don't know nothin' about the gentleman's garden what you're skiteing about," I replied, "but the gentleman's quite welcome to all them pineapples and bananas too if he'd only give us a hunk of tough solid mutton and half a pound of tea."

Then all at once Dick became quite serious and said solemn-like: "Jim, you're right. We can't live much longer on these natural fruits that we get thrown at us. Even now my stomach is clamoring for a change of diet. But—what do you propose to do about it?"

It wasn't the first time I had worried that question out, so I concluded to strike him all-of-a-heap. "Go up country," I said, "quick."

"Agreed," said Dick, and turned on to his back and opened his mouth to go to sleep again.

That's where Dick made a mistake; for the sun was already clambering over the houses, and the men were beginning to move about the shipping. Down from the bay you could hear the ship's bells ringing their crews up on deck, and on the wharf the customs officers were opening up the sheds.

Dick didn't notice a stevedore was watching him; but I was lookin' at the stevedore, and when he saw my eyes was open he came over and tapped me middling dusty with his hook.

"Gents," he said, "I hates to disturb any man's natural slumber, but all the same them bags you're perched on's got to go to Warrnambool afore breakfast, and the blessed boat can't wait all the blessed day to give you chaps time to get thoroughly rested."

So we cleared off and put our boots on. And Dick went over to the water-tap to wash himself.

Dick was mighty particular in some sort of things. Dick was—regular finnicking, I called it; used to wash himself a good few times in the course of a week, and always carried a bit of a comb in his pocket to part his hair with.

The stevedore didn't make any move to stow them bags away as he chased us off of; seemed to forget it, and started filling his pipe

"Got a lucifer?" he asked me.

"Guv'ner," I answered politely, "I ain't seen a match for a month, nor a pipe of terbaccer neither."

He looked around at me curious-like, and then says, sudden: "Want a job?"

"That's my ticket," I told him cheerful, seeing 'ope on the 'orizon, as I once read in a book called "The Best Thousand Poems in the World for Sixpence," printed in Germany.

"Then catch hold of a hook and start helping me chuck down these here sacks you've been dossin' on."

"And my mate?" I asked, meaning Dick.

"The little finger over on the spout?" answered the stevedore. "He can come too if he likes. Only start quick and make a move lively."

He was a very nice man that stevedore was. He gave us half a plug of terbaccer apiece and lent us a knife to cut it with, and told us not to let the boss catch us smoking in the sheds, as it was strictly prohibited in big black letters.

That day we got graft enough for eight bob the two of us, more than we had seen for a precious long while, and we had a meat tea, mutton stew, and marmalade, and four big cups and slept in a real bed with white sheets as good as clean.

Dick he went and wasted sixpence in a shave and haircut; I thought it was fairly throwing money away; but I didn't like to hurt his feelings, so didn't say nothing, and that night I tell yer he looked real downright handsome.

Next day we had another square meal, and then blewed the rest of the money in a couple of blankets and a good big billy-can, and started up country on the wallaby.

I DID'NT know much about Dick, and never asked. I didn't know why he'd come out to Australia, and never asked neither; but I'd take my gospel oath it wasn't nothing as he need be ashamed of. Once when he was a-dossin' on the wharf, and he thought I was fast a-sleepin', I saw him take a photo from his bosom and kiss it in the moonlight; from the wet sparkle in his eye I guessed it was a lady, but I never dared to look, and went to sleep again.

Anyone could see with half a blind eye that Dick wasn't the same sort as the rest of us that hung round the docks. He had a honest, handsome face, but proud even when it was laughing, and as for talking, he'd use words as even the tram inspectors couldn't tackle.

But we two had looked into each other's eyes, and gripped each other's hands, and reckoned to be chums through thick and thin.

As for me I was a common enough sort of fellow, and as it's got to come in the yarn some time or another, I may as well say it right now.

In the Old Country I was a gamekeeper on Sir Richard Grenville's place, like my father before me. Mother died when I was born; the poachers shot old Dad, and I hadn't a friend in the world, except my dog, and they poisoned him afterwards.

Old Sir Richard lived up at the manor all alone with Lady Winifred, his daughter, and the only child he had left. There had been a son, a young Sir Richard, a wild reckless scamp—not bad, only foolish—who ran into debts that ruined the estate, took Lady Winifred's dowry to pay a fellow-officer's engagements, and at last, to save this same friend's honor, endorsed a bill that was forged. Then when it came to light he blew his brains out and broke his father's heart.

Continued on page 70

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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WINNIPEG TORONTO MONTREAL

CLARK'S SOUPS

Clark's Pork and Beans have been Canada's Standard for 45 years. Choice of 3 sauces-Tomato, Chili or Plain. Convenient size tins.

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Incognito

BY

JANEY CANUCK

"IT is the privilege of tale-tellers," says Sir Walter Scott in the first lines of *Kenilworth*," to open their story in an inn."

Our story, however, opens in a setting of equal privilege among writers—that is to say in an English mansion.

In the latter setting, we have the Honorable Roger Templeton standing, hands in pockets, looking intently on the scene around him as though taking an inventory of sale. In reality he was saying good-bye to Mount Joy, his ancestral home, for he had decided to visit the Dominion of Canada in the role of harvester like the thousands of other young men who were taking transportation to the western prairies to assist in reaping the grain crop.

He was going to the Province of Alberta; he had quite made up his mind about this; not that he knew much about the Province, but it was a spot on the map anyway and had been given an identity of its own because the Prince of Wales had recently purchased a ranch there, and was leaving England presently to spend his holidays under the title of Lord Renfrew.

Good! He also would go *incognito* and carry out the plan he had matured about writing a book truly descriptive of Canadian pioneer life. Of course, he had looked up some facts about Alberta—he was too careful and thorough a student to neglect this—and had found the Province was so called after the second name of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Louise, who, for some years, had held vice-regal position in the Dominion. He knew about the area of Alberta, its altitude, its minerals, its sunshine, its acreage in crop, its population and its ambitions. He knew, too, that it was the youngest of the Provinces and probably the one where he might get the most color, action and verve for his story.

It is true he had previously written a story about labor conditions in England and that it had been too stilted and lacked in human interest. No one had questioned his knowledge of the subject, nor the justness of his conclusion but, someway or other, he didn't *know* the people he described. How could he, when he would be spotted the very first day he went among them? Hadn't he won a cross in the war? Hadn't he contested a by-election? Hadn't he won a championship at polo? Hadn't the weekly papers pictured him also when he succeed to the Mountjoy estates? Well rather!

HIS next book—it would surely be his best, but, for that matter, an author's next book *is* always his best. It was his intention to assimilate the life of the people by living it like the young Louis Hemon who had visited Canada and had written "Maria Chapdelaine," an exquisite idyll of pioneer life in the Province of Quebec.

And so the Honorable Roger Templeton looked lovingly at the old stone mansion with its sombre grandeur and severe simplicity; at its twisted chimneys shrouded in ivy, and its narrow casement windows set deep within stone mullions.

Beyond, was the entrance gate with its great arch; nearer, were the lawns with their formal hedges of holly and boxwood, and their tall elm-trees from whence came the flutter of wood-pigeons and the cawing of rooks.

He looked at it all and wondered if Grand-Aunt Barbara was right when she said, "You work too hard Roger; you rise too early, and have a most unreasonable passion for self-discipline. You seem to have no facility of any kind for the enjoyment of inaction."

And Grand-Aunt Barbara had also said it was high time Mountjoy had a mistress and a nursery, with dolls, tin trumpets and rocking horses.

Yet, here he was, almost thirty years of age, still heart whole, and leading a life of almost savage purity. He was not exactly a woman hater—no, but took his life in his own way, and this way was too full of material interests to suffer distractions from any member of "the sex," however trim and attractive... Otherwise, it must be candidly admitted that the Honorable Roger Templeton was an honest, broad-minded gentleman of comfortable means and excellent taste.

SHORTLY after arrival in Canada, Templeton made some pertinent entries in his already bulky note book. One asserted that the prairies were unique in that one was always in the middle of them. Two pages further on, he noted how the prairies, being empty, were still full of things.

While contradictory on the face of them, these entries went to show that Roger had already caught "atmosphere" and was rapidly becoming naturalized.

On the day he set it down that Nature was finished in England and so tended to kill one's initiative and energy, he might be fairly claimed as a homesteader.

The notes in his books, however, concerned chiefly the harvesters who had come out to Canada with him—at least in the same boat, for our harvester had travelled "saloon" till he reached the port of entry where, with a high spirit of adventure, he donned a workman's suit and travelled "tourist" with his compatriots.

No, no! it is not true that he wore puttees, for someone at Halifax, with a leisurely descent of the right eyelid had told him how western horses shied at fellows who farmed in leggings or puttees.

Of course, it was a jealous westerner who said this knowing right well that the girls of the West "adore puttees" and look past betrousered persons as though these had never even blurred the horizon.

But, notwithstanding his pertinent notes, Templeton of Mountjoy had one fault to find with life on the Western farms; *the wages were too high.*

In case the printer makes a mistake about this, or in the event of the reader not absorbing the statement, it must be repeated that the wages were too high.

Apart from the fact that the farmer was paying more than he could afford, the effect on at least a proportion of the harvesters was hurtful. When some of his fellow travellers had harvested on the fields for a fortnight or so, feeling hugely rich, they showed signs of headiness; knocked off work and went to town. In any rural occupation, a guinea a day or more, and "all found," is apt to disturb a man's peace of mind—or even his piece of mind—and to naturally direct his thoughts townward.

Still, all said and done, there is no very great crime in a man's getting tired and spending his money. Besides, Mr. Petulengro's question is still unanswered, "What is the use of having money unless you let people know you have it?"

What Templeton really resented was that a few of the less active ones, having turned their backs on the over-ripe and un-reaped fields, and having spent their wages, made loud outcry how they had been lured to Canada under false pretences. They told all the world—that is, the newspaper reporters—how there was no work for immigrants, meaning, it is deduced, no work in town.

On the other hand, there might be something in the rumor—or, maybe, it was only a scoffing slander—that one employer had said the Britishers smoked so much they could only work for sixteen hours a day.

Roger's chief objection to the high wages lay, however, in the fact that he was not seeing real pioneer life so, after the grain was threshed, he pushed farther back into the hinterlands where conditions were more primitive and money less free.

This was how he came to hire on the McGovan farm at Spruce Ridge, or to be definite, two miles-and-a-half from the post office store and pool-room of that name.

McGovan, a set-lipped man with gray hair but much red blood, really didn't need any hired help. "It's like this," he said, "We 'uns have only thirty-seven acres under crop, or thereabouts, but if you have a mind to stay all winter an' 'chore' for your keep, you don't need to go no furder than here."

And McGovan further explained in the crisp condensed style of the northern farmer, "I'm taking the big team to work in the lumber-woods. I won't be home till Christmas. You will chop the wood—its up and sawed—haul water for the stock, drive the kids to school, and take care of things generally. If you want to pay for your game license and purchase your own ammunition, you can use my rifle and shot-gun."

As an afterthought, McGovan provided that the game was to be shared with the family, and that Roger was not to shoot the stock or poultry by error.

TEMPLETON of Mountjoy was so filled with satisfaction at the opportunity of studying the McGovan homestead in particular, and the neighborhood in general, that he accepted the offer on the spot. Indeed, it never once occurred to him to say, "I wish my valet could see me now."

It was the same with his pen. Not once did it shrug its shoulder or wink its eye for the pen knew, too, that in the present commonplace lives of the pioneers there was embodied the romance of to-morrow.

That there were inconveniences he could not for a moment gainsay, for there is nothing approximating homestead life in London. But, chiefly, Roger missed his newspaper and his bath-tub, while equally he hated the green tea, green bacon, and the green wood that seemed hard as iron to his axe. It may be mentioned though, how he found consolation in Mr. Chesterton's practical philosophy that an inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered.

It was true that later he had some distressing experiences with the cattle in that they seemed more vital than any he had ever seen, a peculiarity which he attributed to the highly ozonated atmosphere of Alberta and because of its proximity to the magnetic pole.

In his notes, he set it down that he was now a "Lord of the lowing herds." He also cited a Western editor who said that the day may come in Canada when the people shall have to take as their national emblem, not the beaver or merry maple leaf, but the front elevation of a preoccupied cow drinking water from a trough.

ROGER'S first meeting with Cecile Maynard, the district teacher, occurred on the first morning he drove his charges to school. Between a blizzard of kicks from McGovan's ill-doing bronchos, Roger learned many particulars of the teacher from Lawrence, Suzanne, Jack and young Betty. Lawrence even confided his intentions of marrying Miss Maynard in two years time when he became sixteen. Indeed, he would marry her sooner if it were not that she was working her way through the University and had still two years to finish her course.

"She gived me a black kitten and a cookie," quoth Betty, "and she likes me best."

"Pooh!" said Jack, "Teacher lets me carry in the wood for her kitchen stove and, sometimes, I fetch her a pail of water."

Having arrived at the school these confidences were cut short by the sight of the teacher herself hastily dragging a ladder into the house from whence was issuing a volume of smoke.

Roger was out of the sleigh in a moment, and indoors, where he found the stove pipes had fallen, scattering soot and cinders in every direction.

In olden times, the knight errant was wont to make his appearance on a Mountain pass with a cavalcade of knights but, be that as it may, no knight was ever more welcome than this young Englishman with his quick, strong hands; his look of happy handsome materialism, and the bronze of the prairie on his face.

A few moments later when Cecile had taken him into her rooms adjoining the school in order that he might remove the soot from his face and hands, she had time to notice that the McGovan's hired man had a wonderfully cultured voice and the assured manner of one who has been vested with much authority.

And when he asked her to remove a cinder from his eye, a task that seemed to inaugurate a friendship full-grown from the start, Cecile remarked, "I think much of the wisdom of that old lady who said the worst thing about the eye is that there is room for nothing else in it."

Roger thought the old lady's statement fallacious in that he knew from experience there was room in an eye for more than a cinder.

Mrs. Adair, the district missionary, who shared the school apartments with the teacher, afterwards expressed the opinion to Cecile that the hired man had a "hidden meaning" in his words and should have been more decorous as befitted his position. Still, she wasn't quite sure; "he seemed such a nice young man too, and wore thick tan shoes and a flannel shirt that were surely made in London."

Cecile said nothing but she knew that no hired man ever laughed like McGovan's, or allowed his eyes to linger so curiously on her shelf of classics. Here was a mystery to her liking.

And so every morning and evening, when Roger visited the school there was opportunity for conversation. It was only natural, too, that a fellow would feel cold after a drive of a couple of miles, or that a lady would want some letters posted, or even she might be desperately out of tea and commission him to purchase it on her behalf. The fellow having brought the tea on a Saturday afternoon—when he might just as well have delivered it on Monday—Ah well! it was only natural, and a mere mark of gratitude, that he should be invited to drink some of the brew.

Of course the response of youth to youth had nothing to do with it. No one would say so except Mrs. Adair, who voiced this opinion after the tea party.

"He is absurdly in love, my dear, I distinctly saw his hand tremble when you handed him a cup—kind of jumpy pulses you know,—and the blood flushed in his face when you laughed up at him. Neigh ho! it is queer, and a thousand pities that 'the best people' in a place are nearly always poor."

"You are imagining all this, old love!" replied Cecile. "The McGovan's man is somebody incognito and for all we know

Continued on page 48

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GENIUNE BRIAR

By S. C. L. Scobell

THE predictions of doctors, and others, are not always precisely accurate. For instance, take the case of James Todd.

Todd was a little old man with nickle-rim glasses, a pipe, and a perpetual grin which he had acquired through daily contact with a "Keep Smiling" card above his ledgers. His unusually neat appearance was the result of the sympathetic care of a tender little wife.

One evening she took him to her doctor. The medical man tested his heart.

"Smoking will be the cause of your death," he frowned, "unless you ease up on it a bit."

"Well, by gum!" Todd vowed, "if I'm weak, I'll quit that danged pipe for ever and keep me life."

"And your money," his wife shyly smiled, thinking of their dream bungalow.

Resolutely Todd kept his vow, until—

Three evenings later, in their crowded flat Todd was nursing a drowsy cat on his knees and chuckling at the comics in a Sunday paper. His wife Emma, old-fashioned but fresh as a nosegay, was knitting a white shawl. Todd finished the funny pages and fixed his undivided attention on the purring puss. Emma raised her soft eyes and watched with affectionate admiration.

"Jimmy, dear," she whispered blushing, "you look just as though you could tidy your hair and step right into heaven."

But Todd did not blush at this compliment—he merely grinned and felt uneasy. It made him remember the doctor's warning. But he told himself that his heart could be no weaker as he hadn't smoked, and, moreover, he wasn't going to. But the more he thought of not smoking the stronger became a desire to smoke. He had had that same longing ever since leaving the doctor's office, but never had it been strong as it now was. His head throbbed, his throat stung, and his dry tongue continually tried to moisten his parched lips. A cheap mantel clock tingled 9.30. Todd argued that one pipe couldn't hurt him, but he dared not smoke before Emma; she was too anxious about him. Gently dropping the sleeping cat, he left the room. Ten minutes later he reappeared, attired in his boots, coat, and old hat.

Astonished at seeing him about to go out, Emma asked: "Where are you going, Jimmy, don't you know it's nearly bedtime?"

In his pocket Todd felt his genuine briar pipe.

"Oh . . . that is . . . I'm just going out for a little air, Emma. "I'll be right back."

"I wonder," she smiled as the door closed softly, "if he's gone out to smoke. "I wished I had asked him if he wanted to smoke in here, as I'm sure a smoke now and again wouldn't do him any harm. The dear old man! I suppose he didn't like to ask me."

Outside the air was refreshingly cool and Todd felt less guilty now as he reached for his pipe.

"Evening, Mr. Todd," squeaked a voice. It was one of his neighbours. Nodding quickly he hurried on. Evidently this was no place to smoke.

"Jumping Jehosophat, what a narrow escape!" he whistled. "Emma would have known about it in two shakes if I had been smoking. They all know I've quit."

ABOUT five blocks away were the city's slums. Todd went there—for safety. The suffocating slums were decidedly repulsive with their dimly lit and foul streets, their frouzy women with grimy children squatting on dirty doorsteps, and their warm, fetid wafts of musty rooms.

But this nauseating squalor did not bother Todd. Here he could smoke without fear of detection. His pipe was only half full of tobacco. Enough, he thought, as he fumbled through his pockets for matches.

"By gum," he moaned, "surely I've a match."

But a thorough search failed to reveal a single lucifer or a cent of money. Of course he had the ten five dollar bills which he kept pinned in his watch pocket, but that was only for dire emergencies. He couldn't spend *that* even to smoke.

"That shows I oughtn't smoke," hI moralized, "but if I can get a match I'e just smoke this half pipeful; and if ll can't, I'll go right home."

A little farther on in the shadows, lounged a Chinaman—a peddler of narcotics. In the frowning tenement opposite were two tall men, their eyes glued on the huddled Oriental. Todd was determined to get a match and this was the only man in sight. He hurried towards him. From their hiding place, the detectives saw Todd immediately.

"Look," one warned, "here's a new guy."

Todd hesitated a moment when he he came close to the narrow piercing eyes and the protruding lips of the yellow man. The Chinaman felt for a deck of cocaine; he did not know this little man, but business was bad and he had to take chances. The detectives watched intently.

"Have you . . . could you . . . . . a match please?" he requested timidly.

The Chinaman grunted; he was not accustomed to being asked for matches He had thought this man would be a customer. Sullenly he moved away.

"A match, you know, match," he repeated, making signs as he thought he had not been understood.

The other was irritated. He did not want to be seen in the company of white men. In the eyes of a suspecting law it looks suspicious and he ran the chance of being searched. Scowling, he drew a box of matches from his jacket and threw them towards Todd. They fell on the curb and into the road. Todd stopped to pick them up and, as he bent down, the Chinaman slipped into an alleyway and disappeared.

"Funny old beggar," he grinned.

"The Chink's gone," whispered one of the plain clothes men, "but that little guy got something from him and it wasn't dope, either, and if we shadow him we're liable to run into something real good."

"Hurry then," urged the other.

Through the twisted street Todd idled, happily smoking. The joyous satisfaction, which his old briar pipe gave him, benumbed the irritating prickings of his conscience.

"By gum," he chuckled, "this is great."

BUT joyous moments pass quickly and a satisfying pipe burns at the same speed. His puffs grew weaker and weaker still; at last the smouldering tobacco was played out. Nevertheless, his teeth clung to the pipe and he longed for more tobacco. Instinctively his fingers felt the safety pin which protected his fifty dollars. The lights of a tobacoc store winked suductively. The temptation was great. With much effort he laughed it away.

"I won't let a cent of that money leave that pocket," he assured himself as he turned down a lane leading towards his flat and where no lights of tobacco stores brightened the blackness.

In his desire to escape temptation and get home, Todd had unconsciously entered, what the papers call, "the crime district." The detectives eagerly followed.

Slinking in the deserted street was "Pigeon" Pike. A suspect, a man about Todd's build with a soft hat pulled over his face revealing only a broken nose and a battered jaw. Between his gold teeth he held a wheezing pipe.

"Pigeon" also had a problem but a sterner one than a question of smoking. Nervously he scanned the dark thoroughfare. The "Nigger" had sworn he would get him for a little double cross job that he, "Pigeon," had pulled on him. His fingers trembled as he clenched the revolver in his pocket. His fear of the "Nigger" was well founded and he was genuinely frightened. He felt helpless against his elusive enemy who always shot from well conceived hiding places from which escape was simple. Only old "Mother" Bertiwz knew where the "Nigger" would hide that night and "Pigeon's" only chance was to get her to talk. He could not use force for she had too many friends, but for money . . But "Pigeon" was broke.

He saw Todd coming towards him and his fingers tightened around his gun.

GENUINE BRIAR—*Continued*

Here, he thought, was a person he could "stick up" and perhaps get a few dollars or a watch.

Closer they drew together. Todd noticed the other was smoking.

"Hang it," he mumbled, "if this fellow will give me a little tobacco, I'll smoke. I know I oughtn't, but. . ."

"Pigeon" had halted. From his pocket the barrel of a gun pointed towards Todd.

"Ju . . ." "Pigeon" was about to give his order but before he could do so, Todd blurted out:

"Excuse me, sir, but I wondered if you could give me just a little of your tobacco as I've just finished all me own, and," he added unconscious of the lie, "I forgot to bring any money with me."

The request was so spontaneous, so innocently unsuspecting, that "Pigeon" was bewildered. So he had thought this grinning person would have a few dollars! He sneered at his anticipations of a moment before. He didn't even have a watch! But although thoroughly disgusted, "Pigeon" could not help having a fellow-feeling towards this apparently penniless and tobacco-less man.

"Here," he croaked patronizingly, as he let go his concealed gun and handed Todd several fingerfuls of tobacco.

"Mighty fine beggar," rejoiced the other as he filled his bowl and ambled on, "he gave me enough for two pipes."

"See," whispered a detective, "he was was talkin' to "Pigeon" and he give him something too; we're sure going to run into something t'night."

Happy, Todd strolled towards home, blissfully unconscious of everything save his pipe. He did, however, pull his hat down a little in case any of his friends might be in this district. Great puffs of oily smoke came from his genuine briar leaving a trail of pungent fumes behind him.

But as he thought how anxious Emma would be if she could see him smoking, he felt a touch of shame and wondered if he had better stop. He decided he would, after he had finished this pipe.

ON an intersecting street the "Nigger," heavy, spiteful, repulsive, thumped along on his way to a certain cellar which offered several advantages in the way of exits. Suddenly he stopped.

"I smell dat dam fool's pipe," he sniffed, "dat 'Pigeon' ain't go no mo' sense than a lady's hoss."

He ran to the corner and looked up the dark street. "Sure, dere's dat ole fool and he's been and got two dicks afollowing him. But never yuh mind, 'Pigeon,' I'se goin' to get yuh before dem dicks."

With a silent whoop of joy he raced down a parallel lane for about a quarter of a mile. Stopping, he glanced quickly about before ducking into a damp cellar.

Todd had been thinking as he ambled along. The words of the doctor had repeatedly flashed before him. He had pictured an agonizing illness, a lingering death, a destitute widow. His head buzzed with the torture he had been inflicting upon himself. It was too much for the little man. He imagined he could feel his lungs decaying now as he smoked. Slowly he drew the pipe from his mouth and held it in his hand.

"By gum," determinedly, "I'm strong enough to quit smoking and by gosh I will."

With that he banged his briar against an iron post scattering the burning tobacco.

This part of the slums with the shuttered houses and silent streets, empty—as Todd imagined—save for prowling scavenger cats, was absolutely unknown to him. In the far distance he saw the lights of the tall Union Building on the Avenue He supposed it must be nearly eleven. Emma would be alarmed at his delay.

Now that he had knocked out his tobacco he seemed rather humiliated. It was done in a wave of hectic enthusiasm which had now completely subsided. He was calmer now. The warm genuine briar pipe and the loose remaining tobacco made him feel even more foolish for what he had done. For a block he walked with one hand fingering the tobacco and the other cuddling the warm bowl of his pipe.

"I'm a long way from home and if I had one more smoke I would . . . . . I won't though," he concluded decidedly.

In the murky air of the cellar, the "Nigger" impatiently watched the dim form of Todd approaching. Of the same build as the "Pigeon" and with his hat well pulled down, he very closely resembled, in the dark, that undesirable person.

"Com' on dere, 'Pigeon,' shake dem feet of yuh a lil' faster."

Closer Todd came.

"By gum," trying to convince himself, "if I smoke just once more, it'll last until the Avenue and then all my tobacco will be gone and . . . ."

"Jus' a lil' closer 'Pigeon' please," chuckled the "Nigger," "dem fool dicks behind yuh won't know what happened till this baby am far, far away."

Todd put his pipe in his mouth.

"I don't think one more will hurt but then . . ." he was mumbling.

Carefully the "Nigger" felt the trigger, his eye glued on the rapidly approaching Todd.

"But then Emma would not . . ." Still arguing.

The "Nigger" steadied himself. Todd stopped.

"Thank yuh, 'Pigeon'," jeeringly. "I'se not even going to have a moving target. Jus' hold dat for a second. Dere you is! Now here's were you go to the . . . ."

Suddenly in the blackness, a match flared, lighting up the grinning features of Todd as he lit his genuine briar.

Dumfounded with astonishment, the "Nigger" jerked up his head and untwirled his trigger finger.

"Dam," he growled, "dat ain't 'Pigeon.'"

Todd heard the ejaculation of the 'Nigger.'" *Continued on page 51*

Close view of ptarmigan in snow-crowned mountains of Strathcona Park, Vancouver Island. (Photograph by Leonard Frank.)

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MOTHER'S PAGE

Photography as an Interesting Hobby for the Farm Woman

WHEN I was a young girl in the early teens someone presented me with one of those old style box cameras. At that time if photography was taken up as a hobby you had to do your own work for there was no handy druggist to finish the pictures for you.

Fortunately my chum was the daughter of our town photographer and by hanging around the studio, making regular nuisances of ourselves no doubt, we picked up a lot of valuable and interesting information.

My first dark room was rigged up in the cellar and many an hour I hung over my trays, developing plates and staining hands and clothing with the acids and fixing solutions. Woe unto the luckless person who opened the cellar door and allowed a ray of light to fall into my dark, damp and musty domain.

Little I realized in those, my carefree days, of the great pleasure my hobby was to give me in the years to come. The snap-shots taken in those years so long ago have withstood the ravages of time and light so my first teacher must have been a good instructor in the art. Now I can follow myself step by step through high school days and college, the snap-shots recalling each happy hour vividly.

When I married I discovered that my husband was also a "Take your Kodak with you" fiend and enthusiastically we began what we call our "Honeymoon Book." This book gives picture by picture the story of our Honeymoon from the time we left mother's home until we landed at the farmhouse which was to be our first home in Manitoba. We can see ourselves hunting deer in the northern woods of Wisconsin, catching fish through the ice in Wisconsin Lakes, tobagganing and snowshoeing in Manitoba and many other pictures of that happy time.

This same book is a never failing laugh producer and source of interest to our friends and as my little nephew said, "Don't they look silly, Mother?" might well be true of some of the pictures.

This honeymoon book was brought to a close, for all good honeymoons are over when the son appears, and we next specialized in child photography.

Each child has had a snap-shot book of his very own which may be taken with him when he leaves home. Have you not often wished that you knew what you were like at a certain age? That was in the day before snap-shots were common and the few pictures there were did not look very natural with the hands folded just so and the head held by an iron rod. The duplicates of all pictures pasted in the child's book are pasted in the family "Snaps" as well.

Books of this kind, keeping a complete record of each child, are very interesting to possess. The first baby seems to have a great many more pictures than the others but it was a great novelty having a baby in the house.

In these books are pictured the boys in all their moods, some crying pictures, some merry. The first circus of course, and the first pony as well as birthday parties, Christmas trees, first days at school and pictures of all the pets. Here is little brother rolling about with his collie "Happy," all unconscious of having his picture taken, here he is again in a bathing suit ready for his first plunge in the ocean. This picture was taken in December while the following year shows him all muffled up in sweaters and scarves mushing along on miniature snow-shoes, quite a change to be sure but from his smile it makes no difference in his young life.

You will love to keep pictures like this

Each snap-shot is carefully dated and named giving the place where the picture was taken, this being jotted down under each picture with white ink. Thus we can compare big brother at three years, with little brother at the same age and find that while they are somewhat alike in looks, big brother was an inch taller and weighed several pounds more at the same age.

Now the boys themselves are interested and own a small kodak of their very own. They also help with the finishing of the pictures and are as keenly interested in the outcome of some choice snapshot as we ourselves. At present they are at work on a book called "Hunting Birds in Manitoba with a Kodak."

This book is taking up a lot of their spare time when they might be looting bird's nests and killing young birds as well. If possible they procure a picture of the nests.

How they worked to get a good, clear picture of the exquisitely-colored humming

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

By N. Tourneur

CHRISTMAS in Germany, the land of the Christmas Tree, is like Christmas in no other country. It is kept inside the family circle, and without much regard toward celebrating in worship the birth of Him for whom the festival is founded. Only in the most fervent Catholic parts are the religious observances of the Eve and the Day now popular. Throughout all the Reich, Christmas is celebrated in much the same way, with the exception of a few local customs here and there. Notwithstanding the average German is usually inclined to sentiment and social gaiety, on the 24th and 25th there is an almost total absence of socials, parties, family dances, and so forth. Folk, instead, are attending to more material affairs, at least in Germany—eating and drinking. Cafes, hotels, bier-gartens, bodegas, and restaurants, are overcrowded with family gatherings; the young people joining in the public dancing there. In Germany of today, the home festival of Christmastide is not popular in the large towns, except the ceremony of the Christmas Tree.

In the Vaterland, this is the season of the year for present-giving and present-getting—inside the circle of the family and its most intimate friends—and, of course, very highly-valued business connections. For a week or so, previous to the Day, every German town has its street of stalls and booths, where the "wunschattel" or "wishes' list" which folks have been making up since early in December, can be supplied in every item. Here are sold wooden and metal toys of all sorts and astonishingly ingenious many of them are; and woolly animals and amazing gollywogs; and silver ornaments and paper decorations; wearing apparel, and jewellery; sweets and chocolates of all sorts; candied and uncandied fruits, edibles of all descriptions and prices, and gifts of every kind. Above all, there are the sellers of the inevitable gingerbreads, which take the place of plum puddings and mince pies.

High and low go shopping at the booths and stalls. The industrial magnate and his wife rub shoulders with the workman and their families, and the rich farmer with the Herr Professor who, like all the intellectual and middle classes in present-day Germany, exists in a state of poverty. But at Christmas, the poorest strive to get together enough for the "wunschattel," be it ever so small, and especially for the children. In some parts there is a pleasant "give and take" for the youngsters save their money, to buy presents secretly for their parents, and on the Eve a yew bough is set up and decorated in a room where the parents receive the children's gifts. On the Day, they in turn give presents to the "kinder." But the Anglo-Saxon custom of presenting gifts to the poor, and hospitably entertaining the stranger, is seldom met with from the Rhineland to Pomerania.

The most important observance is, of course, that of the Christmas Tree. It has grown from the plain "fennenbaum" or pine merely hung with presents to something very elaborate. In many households the Tree is almost a work of art, and is handed down like an heirloom. Sentiment and association have everything to do with it.

Because of the Christmas Tree, the German father and sons, who are not fond of devoting their attention to the ladies of the house, favor them with their company when they are engaged in preparing the "fennenbaum." Because of it, the Herr opens his purse freely, be it heavy or light. And, for the Tree, no pains are spared to make it a success. Animals, birds, and fishes of colored candy, dainty little bags of sweets tied with coquettish bows and rosettes—walnuts rolled in white of egg, and glazed with gold and silver leaf—silver stars, little metal baskets, balls and triangles of gilt, quaint porcelain—chocolates, marzipan, candied fruit and fresh fruit, little round gaudily-colored aniseed cakes, maron glaces, tiny squares of honey cake and other gingerbreads—gay streamers and ribands, and fine decorations contrived with skilfully arranged little white, red, blue and black candles—all go to make the Tree in Germany a thing of wonder and enchantment to the young folks, and of great satisfaction to their elders.

Some tie the gifts to its boughs, and some arrange them on little tables around it. Usually the 'fennenbaum" stands in a deep tub or box. The children, who are in the next room, are, after much mystery and conjecture on their part, called in, and feast their eyes on it, and the presents, each of which is labelled with the name of the receiver. Then these are distributed before or after dinner on the Day.

But in East Frisis the Christmas Tree is not popular. There, as in North Germany, you see the "Knecht Rupert" playing his part in the distribution of the presents. These are not given off the Tree, but are delivered to the youngsters and others at their homes. A friend or one of the family, in high buskins, fur coat covered with snow, and fur cap white with frost and icicles, and drawn in a sledge, takes the part of "Knecht Rupert," who is, as it were, a relation of Santa Claus, and distributes the gifts during Christmas day, saying that the "Master, the Lord Jesus" has sent them.

As for the Day itself, more time and thought are given by the "Haus Frau" to the preparations for the table than one would think possible. The edibles, in years of plenty, are, or rather were, innumerable. They are but little fewer even in these lean years, though. One wonders if in this year of money troubles the housewife will have the usually innumerable sorts of sausages and the innumerable kinds of gingerbread.

Throughout Hanover, Bavaria, Saxony, Pomerania, and other parts of the Reich gingerbread is the representative Christmas edible. Nigh every important town has its special kind, prepared only for the Eve and the Day. Most famous of them all are the Nuremberg and Brunswick cakes, known respectively as the "pepper cake" and "honey cake." All of them are highly spiced with ginger, cinnamon, and abundant in sugared fruits, caraway seed, aniseed, cardamons, almonds, etc. To the Teutonic palate they are splendidly delightful, though others find them cloying and heavy.

Christmas in the Vaterland is a day of eating, drinking, and sleeping. Religion and kindly acts outside the family connection enter but little into it.

To every nation its own celebration of the 25th.

PHOTOGRAPHY AS A HOBBY—*Continued from page 22.*

bird that came to sip honey from the flowering shrubs just at the veranda door.

One boy suggested getting a movie camera, while the other exclaimed, "Oh! Mother, I just wish we could get a picture of the humming bird's pretty colors and the way he whirls his tiny wings."

It certainly pays anyone to have a hobby of some kind, but particularly does it pay the farm woman to have some pleasant occupation outside of her regular routine to take her mind away from her own troubles. Manitoba farms are so isolated, the winters long and cold and good neighbors few and far between, that a woman shut in, hemmed in rather by drifts higher than the buildings, with nothing but blank white spaces to look into, not even green pines to break the terrible monotony, perhaps tied down with small children, such women are quite likely to become moody and notional.

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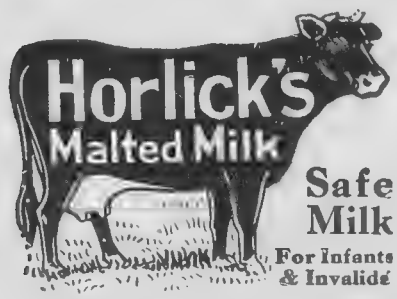

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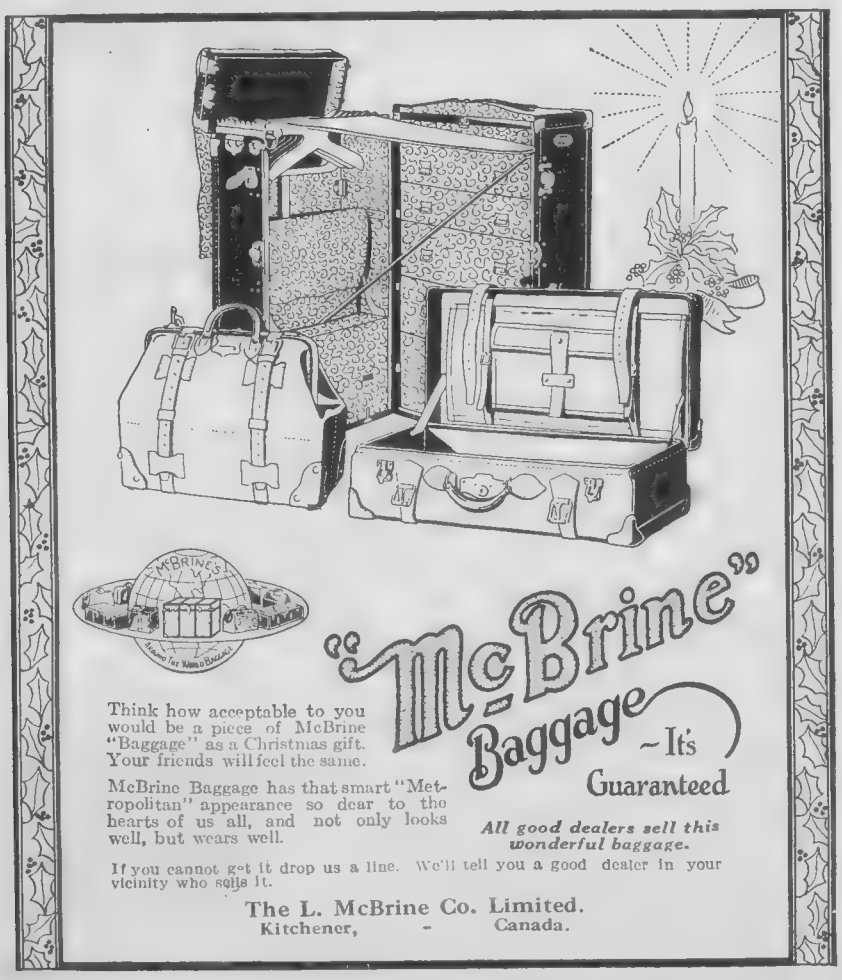

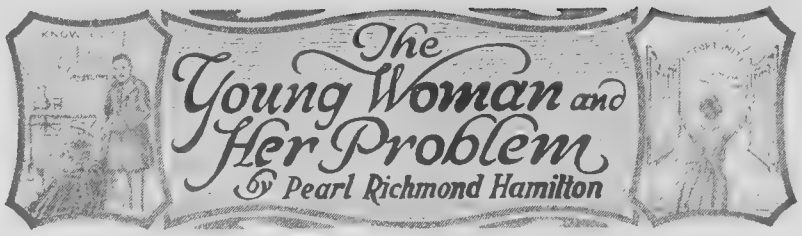

Faces at My Door

THE summer cottage where I spend my vacations has three steps that lead up to my back door, therefore everyone looks up when I answer the knock.

I have learned to recognize the knocks. There is the gentle tap of the timid old woman who faintly whines: "Any beets, any carrots, any eggs?" And the sure, firm pound of big, fat, smiling Maggie—the woman famous for her bantam corn and clean, hard, firm vegetables that have not been sprinkled with Paris green—her vegetables are absolutely moral—not a germ ever touches them. They fly miles above her garden and land on the next farm. Even the cut-worms are afraid of Maggie's plot—they crawl on to safer haunts. Big, corpulent, be-aproned, laughing Maggie is the magnate of the vegetable business. Her admiring husband sits in the wagon while his efficient bigger half waddles up the path with a basket in each hand. Then she sets them down and knocks until she wakens me from my dreams. She stands back with a victorious smile as I stumble to the door, rubbing my sleepy eyes. Yes, Maggie's knock is commanding. There is no other so defiant and confident.

Then there is the quick, sharp tap of the anxious child in her long gingham dress and round hat.

I do not like to refuse a child. They record every impression on their plastic minds. One time I was a child and I wanted a new plaid dress that cost a dollar and a quarter, so I canvassed the neighboring town for magazine subscriptions. I shall never forget the dainty, pretty wife of the jeweller, who invited me in and gave me the money for the paper. She was a lovely woman with a kind voice. I can hear that voice today. I saw her only that time. She gave me a piece of cake with little red smarty candies on top—the best I have ever tasted. Several years later she was sick. I read the news in the paper. Grown to womanhood then, I prayed for the recovery of this lovely woman with the kind voice who gave me a magazine order, and a wonderful piece of cake covered with tiny red candies.

When I am tempted to answer the knock of a child impatiently I think of this woman. Perhaps the child at my door needs a new plaid dress!

Memories of childhood—how indelibly they live!

Another knock! A sweet-faced girl with clean countenance and clear blue eyes stands with order-book in hand.

"Any groceries today?"

As I give my order I detect capability, tactfulness, courtesy—a girl of business intuition. She looks up at me with a smile and says something nice as she turns to go. I like her. I wish she had a chance. By this time I am well awake and the morning reception is on in full swing. Up and down the pebbly path they come and go. Some wear shawls—plain—others wear dark cashmere with beautiful flowered borders. This indicates a class superior in station of birth in the Old Country—but here in the new land they rank the same—selling vegetables.

They meet and talk in heated rivalry as if not one liked the other.

They smile so little among themselves—these women from the Russian countries where their backs were bent under brutish labour and their faces were lined from sad and weird experiences of oppression. Shall we try to ease their burdens and erase those deep lines in their faces in this, their new home?

What impressions do we create in their tired minds?

They are progressing! Twelve years ago they drove teams of oxen. Today they drive horses. Twelve years ago their girl-children wore shawls and long dresses. Last summer a 'teen-age girl came to my door in foreign dress. The very next week she was Canadian from her neat slippers to her plain straw hat. In dress her transformation was quickly complete. I wonder how sudden was the change of the soul—was there a change? If so, was the ideal finer, or weaker?

They are copying us, my girl reader. These new sisters are coming from the foreign European countries, and from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales. Let us value the contribution they bring; respect their fine qualities—and may they in turn discover in us womanly virtue, courage and love.

My "honey woman" comes next with her apron full of pint sealers of rich, golden Manitoba honey.

She does not appear like a new Canadian—so very like us she seems.

A few years ago she had nothing but a fund of ambition and patience. Now she is making money with her honey—a new industry here that shall yet be world-famous.

Another face is at my door—this face was there twelve years ago—just as leathery, just as brown, just as pathetic. I think it was born that way. Stories of fear and terror for centuries have chiselled their deeds in that face. A bent old woman, bowed with age and drudgery, says: "Mornin' Mudder." Now really I am not old—but this weary woman of probably three score or more, calls me "Mudder!"

I think a cup of tea determined the relationship, because I know for twelve years she has walked five miles through mud and brush, carrying over her stooped shoulders till her frail body is bent almost double, bags of vegetables, butter, eggs and chickens. She has no horse to bring her and she walks those long, muddy miles with her burden on her back.

"Good morning," I answer as she looks up with panting breath and moist face. This "daughter of mine" wears a shawl with a border of bright flowers and leaves. The plain part is brown. She has berries, chicken, eggs, beets, carrots, peas and beans. What a relief it must be to take the bags off her shoulders for a few minutes while I make a cup of hot strong tea, and prepare a little lunch!

"Too much trouble, Mudder," she urges. I look into her face, seamed with a thousand lines of care and drudgery. "Too much trouble," I repeat. "What is trouble?" It is there in her face, written clear and convincing, in a language that needs no interpretation.

"Too much trouble," for this tired old grandmother, who has trudged in over five black, sticky miles, on a morning after rain, with a load on her back?

"Trouble" is not the making of a cup of tea!

If I had money I would buy a horse and cart for her, with a cushioned seat, and a soft back to lean against. I would have a place in the cart fitted with compartments for eggs and chickens, and berries and vegetables. Then I would have a cover, so the rain would never touch her; for I've seen her soaked with rain before she started back on her five-mile walk. Ten long miles in one day—plus all the hard work of getting the vegetables ready and the preparation of dinner for her husband at home. When my ship comes in, I know what I shall do.

"Mudder's daughter" drank her tea and ate her lunch. As she handed me the empty dishes, repeating over and over again: "T'ank you, Mudder," she kissed

YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Continued from page 24

my hand and pointed to the Heaven above to bless me! Gratitude?

Such is the gratitude of this fine old soul at my back door—a richer, more beautiful, I have never experienced. She knows little of our language, but she is familiar with the word that makes all women kin—"Mother."

There are other faces at my door—the tanned native with her pail of fish. Indian features of sturdy hardship rebuke me for belonging to the race that stole her land. So few of her type are left. They have been driven back until we have forgotten our debt to them—until we forget we are usurpers. She fishes and sells pickerel from door to door—fresh and clean, packed in her pail with ice. Sometimes she makes moccasins for my children—moccasins embroidered in pretty patterns of red and blue.

She looks up at me with a kind eye—then comes in while I get a glass of milk. She likes milk, and needs it, for she is undernourished. Tuberculosis has taken nearly all her boys and girls. She is sad, and weak, physically.

Two years ago this native daughter of Canada came to me wearing a black veil tied very close over her head. I had never before seen her wear this. Then she told me of the loss of her husband two weeks previous. As she talked she brightened with this remark: "I do not know what I would do without the comfort and hope I feel in my religion."

She cannot read, but she repeated strengthening passages of scripture her husband had read to her—real Christmas faith texts. She impressed me with the great noble results of the labours of the Christ-like missionaries who carried to the Indians the religion of comfort and hope given to humanity on the first Christmas morn.

Only Christ-like love could have sustained those courageous men in their service to these men and women in a strange land.

Rich blessings, indeed, must crown their efforts in teaching and living the story of the Christ Child among a people who never forget a kindness.

Another of her race passes my door. She has lived here since an early day. Her big stalwart son, whose determined features and soldierly physique bear resemblance to the bravest of his race, convinces us that Canada is better because her earliest race had the speech and hearts of mighty men—his ancestors. This warrior descendant wears the sacred button of the returned soldier—brave in his nation's need—tender and gentle as a son, husband and father—he embodies the spirit of patriotism so true to the honour of his race.

To this race are we indebted for the birth of that great Canadian poet, who breathed patriotism in every line she wrote, for its was Tekahionwake—Pauline Johnson—who expressed so inspiringly the loyalty of the Indian in her poem: "Canadian Born."

"We first saw light in Canada, the land beloved of God:
We are the pulse of Canada, its marrow and its blood:
And we the men of Canada, can face the world and brag
That we were born in Canada, beneath the British flag.

Few of us have the blood of kings; few are of courtly birth;
But few are vagabonds or rogues, of doubtful name and worth;
And all have one credential that entitles us to brag—
That we were born in Canada beneath the British Flag."

When the Indian race owned this mighty continent they were strong and noble and clean—but we came and showed them the way to matchless misery.

"Giant obligations are on our heads."

Here is Mary! Mary, clean and scrubbed to her honest soul! Mary! with her clear, deep blue eyes,—and her natural smile!

I wish there were a million Marys in Canada.

Twelve years ago she washed for several families in Matlock—sometimes two in one day. This year she washes for some of the same families.

Mary is a hustler from four in the morning until eleven at night—and every boy in her clean home has inherited that hustle—for there is milk to distribute from door to door and two farms to work—during these years that is just what Mary, with her busy family, has accumulated. Big and strong physically, with a heart generous and kind—and an ambition for education for every one of her boys and her beautiful girl, Mary has earned her place on the pages of Canadian womanhood.

Bringing flowers to "Mudder."

What is it that lures me every summer to the same spot at Matlock Beach on Lake Winnipeg?

The cottage by the lake where women point Heavenward for a blessing on me—where souls beat with sincere gratitude and kind voices greet me at my back door with anxious, expectant smiles that are genuine, and everywhere—yes, everywhere—God's handiwork is revealed in Nature's honest beauty.

Christmas Blessings to the Girl from Overseas

There are many girls from Scotland, England and Ireland, as well as from other lands, who are spending their first Christmas in Canada.

To everyone from Quebec to Vancouver we extend our Christmas greetings of love and good wishes.

Yule-tide means much to them, for the season is a reminder of sacred home reunions that weave memories of love, hope and sacrifice. Somehow the home atmosphere is the understanding, trusting atmosphere, and these girls are in a new land now, where people are different in many ways. Let us make them happy, so they will feel at home with us—let us extend to them real Christmas hospitality.

Sometimes I feel we take Christmas for granted. We are in such a hurry buying for this one and that one that we have no time to give to the true Christmas gift—love. I always shudder when I hear anyone complain of the extra effort and obligations Christmas demands. Such a spirit is a form of profanity.

Unless our giving in genuine, it were better to live like Scrooge. He at least did not give false impressions.

Sincerity is the very soul of Christmas. The other evening I spent a happy hour with a group of Scotch girls at the Canadian Women's Hostel in Winnipeg. The Matron, Miss Mulheron, has created a home atmosphere in the Hostel and the girls say they are going "home" when they go to the Hostel.

Fortunate, indeed, is an institution that has a matron with a motherly heart such as has Miss Mulheron. Fortunate is an institution with women on the Board whose ambition is charged with love and anxiety for the girls under the protection of the Hostel. This is the kind of Board back of Winnipeg's Canadian Women's Hostel. The president, Mrs. Turnbull, is in constant communication with the woman in charge of the Dominion work at Ottawa—Miss Burnham, and all work together for the welfare of the new girls coming to Canada under the Government. The Hostel also welcomes women and children who come into the city from the country. It is near the station, and convenient in rates. It requires courage for a girl to leave her homeland for a strange country, and as I sat in the circle with these lovely young women out from Scotland, I was impressed with the rich contribution of the personnel of these young women. An intimate friendship with one another is being developed in these weekly gatherings, and some of the things they had observed in the first few weeks are well worth noting—an unconscious rebuke to us. I wish I could write as they spoke in their beautiful Scotch accent—I cannot write it. This is a translation in Canadian English.

"I cannot understand why your girls here use that awful slang—even those attending college!" emphasized the bonny lass with the cheeks like velvety roses—not the kind we buy in Canada for a dollar a box, but that natural tint that Scotland gives to her daughters in the air they breathe—the kind that rouge cannot imitate.

"And do you see them chew gum!" exclaimed the young woman with the natural auburn hair, as she stood up and moved her mouth like the ugly, jazzy contortion of the "gum girl."

The girls all laughed at this.

She was a pretty girl—her eyes and complexion were the kind the Creator blends with auburn hair. Only the Master Artist understands the natural combination.

"Perhaps *we* should learn the slang and chew gum and talk like the girls and women here!" said one in a quandary.

"No! *no!*" I urged, "do not copy our weaknesses—rather would we have you influence us with the charm and beauty you bring with you."

I contrast the improved method of immigration work under the Government in bringing girls here now with that of ten years ago. What a marvellous change! The type of girls coming under the Government from England and Scotland and Ireland proves the value of the present system. Conscientious Canadian women are over there interviewing the girls who want to come, and when they arrive here the chain of Canadian Women's Hostels in the cities, which are managed by Canadian women under the direction of the government, provide safe and home-like shelter and protection for the girls while the Government Bureaux of employment find positions for them. Then the Matron keeps continually in touch with the girls after they leave the Hostel.

The average girl that comes to the Canadian Women's Hostel is a superior type of young woman. Many are business girls, but they come with the determination to make good and are willing to do housework until they find other work. Many are experienced domestic girls. They come expecting to adjust themselves to a new environment.

This is the spirit predominant in the British girls who have come to the Canadian Women's Hostels recently, and we must not disappoint them. I trust they shall see in us the spirit of love—the kind that the Christ-Child brought on that first Christmas.

Photo by M. E. Hewitt

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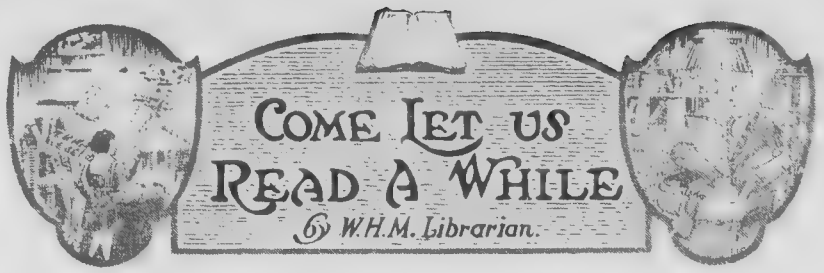


QUITE impossible to tell you about all the new books that have come upon me since last I wrote to you! Such an avalanche. Nor have I had time to become acquainted with them all. But some that I have read are most delightful. Take for instance a book of essays by W. A. Deacon called "Pens and Pirates" (Toronto: The Ryerson Press). An attractive title and a most delightful book by this clever journalist who is now literary editor of The Toronto Saturday Night. I said, it is true, a book of essays. But don't run away with the idea that I'm offering you a dull dish. There is nothing dull in this volume which reflects, like a mirror, the personality of the author. In these delightful pages, the author muses aloud on varied and interesting topics.

"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax
And cabbages and kings."

Mr. Deacon, too, talks of many things. Of himself, his boon companion; of the barber in his own home town; of angelic ladies and their attire; of poetry, of religion, of law and authority. And so a pirate, his ideas upon law and authority and an established order of things, are particularly interesting. Mr. Deacon is often whimsical, sometimes very serious, at times he reaches great artistry as I think in the essay called "The Tiger." This is not intended to be a review of "Pens and Pirates;" nor is it an adequate appreciation. It is more in the matter of a casual introduction. Just as, sometimes, hostess will say "Meet Mr. So and So," never dreaming that this careless phrase may be the means of bringing about a great friendship. So I hope that my saying to the readers of the Western Home Monthly "Meet 'Pens and Pirates'" may be the means of bringing to them a lasting friendship with a charming book worthy of one of the very nicest places you can find for it upon your shelf of treasured Canadian publications.

A Canadian Poetess of Distinction

A COUPLE of weeks a ago I spent a very pleasant day with the gifted lyric poet, Katherine Hale, who was passing through Winnipeg on her return from the West to Toronto. It is nothing new for me to be enthusiastic about Katherine Hale's poetry. From my first meeting with it many years ago, I recognized its beauty of thought and of form and a certain uniqueness about it that set it aside as Katherine Hale's, her own, so to speak. A hallmark that could not be mistaken for any other. I think there is no doubt that through the years Katherine Hale's poetry has grown in strength of individuality; has taken to itself a more robust quality, if one may use such a material term for so spiritual a meaning. The color of her poetry glows with richer hues; the music of it is deeper, more resonant. The imagery is more striking, arrests one and makes a lasting impression. Before she left me on the day to which I have referred, she gave me a newly published volume of her poetry "Morning in the West" (Toronto, The Ryerson Press) and when you read the beautiful lyrical and descriptive poems this volume contains, you will, I think, see full justification for the remarks I have just made. Katherine Hale has great power of evoking a vivid picture with a few words. Also she has a delightful little truant imagination that runs away from the orthodox school of thought and goes a-fishing in secret waters sparkling with fairy gems.

The Gaspards of Pine Croft
By Ralph Connor

THE setting of Ralph Connor's new romance (Published by McClelland and Stewart) is on the Columbia River in the beautiful Windermere Valley. The central characters of the story, find in love the pathway to the mountain tops. The Indians add the spirit of adventure to this tale which like all of Ralph Connor's is sure to please a host of readers.

Spirit of Iron—By Harwood Steel

THIS young author should be welcomed by all western Canadians. He is the son of the late, well-known and well beloved Major General Sir Sam B. Steele. Pioneers of mountain and prairie will realize that in this novel Harwood Steele has embodied the spirit of his father in whose hands so often lay the safety of the lives and property of the early settlers. Some of the thrilling experiences and exploits actually occurred in the course of his father's career. (Published in Toronto by McClelland and Stewart).

The Viking Heart
By Laura Goodman Salverson.

THIS is the first novel from the pen of a very clever western Canadian writer. I read it at one sitting which is surely proof that the story held my interest. Miss Salverson has pictured for us the settlement in Manitoba of Icelanders in the year 1872. The courage, nobility, industry, tenderness, and strength of these early settlers; their simple faith, their optimism, their patient endurance and praise-worthy achievements have been portrayed by Miss Salverson with a skill that prophesies for her a great future in the world of writers. (Published by McClelland and Stewart).

A Book to Provoke Laughter

"WHY Don't You Get Married" is the arresting title of a book by Norris Hodgins, which has lately reached my desk (via McClelland & Stewart, Publishers, of Toronto). It is not often one gets a laugh these days; so many books, even novels, deal with the grim aspects of life and the unpleasant phases of abnormal heroes and heroines. I was very tired when I picked up this book. The lurid illustration on the jacket repelled me and the author's name was unknown to me; in short, all factors seemed to be working against my giving this book a fair chance to interest me. The second paragraph on the second page of the first chapter arrested my attention and before I had gone very far I was chuckling aloud. I know quite a number of unmarried men and every once in a while, one or the other will confide to me his reasons for escaping matrimony; never, I feel, has one of them told me the truth! but, Mr. Hodgins has. I feel in my bones that he speaks sincerely and I do admire him for his sanity and courage in the matrimonial problem. It is true our author admits that his salary is robust enough to support a wife, but why, he logically asks, should his friends expect him to support a wife, when they never suggest that he support an "elephant, or a steam drill or a large flock of pink canaries." No one, he says, sadly, reproaches him for his failure to add these impediments to his menagerie, yet he dare scarcely sally forth from his club because of the scores of friends who will confront him with the eternal question, "Why don't you get married?"

"Why should men marry?" exclaims Norris Hodgins. He admits that he enjoys nothing more than the society

Continued on page 27

A CHRISTMAS GIFT

By Irene Wilson

TIS Christmas Eve; within the log house of Herbert and Alice Stanley everything is hustle and bustle, and a spirit of mystery prevades the air.

At last, after much good natured squabbling, a row of little stockings have been hung by the kitchen fire, and reluctantly the children have sought their beds. So tense is the undercurrent of excitement that it is long before the sandman has completed his round of duties, and five little pairs of tired eyes have closed to dream of Santa Claus, and the many wonderful things which he represents.

Mary and Rose, being the older, are allowed to remain for a while to assist old Santa in his arduous task. After this is completed and the house made neat for the night, they too seek the land of dreams and Alice and Herbert are left alone.

They sit quietly by the fire, just as they have done every Christmas Eve for the last forty-four years. It is their custom at this time to talk over the past, to recount the things that have helped to make things broader and brighter, the things that have been worth while.

To many, the life of Alice and Herbert would not have seemed particularly bright or happy: just an ordinary life, fraught with the usual hardships and worries which follow in the wake of a large family, coupled with small means. Fate might impose heavy burdens; but neither toil nor privation could dispel the light within. Let us pause and listen to their musings on this Christmas Eve.

"Yes, Herbert, it is forty-four years since I came as a bride to this homestead, but how quickly those years have flown!"

"You were a bonny lass then, Alice, and in spite of your sixty-five years, you are a bonny lass yet."

"When I think over the past, we have much to be thankful for Herbert. We have three flowers blooming in heaven; three to wait for us there. We miss them of course, but it is comforting to know that they are just across the river; for every day the distance grows a little less. Then we have Ruth's children. They help to make up for the loss of dear Ruth and the others."

"Yes, Alice, life has been good to us. We have the bairns to cheer us in our old age, but I do wish their father had come back from the war. A son would be such a comfort in our old age, and some way the word "missing", seems to hold so many possibilities. I know that he, too, must be waiting for us on the other shore; but when the Christmas season comes round I aways look for tidings of him. While the children are listening for Santa I always listen for Ted, although I know full well he will never come."

"Who knows," replied Alice, "stranger things have happened. Let us put a few more sticks on the fire. We must have everything comfortable for Santa of course. Surely that is Santa now, I hear his bells. Why, yes, the sleigh is stopping here. No one but Santa would be out at this hour."

Without more warning the door was thrown open. "Merry Christmas to all. How do you do mother and father, why, don't you know me?"

For a moment the old couple seemed stunned, then Herbert came forward. "Why of course we know you Ted. We've just been waiting up for you. I felt sure you'd come to-night."

It was Ted's turn to look surprised. "Why, father, how did you know that I was living. I thought this would be a Christmas surprise."

"I didn't exactly know," replied the old man, "but I've prayed so long that as a Christmas gift God would send our boy back to us. If you had not come to-night, I would have lost hope."

"Well, the Germans tried hard to get me. I was wounded and taken prisoner. After being shifted from one camp to another I finally escaped. I had no idea where I had been taken when wounded, and I had been shifted about so much that I lost my bearings. It took me so long to sneak out of the enemy's territory, penniless and with no language except my own. When I finally succeeded I found that peace had been restored, and I came directly home. There's a lot more to tell; but we'll talk of that after you've told me the home news."

"Well now, the bairns will have one grand Christmas box. They'll surely think that Santa sent you. Neither father nor I dared give them any hope that you would return."

On that Christmas morn, at least one house on the prairie presented a truly joyful appearance. The joy of the reunion of father and children can scarcely be pictured. As they gathered round the festive board and old Herbert gave thanks to the Heavenly Father, even the tiniest tot seemed to understand the magnanimity of His gift to them.

COME LET US READ AWHILE—Continued from page 26

of women, in moderate quantities, but does that imply that he should "voluntarily take on the duties of a janitor, a gardener, a circus clown and a first aid man?"

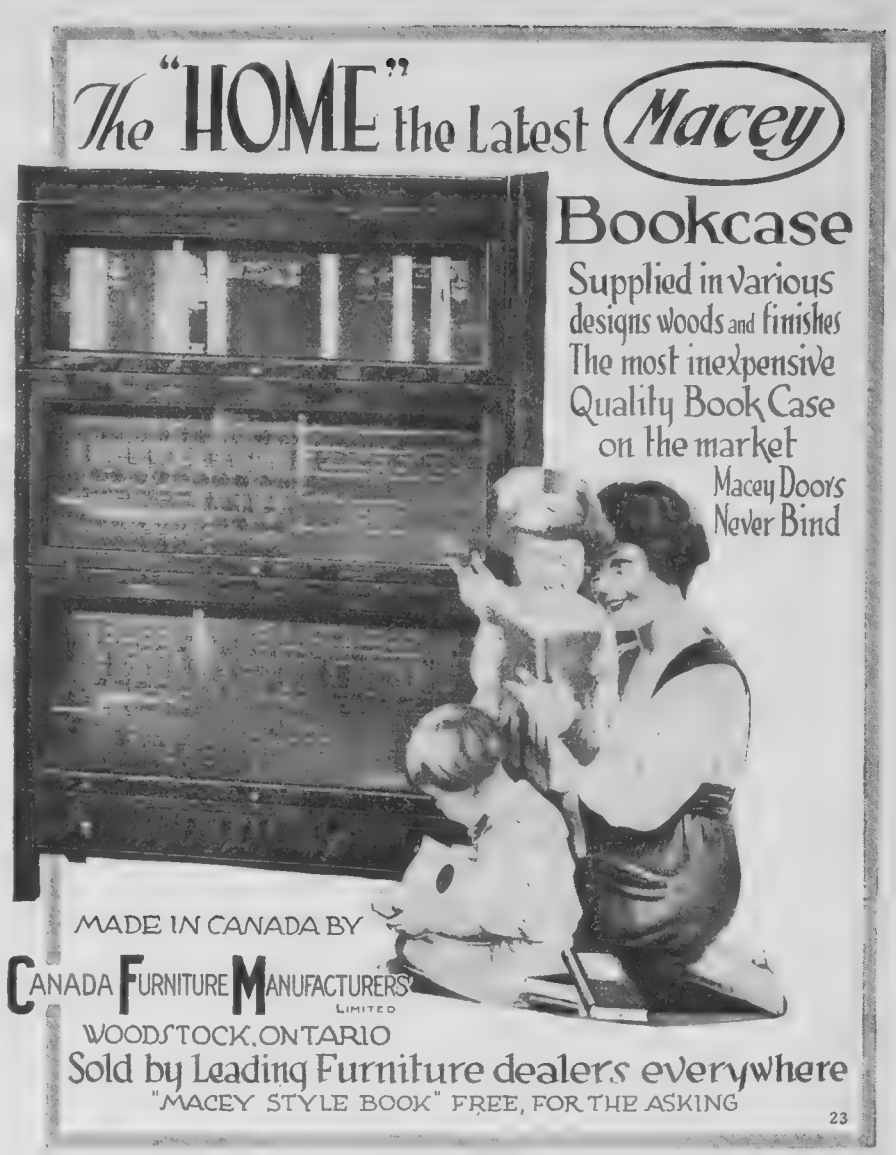
Norris Hodgins makes it clear, what a blessed being a bachelor is. Listen to this convincing paragraph: "I am convinced that only a bachelor can know the joy of coming home after a grilling day in the office to a well-tended fire, to chairs that are never cluttered up with breakable toys, to a meal of one's own choosing, silently served. Only a Clubman is conscious of the quiet but deep delight that there is in the foregathering of fellow members about a glowing hearth on those nights when the wind howls in the chimney, when one may enjoy companionship for hours together, without speaking a word or thinking a thought."

There are other essays in this delightful book dealing with subjects less serious, or more serious, than matrimony, each produces laughter and merriment because Mr. Hodgins writes from a buoyant spirit and draws his inspiration from a never failing well of humor and keen insight.

"Au Revoir"

AS I said at the beginning of this month's chat, it is quite impossible for me to mention all the books that have lately come to my desk for review. A great number of them must be held over for next month. For instance, I have not yet had time to read the new Peter B. Kyne novel, "Never the Twain Shall Meet," which a friend assured me today, is more thrilling than any previous novel written by this creator of romantic thrills. Then I did want to tell you about a very beautiful story called "The Lost Lady" by Willa Cather (Toronto, the McMillan Co.) It is a long time since I read a more artistic piece of work than this exquisite poetry. The lovely lady brought low but never robbed of the delicacy which made her the talk of the countryside. I will try to refer to this book again, but if I don't, please do remember its title and endeavor to read it.

Also, I am reading for my pleasure and not as a duty, the published tales of Katherine Mansfield (Toronto, The McMillan Co.), and the joy I am getting from them is beyond power of words to tell. Katherine Mansfield has a simple, beautiful style and a powerful imagination so that each story leaves one with the feeling of having lived each incident she describes.



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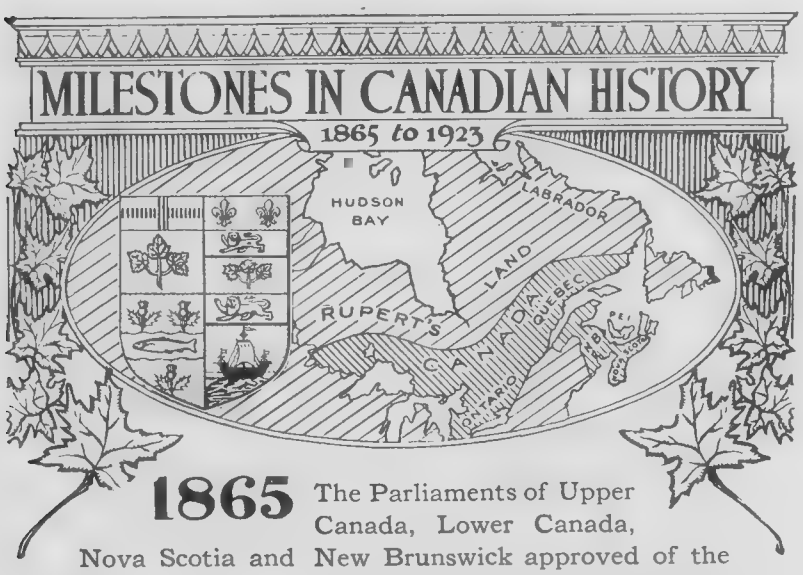

1865 The Parliaments of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick approved of the outlines of a scheme of Confederation as proposed by the conference of statesmen which met in Quebec in 1864.

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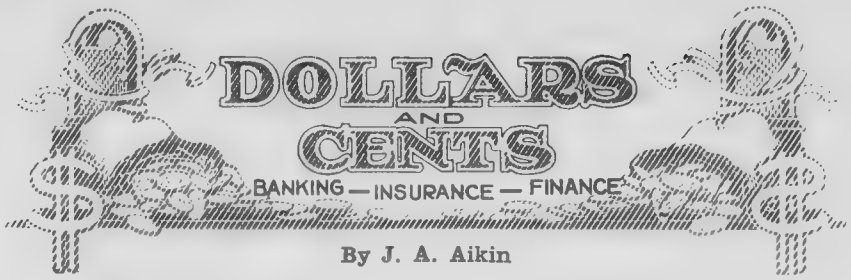

By J. A. Aikin

Better Market for Canadian Cattle

KEEN interest attaches to the efforts of the Canadian government and Commissioner at London to arrange better terms for the admission of Canadian live cattle of the stocker and feeder class into the British markets. The interpretation put upon the terms for discontinuing the former embargo by the officials armed with authority to administer the pact has all been in the direction of better protection for the British stock raisers; which fact is of great importance when one considers that officialdom in Britain exercises an enormous direct influence on affairs of government.

This question has aroused the keen attention of important interests in the United States where the Imperial Conference and the associated Economic Conference have dealt with issues of direct importance to the Americans. The movement of 60,000 Canadian cattle to Great Britain within a few months of the type formerly sent into the United States at from 200,000 to 500,000 a year, was a notable trade event which did not fail to be observed by men and writers in the United States. The American Farm Bureau Federation promptly brought the matter to the eyes of the Federal leaders as an illustration of the evils of the tariff policy designed to close up the import market of the country. The opinion is openly expressed that unless the Tariff Commission will take action within the limits of its hitherto unexercised authority, or Congress acts to alter the present duties, the Canadian cattle industry will within a year be completely divorced from its former American connections.

When the Tariff Commission was asked last year by the U.S. Senate for a report on the probable effect of a 30 per cent. ad valorem duty on cattle the opinion was frankly given that such a tariff would not be of any benefit to American cattle growers. The research done by the American Farm Bureau Federation intimates that the benefits and injuries from such a tariff on farmers as producers were about equal, while the consumers would on the other hand have to pay $1,800,000 additional for beef. Assuming that a quarter million Canadian stockers and feeders found their way into the United States yearly the effect on the American producer was not important when it is considered the cattle turnover is annually in the neighborhood of 25 million head. The American meat packers scent the competition of that quarter million live cattle in the British markets as a thing to be guarded against.

A large portion of the cattle which formerly went to the United States were from the western provinces and went into the corn states where the feeding process added to their weight and beef quality and incidentally to the profits of many American farmers, especially, as one writer states, as the Canadian animals were exceptionally well bred for beef-making purposes. Under these conditions and with such influences at work it is quite possible that the Americans will be bidding against the British for the range and grass cattle of Canada.

British Preference for Canadian Products

IN connection with the growing feeling in the United States that the Emergency and Fordney-Cumber tariffs went too far, it is interesting, to put it mildly, to find the British government and people in the throes of a general election in which the chief issue is that of protection for British industry and the associated policy of preference for goods produced within the Empire. Definite proposals were made before the Economic Conference for preference rates on apples, fruit juices, salmon and honey. The duty against foreign goods is proposed at five shillings per cwt on apples; ten shillings per cwt on salmon; the same on honey, and sixpence per gallon on fruit juices, all Empire products in these four classes to be free. That is indeed a substantial beginning, for British imports of all these commodities have been and are heavy.

Americans see design in this change of policy, and not without reason. The design is, however, not against the United States as has been suggested, but is aimed at reciprocal open and freer trading within the Empire. It may lead up later to better terms with the United States when that country becomes more reasonable on tariffs but for the present it is entirely a family affair.

In both apples and salmon British imports have been large for years. In 1921 apple imports into the United Kingdom were 4,001,000 cwt and in 1922 were 4,471,000 cwt. In 1921 imports from within the Empire were 1,906,000 cwt and 2,094,000 from foreign countries, of which the United States provided 1,712,000 cwt. In the same year Canada shipped 1,494,000 cwt apples and Australia 387,000 cwt. In 1922 the United Kingdom imports were 626,000 cwt as compared with 576,000 cwt in 1921. Of the 1921 total 169,000 cwt came from within the Empire and 406,000 cwt from foreign countries. In 1922 Canada exported 54,000 cwt of salmon as compared with 238,000 from the United States for the same year. The total Canadian pack of salmon in 1922 was 1,290,584 cases.

The benefits from the operation of such preferences would go largely to two provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and British Columbia, but Ontario and Quebec would share in them. The important point is, however, that if the preference policy should be adopted it would be extended to more than the four commodities mentioned and provided for.

Reconstruction in Russia

In connection with a report that a delegation of Russians are on their way to Canada to make a survey of the grain handling system of this country, now the largest wheat exporting nation in the world, it is worthy of attention that Russia is giving evidence of returning sanity and industry. In a report to the Canadian department of trade and commerce made by L. D. Wilgress, located at Hamburg following a trip through Russia it is shown that Russia has in the past three years made substantial progress. The chief accomplishments, he points out, have been the introduction of an annual budget, the control of expenditure, the imposition of taxes, introduction of a new unit of currency, efforts of stabilization of currency, the re-establishment of a state bank, and the creation of savings and credit institutions. The number of persons supported and employed by the state has been reduced from 25 million to 2½ million, and this latter number includes the standing army of 600,000 men. Excise duty is levied on oil, sugar, salt, tobacco, tea, alcoholic liquors and matches. Direct taxes are imposed on industry and trade, a tax on turnover ranging from three to six per cent., an income tax of from 2½ to 20 per cent. and a general tax for assistance to agriculture. The single agricultural tax is a tax in kind on agricultural produce amounting to six per cent., payable this year half in money and half in kind. There was an issue of new rubles in 1922 which circulated at one to 10,000 old rubles. In 1923 another issue was made which circulated at one to 100 of the 1922 issue, which led the government to order the 1922 ruble withdrawn.

The trade returns show that Russian trade has greatly improved during the past year. Imports declined 71.6 per

Continued on page 33

A Roman Riddle

By Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck)

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CLEOBULINA, a woman of ancient Rome, was remarkable for her genius, judgment and bravery. She composed riddles, some of which have come down to us. One of them runs thus: "A father had 12 children, and these 12 children had each 30 white sons and 30 black daughters who were immortal, though they die every day."

She meant, of course, that there were 12 months in the year, and that each month consisted of 30 days and 30 nights.

While humans may "die daily" in the spirit, they die only once in the flesh. It is well to be prepared for this. There is no second chance. We prepare for death in different ways; or, as ancient writers phrased it, we set our house in order.

One of the ways to make an adequate provision for the children whom we brought into the world, and who look to us for the necessaries of life, is by life insurance. All of us who are straight-souled acknowledge the duty devolving upon ourselves in this respect.

Some writers have spoken of this as "encircling the family." I presume this means throwing a guard around it—a fence, if you will—which not only enables the family to hold together inside, but which prevents its being intruded upon from without. The expression is an attractive one, and right pleasant to dwell upon.

But not only should a man make provision for his children, he should also make it for his widow. While in her young womanhood, she gave up all her chances in the commercial, professional, or artistic world that she might become his wife and the mother of his children. Yet, 32% of the widows of the United States (and probably the same in Canada) are obliged to enter the labor market. That is to say, one widow in every three has no money wherewith to maintain herself or her children.

If the husband neglects to carry an insurance, the wife should therefore make strenuous efforts to induce him to mend his ways before it it too late. Yet, incredible as it may seem, there are actually women who oppose their husbands carrying policies in favor of themselves and their children, as though it made the husbands more liable to some fatality. Ah well! most of the wives have time enough to repent their stupidity when it is too late.

But—*Hey you, Sir*—in buying insurance, see that you take on the right kind of a policy. You are the one to decide this. If, however, you cannot make up your mind, follow the advice of a certain sage son of Canada who once remarked: "When in doubt, take straight life."

"The amount?" you ask. Again, I say, you are the one to decide. Consider your necessary expenses and the number of your children. Ten per cent. of your income is a reasonable amount to put into a straight-life policy, unless your income largely exceeds your necessary outlay. In this event, also take on, preferably, what is known as the twenty-pay life. This will come to you at a time when you and your wife will want to take a second honeymoon on the interest of the money.

Emily F. Murphy.

The Mortgage fell due—but John went to College

THOUGH John Thompson Junior had passed Senior Matriculation "exam," his heart was heavy. He had just heard that the mortgage fell due on his father's house in six weeks.

He went to his father and said, "Dad, I've decided to give up going to University. It's too much for you to carry both the expense of paying off the mortgage and paying my university bills."

Dad smiled. He was proud of his son's spirit, but he said, "When you were a baby, John, I insured your education by taking out a $5,000 Child's Endowment policy with the North American Life Company. This tidy sum is now ready and your education is absolutely taken care of."

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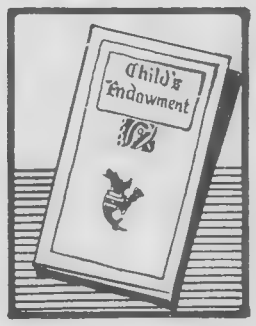

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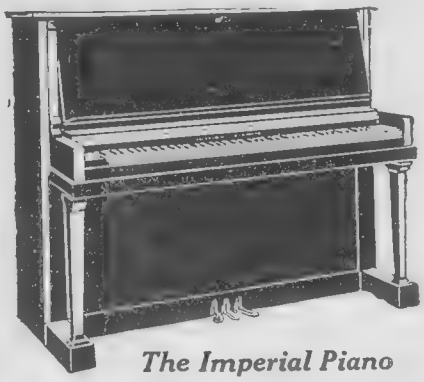

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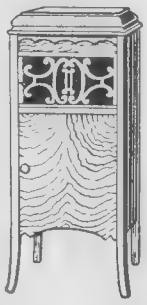

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MUSIC AND

Style in Music

PURITY of style in music is a vague thing to describe in words. If a printer represents Ajax armed with a repeating rifle, or Socrates wearing a silk hat, or Cleopatra shod in French shoes with Louis heels, the critics would condemn his anachronisms.

So in music would anachronisms, as well as a mixture of dissimilar styles of contemporary periods, constitute bad style. Most of the music of our times, like our architecture, is composite. It is a kind of style formed from modifications of a number of older styles, with the addition of a few novelties. The difficulty in making use of this style is in avoiding glaring contrasts. If the work begins in the modern rich harmonic manner, it will offend the musical judgment of the capable critic to place a Handelian counterpoint in juxtaposition to this harmony. Nor should the styles of Germany, Italy, France and Russia be all prominently in evidence in the composition of an English composer, unless that composer is powerful enough to use all this copper, tin and zinc into his own bronze. It is not difficult to write in a modern manner, nor is it very hard to imitate the old masters; but it requires considerable skill to cope successfully with a number of styles in one composition. The pitfall into which the young composer is most likely to stumble is that of anachronism. It was this clashing of Palestrina and Wagner, Verdi and Bach, that stamped the work of Perosi as that of an amateur.

If Socrates lived in our day, it would not be out of place to put a silk hat on his head; and if the short-statured Egyptian queen had the opportunity of discarding her sandals for the French shoe, she would doubtless show her feminine predilection for the modern footwear. If Handel and Bach and Palestrina lived today, they would certainly admire the music of Wagner, Strauss, Tschaikowsky, Greig, Elgar. There is therefore nothing really wrong in all these styles, except in the misplacing of their historical sequence.

College Work in Music

THERE is no phase of musical activity now open to the young musician that offers greater opportunities for both pecuniary and artistic success than college work in music. Nor is there any kind of professional activity which makes larger demands for breadth of musicianship and fulness of artistry. In no other field of music can be found a wider range of educational usefulness or a more pressing demand for initiative and the power of sustained and progressive effort. And nowhere else is there a more stimulating and continuous incitement to the development of broader, better and more generally efficient educational methods than in the college.

Much has been said of the freedom of the private teacher, of his unlimited liberty of action, but the principal freedom accompanying the work of the private teacher would seem to be the release from the keen, urgent, and systematic impulsion toward improved methods and higher ideals and educational efficiency that characterize work of the true college. An excellent authority expresses the opinion that the private teacher today is in far greater danger of falling into a rut than the college teacher, because of the absence of the incentive and strict supervision so aggressively present in the college, but largely absent in the environment of the private teacher.

What Music Is

THE English composer and teacher, Sir Walford Davies, has been giving some very successful lectures on music to children in the schools. Recently the somewhat novel experiment of transferring these lectures, together with musical examples, to the phonograph, has been tried out with remarkable success.

A somewhat lengthy review of these records was published recently in the

Shout the Glad Tidings

AVISON

REV. W. A. MUHLENBERG, 1796–1877 — C. AVISON, 1710–1770

FIRST CHORUS

1. Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing . . . . . Je - ru - sa - lem tri - umphs, Mes - si - ah is King!

1. Si - on, the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The
2. Tell how he com - eth; from na - tion to na - tion, The
3. Mor - tals, your hom - age be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And

Son of the High - est, how low - ly his birth! The
heart-cheer - ing news let the earth ech - o round; How
sweet let the glad - some ho - san - nas a - rise; Ye

THE HOME

London Times, and in it was embodied some quotations from Sir Walford's lectures, which are well worth remembering.

"Music," Sir Walford says, "is any two or more musical sounds put together for love, that make sense." And again, "Music is a straight and beautiful way of uttering what we feel." "A musician," Sir Walford tells us, "is any one in the whole world who loves music and can put two or more musical sounds together and make musical sense of them."

Therapeutic Value of Music Demonstrated

AMONG the 100 participants in a musical and dramatic performance at the Central Islip (L.I.) State Hospital for the Insane recently were three performers who less than three months before had been violent. This, according to Willem van de Wall, of the Committee for the Study of Music in Institutions, clearly demonstrated the therapeutic value of music in the treatment of the mentally defective.

The event was arranged by Mr. Van de Wall, assisted by Dr. G. A. Smith of the hospital and Mrs. Stella Wollesen, stage director. There was solo singing, solo and interpretive dancing, chorus singing and dancing and exhibitions of costume making and stage setting. The performers in every instance were the patients themselves and the audience was made up principally of patients.

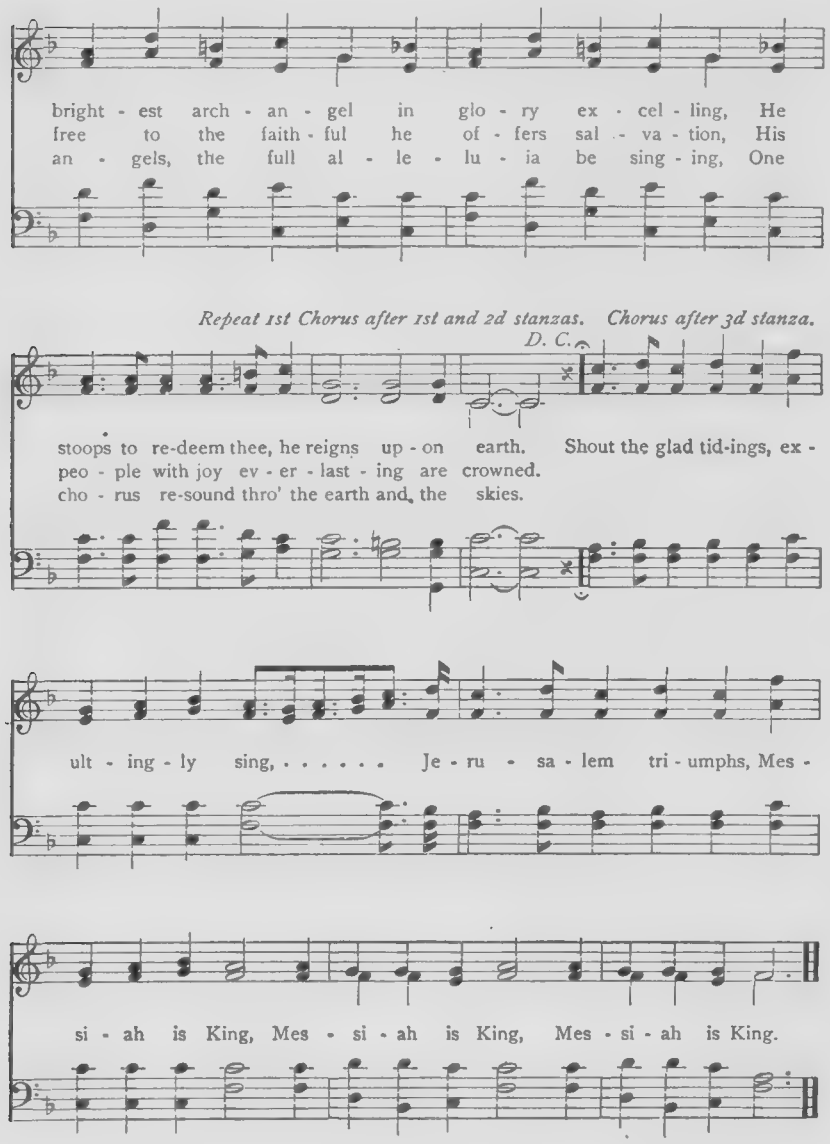
The participants represented every division and ward in the hospital, including that in which the least manageable were confined, yet so absolutely normally was every act 'put on' that outsiders seeing the performance for the first time did not believe the performers were inmates of a hospital for the insane. Patients were extended the liberty of the grounds during the entertainment and not one took advantage of the parole to attempt flight.

At the hospital is an orchestra maintained by the State, some of the members of which are inmates of the hospital. Every type of music was played and sung from the most classic to "Yes, We Have No Bananas Today." These all, according to Mr. van de Wall, are effective in varying degrees, depending upon the condition of the hearer.

"There no longer is any question as to the value of music on the discipline of the mentally afflicted," Mr. van de Wall said, "nor as to its power to restore them by degrees toward the normal."

Advocates One Hour of Music in Home Each Day

AN hour of music each day for every family in Canada is advocated editorially by the Lindsay (Ont.) Evening Post.



"Parents can read interesting musical events, stories of operas and other stories of musical intelligence to their children as they develop musical understanding," says the Post. "The advancement of music is certain to create a universal desire for it. Libraries, where music is presented, will also be a great help to parents in conducting the music hour in the home, especially when the children are studying music themselves. The music pages of the newspapers will also be one of the big factors in making the music hour a fixed institution in the home.

"The children of future generations will talk about opera and concerts of the highest order as they now do about movies and baseball. They may even form opera companies in their own communities.

"Canadian parents should find time for more music in the home, as this is the only way we can ever hope to advance the cause of music in Canada."

Be not among those who find a use for the rake after they have used the broom.

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Have Music in the Home for Christmas

And Make the Choice a

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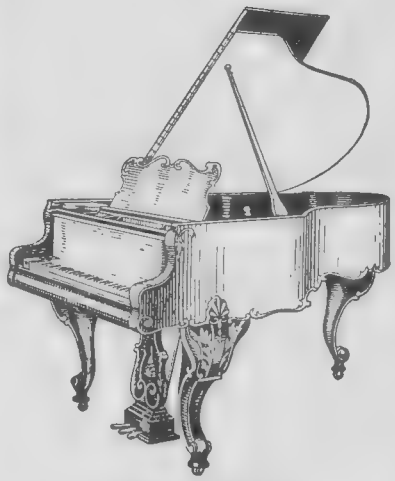

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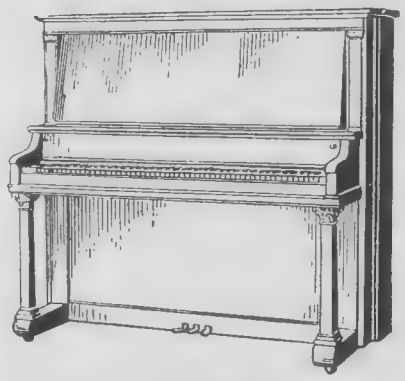

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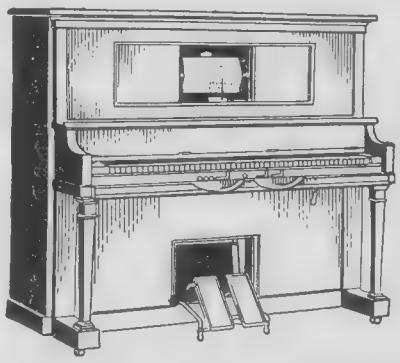

Here is the instrument for the home — father, mother, children, can easily play it — all the great artists of our time will become a part of your daily life if you own a Heintzman and Co. Player-Piano.

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The Philosopher

Why the Christmas Spirit Only at Christmas?

MOST of us are ashamed to show the softer side of ourselves. Even at Christmas we do it as if it were a mere weak yielding to a good-natured impulse. But would it not be well if we all realized that the Christmas good will is something vastly more than a mere weak, good-natured yielding to an old-established custom and tradition? The Christmas good will is not that at all. It is an outcropping of source of strength upon which humanity should more often draw. Even under the gruff exterior of the man who makes no show of kindness there is, however much he covers it up, the human feeling which contains such possibilities of making us all feel akin. Even the harsh, soured, miserly Scrooge, whom the genius of Charles Dickens has made live in The Christmas Carol, for all his resistance to the Christmas spirit was conquered by it. Is there, in reality, any greater source of power in this world than the spirit which manifests itself at Christmas? Even across No Man's Land the first Christmas of the World War drew that spirit strangely, most amazingly into action between the trenches, though in the later Christmases of that devastating conflict there were no recurrences of the doings between the front line trenches on the first Christmas, which we should look back to now as incredible legends, if we did not know they actually took place. The continuing years of that terrible conflict were years of the most straining effort humanity has ever made. What if humanity were to make an equally strenuous and sustained endeavor not to put destructiveness into action, but to put the Christmas spirit, the spirit not merely of peace, but of active kindness and co-operation, into practical action? If this could only be done, if it could only begin to be done, it would mean an impulse of constructive energy throughout the world which would result in more for human progress and the betterment of the conditions of living than has been imagined of the Golden Age, or predicted by all the dreamers of Utopias, from Plato down to H. G. Wells.

The Festival of the Family

CHRISTMAS is the world's family festival. At no other time are men so quick to own their brotherhood, so responsive to the subtle bonds of the common life they derive from the Father of all. For a brief day in midwinter the kinship of the human race becomes a reality, and men feel more deeply the truth that they are participants which they did not create and which they all share. We all know this every day of the year, but our knowledge of it is like our knowledge of other fundamental things which we keep in the background of our everyday lives and do not bring ourselves face to face with—like the knowledge that some day we must die. The way to make the most of Christmas is to make it a practical festival of human brotherhood, which should begin in the home. The home is incomparably the greatest source of moral influence. A nation is made or marred by its homes. A people's best security are its homes where the secret of family life, which is the secret of Christmas, is known in hearts bound together by the ties of family affection. The greatest wisdom in getting the best of life teaches us to loose none of the grace of Christmas. The joy and friendliness of the season, the rekindling of affection in the reunions of family circles where reunions are happily possible, and by messages of love where families are too widely sundered to be brought together in Christmas reunions, the charity which bids us see to it that those who are in need, those who are lonely, those with whom it has not gone fortunately, those who suffer deprivations and sadness shall share something of our happiness and good fortune—all these things make Christmas the crowning Christian festival of the year. Let us not neglect the acts of brotherhood to which the Christmas spirit prompts us. Let us bear in mind at this great family festival that the home of man is larger than that formed by those who are born of the same blood. There is a home in which the whole family of mankind are members, because we are all born of the same Spirit.

Christmas Happiness and Christmas Duty

CHRISTMAS is the children's greatest time of happiness, to which they look forward all through the year. And what is there in the world which is more productive of general happiness than the happiness of children? Thus it is that the Christmas season is the great heart-opening time of the year. It is the time when the old recall their own childhood, when the middle-aged renew their childish enjoyments, and when the children are the most important persons in the household. It is the season of home delights, actual and remembered. The Christmas joy of the children communicates itself to their elders, who in entering into the children's amusements and sharing their happiness attain as great and pure a pleasure as any that life holds. When Jesus set a little child among his disciples at Capernaum, he said: "Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me, and whosoever shall receive me receiveth not me but Him that sent me." And He said also: "Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." We cannot enter into the spirit of Christmas unless we have first become as little children. It is the children's day, the day of innocency; for the older people it is a day of remembrance, when the loved ones who have gone before and have their place in the heart's shrine of most sacred memory are silent guests at the Christmas dinner which in every home is a love feast, unseen visitants bringing their benedictions upon the children's gladness. It is a day of remembrance of the living, too, when all who have feeling hearts will not fail to do their share to bring some Christmas happiness into lives burdened with bereavement and loneliness and distress.

The Children's Unbanishable Santa Claus

THE child's power to make-believe is one of the most beautiful and most important things in the world. A normal child should have an awake and active imagination. The truth is that a normal child lives largely in a world of make-believe; and that is why Christmas means so much to children. There is something inhuman about a grown-up person who would destroy ruthlessly, if he could, a child's belief in Santa Claus. The present regime in Russia has undertaken to abolish Santa Claus from that country, but we may well doubt whether in the long run Santa Claus will not triumph over the Soviet Government's warfare upon him. He has human nature on his side. The regime of Lenin and Trotzky would banish all myths and legends and substitute the political doctrines of Sovietism in their place. They have done all that can be done to have those doctrines instilled in children's minds at the earliest possible moment, instead of religion. They have decreed that Russian children shall have matter-of-fact minds. But they are attempting to go contrary to nature. Children will surely continue to be children in Russia, as elsewhere in the world, and will continue to live largely in a world of make-believe. A child that was enjoying a game of pretending with The Philosopher not half an hour ago as these words are being written, found no lessening whatever of the joyfulness of that game in directing The Philosopher in what he was to say and do. "Now I'll get under the table," said the child, "and you say 'I wish I knew where that naughty little girl has gone!' and pretend to look everywhere for me." Would it be sensible of The Philosopher to explain to the little girl that she was behaving foolishly? Does not every right-minded person, including the little girl, know that it would be worse than foolishness to tell her anything of the sort? Not to know that would be to lack an understanding heart and to be unspeakably wrong-headed. The children have true wisdom in hanging up their stockings on Christmas Eve and believing in Santa Claus. "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven," said Jesus. And there is an unfathomed depth of meaning in the words.

The Human Heart at its Domestic Best

EVERY person of normal human feeling knows in his better moments that there is neither practical nor theoretical alternative to a principle so fundamental as human brotherhood. But, like truth of all kinds, it is often ill served, distorted or ignored, and this makes it all the more right that Christmas, when it comes, should be duly observed. There is no one who is not better for giving and being given the good wishes of the season, and for having done something in the spirit of Christmas to make others happy. True it is that the cynic may say that by most people the Christmas spirit is not in evidence except at Christmas. But when he says so, he is not speaking the truth. Let him say, if it pleases his bitter spirit so to rail against mankind, that Christmas is forgotten from December to December, that it bears no lasting fruit, that the nations, through their statesmen, ignore it, that the rich and the poor go their way unaffected by it, that the extortionists remain as extortionate, the heartless as heartless, and the fraudulent as fraudulent as if they had never had a Christmas holiday. But the world knows that such assertions are not only depressing, but untrue. Every human being knows well that peace is better than war, and good will than malice. Every human being knows that if good will, sympathy and kindliness were the rule, most of the evils which affect humanity would be eliminated. There is nothing positive in the constitution of human nature that should necessitate those evils. On the contrary, there is proof on every side of the efficacy of charity and good feeling. More and more, as civilization advances, men are compelled to work together, either as nations, or as classes and individuals in a nation. Could the simple and elementary lesson of Christmas be laid to heart enduringly by all and if the spirit of Christmas could be carried into action unfailingly not only in every private home, but in the larger home of which all are equally members, humanity would be blest immeasurably. There is a way open to peace, material and spiritual, and it lies along no other path than that of the human heart at its domestic best.

Good Will and Happiness

NOTHING has impressed itself more upon the imagination of Christendom, century after century, than the Gospel narrative of the first Christmas Eve at Bethlehem, with angel voices singing of peace and good will. There cannot be peace until good will works constantly in the world. Each person's welfare, in the true sense of the word, depends on the welfare of others. There is no true happiness that comes otherwise. Real happiness is impossible for those who are selfish and self-centred. The home is the world's object-lesson in the successful management of life, with authority doing its part and obedience having its due place, and with peace, harmony and co-operation producing happiness. Mankind lives in groups, and every group has its own loyalty. The spirit of the family projects itself into the kindred; as the teachings of Him who on that first Christmas Eve had the manger in the stable at Bethlehem for his bed as a new-born babe continue to make headway in the world, the spirit of the family will spread more and more widely, until human brotherhood becomes an actuality. The family groups of primitive men were hostile to each other. Progress and the betterment of life became possible only by the formation of larger groups. There was conflict between the larger groups, but the advance of civilization has meant that co-operation has taken the place of conflict. Again and again there has been the reversion to conflict; and with that reversion the onward march of civilization has always been halted, and often, indeed, turned back. With the increase of the spirit of good will, which is based in the most fundamental wisdom, civilization will go on growing from more to more, and then there will be the peace in the world which the shepherds watching their flocks by night in the mild Syrian winter weather, as we read in the Gospel narrative, heard the angel voices proclaiming from the moonlit clouds above the fields near Bethlehem.

Christmas Thankfulness

THE spirit of thankfulness is essential to the right enjoyment of Christmas, for the costliest gift is worth little if it is not received with appreciation, and the least costly gift is precious beyond price if it is both given and received in the right Christmas spirit. The generous receiver is necessary as well as the generous giver, to make a perfect Christmas gift, and it is not at all necessary that the gift be one of great value; it has its value in that the giving of it comes from the heart. In that spirit the humblest meal can be a feast, the smallest gift a thing to be treasured and the simplest pleasure a thing of wonder and delight. No doubt such innocent, happy estimates are scorned by those who esteem themselves as worldly-wise. Let them have their worldly-wisdom; they have no part in Christmas, the festival which forever and irrevocably belongs to the childlike in heart. They should arrange to take a long nap, not as long as Rip Van Winkle's slumber of twenty years, but long enough to take them over the Christmas season. The rest of the year and all the good times (according to their estimation of good times) which they can have during the rest of the year they may have—but they have no appreciation of the meaning of Christmas. It is sad to think that there should be any persons whose worldly-wisdom shuts them out from the Christmas joyfulness. They are to be pitied, for all that in their worldly-wisdom they would scorn the idea of anyone pitying them. Surely, after all, there cannot be many such; in the bottom of their hearts they must still be susceptible to the true Christmas spirit, if only it could penetrate through the hard outer crust of worldliness and cynicism with which they have coated themselves.

All That is Best Centres in the Home

ONE of the things which Christmas impresses upon every thinking mind is the great and fundamental truth that the home is the most powerful teacher of the moral virtues, of real strength and beauty of character and of all that is of the most enduring value to humanity. The use and worth of education is not only the provision of intellectual enlightenment, the exercising of the mental powers and the strengthening of intelligence, but the fostering and strengthening of honesty, truthfulness, patience, courage, self-respect, self-control and respect for the rights of others. The public school can give something of the discipline and instruction necessary for the building up of true Christian character, and the Sunday School can do a great deal, but the home can do most. Outside institutions can supplement the primary influence of the home, but no institution can be a complete and adequate substitute for what the home should be in the most important part of education, namely, the teaching of religious principles. No purely mental education can penetrate to the moral life and assure sound character. Moral principles can be taught effectively only by example. Example means everything in the forming of the character of the growing child; and the need and value of example continue beyond the years of childhood through the years of youth to maturity. After the years of childhood, of course, the shaping influences of example outside the home are increasingly operative, but the home influences continue no less, and if they have been all that they should be in the years of childhood the most important work in the shaping of moral character will have been done before the influences outside the home begin to make themselves felt. The home counts for most, and Christmas is the annual festival of the home. Among the most vivid of the childhood memories we carry with us through life are Christmas memories.

DOLLARS & CENTS

Continued from page 28

cent. while exports increased three and 4/10 times in volume and 2/10 times in value. U. S. Senator Brookhart of Iowa reports after a personal visit that the railways are again running trains on time and that careful attention is being given to scientific agriculture. There is much for Russia to learn in the way of dealing fairly with all portions of the population and in operation of the principle of religious freedom, but the Russians are learning, which is the basis of progress and the real test.

Rebuilding the Waste Places in France

FRANCE proposes to spend 100 billion francs in reconstruction of the areas laid waste by the war. About half the amount will go for claims for compensation for loss sustained as distinct from direct damage to real and personal property which will account for the other half. Over three million claims have been sent forward, of which only about 300,000 had to be settled by legal action, the remainder being agreed upon

In her statement of claim for reparations it is argued that 26 billion gold marks will be required from Germany for reconstruction purposes alone, quite apart from the war indemnity and sums for payment of the war debt owing by France to Great Britain and the United States. In this line of argument and in relation to the proposed effort to estimate the German capacity to pay it may be stated that France will require a 52 per cent. of 50 billion marks gold, plus war debt claims, and the huge total still stands at not less than 75 billion gold marks even assuming that Great Britain will forego part or all of her claims against France. The French Premier adheres to the 1921 total of reparations of 132 billion gold marks from which total he will not budge, acording to his own word.

Meantime the United States has learned something of the trying experience in diplomatic relations which Great Britain has undergone in the past three years in relations with France.

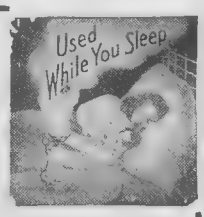
Fluctuations in Sterling

QUITE apart from the tremendous direct cost of the war Great Britain has been called upon to pay a heavy indirect cost in the loss of trade and deflation of currency in the exchange markets of the world. The past month saw sterling at 4.26¼, New York, due it is explained, to the strained relations between France and Britain and to the heavy purchases of cotton and wheat in America and the removal of large amounts of gold and securities from London to New York. That trying period has passed for a time but it is believed that not until after the election is over in Britain and the new government is firmly in the saddle will there be settlement and betterment in exchange. In the event of an indecisive election and the unsatisfactory conditions continued with France it is considered the value of sterling will not tend to rise rapidly. It is notable that while all other exchange values displayed a tendency to shrink during the test Canadian currency remained firm and even went up a shade, holding at about 1½ per cent. discount. The heavy grain crop and the slowly returning higher energy in trade and industry are given as the cause for the steady values associated with Canadian money. The "accord" reached by the council of ambassadors was responsible for the greatest flurry in the New York exchange market seen in many days. It might be well if there were more of the same accord, for both Europe and the world in general are suffering from too much discord and need time to recover from the wounds and after weakness of war.

"Well, did you vote?" asked Mrs. Jenkins of her neighbor the day after their first opportunity to exercise suffrage.

"No," almost tearfully responded Mrs. Snifton, "John went right after breakfast and wouldn't wait until I got my hat on straight. When I got there the polls were closed."

Quick relief to BRONCHIAL SUFFERERS



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To introduce we will gladly arrange to send you a Box of "Solvent" to try for your own Bunion. Thousands are sending. Simply write and say, "I want to try *PEDODYNE*."
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Help the Veterans

Everyone joins in the game

Enter the POSTER-JUDGING Competition

which is now being conducted in Canada for the benefit of the Veterans' Associations. Besides enjoying the game and helping a good cause, you have a chance of winning by your skill one of the 2,003 prizes—Perhaps one of the first three, any of which is a real fortune, will go to you. Their value is approximately as follows :

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There are in all 2,003 prizes, totalling £30,000 (about $138,888.00), all of which has been donated by BOVRIL Limited.

To Enter Send a Donation of $1.20 and you will be presented with a Ticket-folder, on which sixteen of the most celebrated BOVRIL posters are reproduced in full colors.

Which are the 12 best, in order of merit, is what you must decide. The folder shows just what you must do.

It is a fascinating trial of taste and judgment—a real game which can be played over and over again, and in which children, grown-ups and visitors all can join.

And just think of the possible reward?

You can make as many trials as you like—every donor of $1.20 is presented with one ticket-folder, thus $12.00 secures 10 folders—though only one prize will be given to one person.

Address donations to any of the following organizations or their branches which are actively interested and ask your help:

Veterans' Association of Great Britain . . 2725 Park Ave., Montreal
Great War Veterans' Association . . . . Citizen Building, Ottawa
Army and Navy Veterans in Canada . . . 121 Bishop St., Montreal
Imperial Veterans in Canada . . . . . 700 Main Street, Winnipeg

"I Now Feel Fine"

Mrs. P. G. Murdoch, Box 433, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes:

"I was troubled for years with biliousness, constipation, kidney and liver troubles. I tried many different kinds of medicine, but nothing did me much good until I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I now feel fine, but am never without these pills in the house. Dr. Chase's Ointment has relieved my husband of piles, from which he used to suffer badly."

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

One pill a dose, 25 Cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

HOME DOCTOR

Friends and Enemies

WE are accustomed to think of all bacteria as disease-producing and so to be feared, but there are a great many friendly germs without which we would be much embarrassed, and in fact, many of them help to make life possible and comfortable.

Bacteria are small masses of vegetable life which are made up of single cells. These cells are round when they are mature. They increase in a peculiar manner. Each cell when studied under a microscope, acts as if it had a gathering string around its edge. This string is pulled in until the cell becomes kidney shaped or almost cut in two. Finally the two lobes separate and we have two cells. These in their turn grow to full size and repeat the performance of sub-division.

We might think that it would take them a long time to gather an army sufficient to harm us, even of the enemy cells, but such is not the case, for if one single cell should grow to be full grown and divide in two every hour for twenty-four hours, the stupendous number of 17,000,000 cells would have developed from one single cell.

Just think of it! That one, innocent-appearing cell which couldn't be seen by the naked eye, has in the short space of a day and a night, increased to this large number. That is why we have to be careful of disease germs, for they work night and day, and they are not slow about it either.

Bacteria, or these little groups of cells, arrange themselves differently, much as snow crystals arrange themselves in different patterns,—only the cell groups of the bacteria masses are not nearly as beautiful as the snow flakes. The bacteria cell groups look like small polkadots closely placed together, little straight or curved lines, groups of two, or groups of four, or sometimes they take rod-shaped arrangements, or again they are in little wavy lines several S's placed end to end.

We cannot measure them by the ordinary units of measurement, so a special unit of measurement has been decided upon which is called a micron, and it takes 25,400 microns to make one inch. Even the larger bacteria or cell groups are only about one and a half microns long, so it takes 17,000 of them placed in a row, to measure an inch.

Bacteria are all about us,—upon the book covers, the letters, the chair arms, our clothing, and practically everything we handle. They get under our finger nails and on our teeth and lips, and we take them in when we breathe. So it is evident that it is necessary to be very particular about the degree of cleanliness which we observe constantly.

There are some places though, where we do not find germs, as in the healthy tissues of plants and animals, and the healthy mucous membranes which line certain parts of the body. When germs find lodgement there, we have serious diseases to combat.

One of the useful purposes of bacteria, is to break down complex matter and to reduce it to simpler forms. A pear ripens and falls to the ground, and immediately the bacteria set up a chemical process which reduces the pear to liquids and gases and other products of decomposition, and the pear disappears.

Care of the Nose and Throat

Adenoid Growths

IN addition to producing deafness, the presence of adenoid growths frequently retards the proper development of both mind and body, the child with this defect often remaining small and weak, and usually lacking the ability to concentrate his attention. A child or baby who persistently breathes through the mouth should consequently be taken to a doctor and examined for adenoids. Their removal not only improves the general health, but aften makes bright and happy a child who has been sluggish and irritable.

Chronic Catarrh

Catarrh, or chronic inflammation, of the lining membrane of the nose, usually follows frequent "colds in the head." The latter are prevented by keeping the body in good physical condition, so that the resistive power remains high and allows protective substances to destroy whatever germs may have found lodgment in the nose. Ridding houses and streets of dust and proper care in so doing, renders the entrance of germs less likely. The cold morning baths tone up the tissues lining the nose.

Spraying the Nose

Every solution used in the nose should be warm; about the temperature of the body. A cold spray irritates the nose. An atomizer is preferable to the nasal douche which may force the solution into the Eustachian tubes. When using the former it is well to remember that the floor of the nose extends straight backward, parallel with the roof of the mouth, and not upward. The nozzle of the syringe should therefore be placed just within the nostril and made to point directly backward. The bulb should be squeezed gently, as a forcible stream may wound the lining membrane and cause bleeding.

Dobell's solution, a Seiler's tablet dissolved in a couple of ounces of water, half a teaspoonful of table salt dissolved in a glass of water, are excellent for cleansing the nose. To prevent taking cold, after using such a watery solution, a little liquid albolene or liquid cosmoline should be sprayed in the nose, or else the person should remain indoors for a little while.

The Tonsils

On either side of the base of the tongue at the entrance of the pharynx between folds of tissue, stand the tonsils. These act as sentinels, arresting germs and dust that otherwise would go further. When too large they become easily inflamed and hence often prove a menace rather than a protection. Chronically enlarged tonsils often affect the health unfavorably, by obstructing respiration and leading to consequent deformity of the chest, by interfering with speech, and by furnishing an excellent place for germs to live and grow and multiply. Such a condition should consequently always receive prompt attention. A child will not "grow out of it."

Prevention of Sore Throat

Sore throat is prevented by the same measure that prevents inflammation of the nose—proper clothing, the morning cold bath, and avoidance of exposure. It is fostered by the direct action of cold upon the heated body, especially during active perspiration, and by sudden exposure to heat when the body has been chilled. On coming in from the cold one should not go directly into a very warm room, still less, close to a fire. Tobacco smoke is another frequent source of sore throat. Sitting in an atmosphere laden with it, smoking a short pipe or short cigar or cigarette, especially inhaling the smoke or swallowing it or passing it out by the nose, are all likely to lead to throat trouble. A long stemmed pipe, and next a long cigar, discarded when half smoked, are the safest things to smoke, as they render the smoke cooler by the time it reaches the throat.

The use of ice-water at meals also leads to sore throat, especially when it is taken immediately after hot food.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

NO need to scrub—the tufted bristles and curved handle of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush clean the teeth easily and thoroughly.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes come in three sizes—adults', youths', and children's; and in three degrees of stiffness—hard, medium, and soft.

For sale by all dealers in Canada.

EVANS & CO., Limited
247 St. Paul St. West, Montreal
Sole Distributors

for Invalid Cookery

Oxo Beef Cubes are the easiest way to take nourishment and the easiest way to make nourishment.

Delicious, strengthening beef tea, and other nourishing dishes for invalids and convalescents may be prepared at a moment's notice.

And Oxo Cubes have a thousand and one general cooking uses for all the household, adding variety, flavor and nourishment to the meals you serve

Oxo Scrambled Eggs

Scramble one or more eggs as required and put them on toast, over which has been spread a layer of chipped Oxo, mixed with a little butter. (Poached eggs may be served in the same way.)

OXO CUBES

In tins of 4, 10, 50 and 100 Cubes.

Correspondence

Living Up to Democracy

Dear Members:

In reading over the very interesting items in your highly appreciated paper I was duly impressed with the apparent interest taken by the writers to the Correspondence Page, and I in truth became interested also.

The subject "Reciprocity" for discussion among the members causes me to take pen in hand and defend, not the manufacturers, but rather that great class of people who by great devotion to country, have by hard toil and great hardships endeavored through all the years, to build up the basic industry of our country, agriculture.

In a democratic government we have a government of the people by the people, and a majority rule. Then if we have democratic government, why not live up to it. Why let the minority or manufacturers rule?

I notice that dancing occupies a part in the discussions. For my part I believe in doing as you wish, at any rate do not make any dog in the manger affair of it. Just because you don't dance do not try to spoil the pleasure of others. This would be a sad world indeed, if all people thought alike. Diversity of opinion turns the wheels of commerce. It is possible to take harm out of anything. A meeting of the Sewing Club may spread more scandal and cause more trouble than a dozen dances. Every person has the right to attend to his or her own affairs, but not to meddle with others.

Fearing to take up more of your valuable space I will close.

Huckleberry Finn.

Temperate in all Things

Dear Editor and Readers:

This is my first letter to your little corner of which I have been an interested reader for over three years, and I would not think of doing without the W. H. M., as it is such a splendid paper. I have always read the Correspondence Page and have read the debates or arguments on dancing, country and city life and so forth, and to my way of thinking as to dancing, a person should be temperate in all things and the person that goes to the extreme in dancing would do so in something else if it were not that, for the average young person has got to have some form of amusement; and as to country vs. city life, where you have always lived that is what you will stick up for. I am on a farm batching. I have two sisters living in the city and I couldn't tell them that this is the best place to live, but those girls have got to have so much amusement they are lighter headed than us men. There that ought to start something. What made me hurry up with the dishwashing to-night and sit down and write was this: I would like to see a debate on "reciprocity" with the States. I'm with you Scotty, them's my sentiments exactly, but I am not going to say much here for my letter is getting rather long and there might be too many school teachers taking up the other side and all the education I got was when I got old enough to drive the school Mam to a dance. So here's hoping this gets by the scrap box. If it doesn't, Mr. Editor, I'll try again so you can't get rid of me so easy.

With best wishes to all.

A Good Sport.

Recitations Wanted

Dear Editor and Readers:

I have never written to your page before, but have always enjoyed reading the letters. Now that threshing is nearly all over we will have more time for reading and writing letters. I am very fond of reading and dancing and I also enjoy going to hockey matches in the winter time. They are building a new school here and as we have a Social Club we will be able to have lots of dances and concerts this winter. I wonder if any of the readers have any good recitations they would mind sending me? I would help them in any way I could in return. I am generally asked to recite at all the concerts we have and it is so hard to get good recitations. We live about a hundred yards from a flag station so we are quite handy to the train. They also have two elevators here so we haven't far to draw our grain. Well I must close, hoping to see my letter in print and that I will gain some correspondents.

Sincerely,

Betty.

Patsy Joins the Circle

Dear Editor and Readers:

Being a reader of your excellent paper for a number of years, I have at last plucked up enough courage to write you, sincerely hoping the W. P. B. has had his dinner when this letter reaches Mr. Editor.

Yes, I am sure we will all be glad when the "Dancing Question" ceases for it is getting rather stale. "Light of the Morning," pray who are you? I can't imagine a girl stooking grain all day for I think an hour would finish me, but perhaps it is because I never did such a thing. A lady from Manitoba, when visiting this part of the country thought the women worked much harder here than in the West, but I am afraid she was mistaken. Who can imagine Xmas is only a month away, and yet when we look at the woods and see them stripped of their gorgeous color, it makes us stop to think a moment.

As this is my first letter to your paper I will not make it too long.

Should anyone care to correspond with an Ontario girl I shall be delighted to have them do so.

Sincerely,

Patsy.

Shorty in Luck This Time

Dear Editor and Readers:

I am a frequent reader of your Correspondence Page. I am a city girl born and bred. I have lived here all my life. I like the city, but I like the farm for a holiday. I am not afraid of work either. I do not go out to public dances but just to house parties yet, and the Senior Canadian Girls in Training. At our church we have about sixty girls in the senior group and in the junior about forty, which makes quite a number.

I would like someone to write me if my letter ever reaches the Correspondence Page. If my letter ever reaches there I will be surprised for it will be the first thing I tackled yet that won out. Good luck to all who try.

Sincerely,

Shorty (just 5ft. 11).

When Winter Comes

Hello Friends:

I have been a reader of the Correspondence Page in The W. H. M. for some time and find the letters very interesting.

I suppose you are all looking forward to winter? I am as I just love skating. I do not agree with 'Christiania' on dancing as I am very fond of dancing.

I live in a small town, but it is quite lively. We have a theatre, and shows four nights a week, so there's always something to go to. In the winter there is skating every night and dancing almost every week. I'll bet there are not many of you folks that don't like dancing or skating.

There is one thing wrong with this town, there are not enough young men. I don't want to take up too much space Here's hoping this won't land in the W. P. B.

Would the readers of the opposite sex please write to a young girl of eighteen. Wishing you all the best of luck in the future.

"Ted."

A Work-Saving Gift For Mother

There is work for the Bissell even on Christmas morning, under the tree where the needles are shedding on the rug, and in the wake of the holiday disorder.

But it's no task at all when she is sweeping with a ball bearing Bissell with the famous "Cyco" principle that gives better sweeping, smoother operation, longer wear, Christmas day and every day.

Ten or fifteen years perfect operation is the result of buying a Bissell instead of "just a carpet sweeper."

Even where there is an electric *cleaner*, Bissell's is always the easy, efficient *sweeper* for *every day*.

BISSELL'S
"Cyco" Ball Bearing
Carpet Sweepers
$6.25 and up. Other patterns for less

Play-size Bissells make delightful presents for little girls. They make tidiness a game. At 35 cents and up. All Bissells a little more in some sections. At furniture, hardware, house furnishing and department stores.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO. of Canada, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ont. (Factory), and
270 Erie Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Oldest and Largest Sweeper Makers

DURO ALUMINUM KITCHEN UTENSILS

"The Dependable Line"

Cannot Chip—Cannot Rust
99% Pure Aluminum

The "Duro" Percolator
8 Cup Size
Makes Delicious Coffee
A Suitable Xmas Gift. Supplied in Holly Boxes.
At Your Dealer's

DURO ALUMINUM, LIMITED
Hamilton, - Ontario

WITH Christmas drawing very near, many of us are in our usual panic of helpless bewilderment with regard to Christmas gifts. Not much time is left to undertake the making of anything very elaborate. and yet there are so many to whom we would like to give some dainty thing of our own handiwork. And besides being more appreciated, hand-made articles are a great deal more economical than those for sale in the shops.

Handkerchiefs

HAND-MADE handkerchiefs, always dainty and acceptable, may be made at a small outlay of time and money. Handkerchief linen, in all colors, costs only about $1.25 a yard, and one yard will make nine handkerchiefs. Ladies' handkerchiefs usually measure about ten inches square, so cut your linen accordingly, allowing for an eighth, quarter, half, three-quarter, or one-inch hem. The hems may be hemstitched, or contrasting threads drawn through. The

Collar and cuff set of linen, with edges hemstitched and fringed.

latter is the newer fashion, and makes a very pretty effect. To do this, first draw a thread on all four sides, along where the inner edge of the hem is to run. Then, to the end of a thread next the space now left, tie in a flat secure knot, a single strand of embroidery cotton of a contrasting color. From the opposite side of handkerchief, draw this thread through carefully. The space left by the first drawn thread thus acts as a guide so that you can readily tell which thread to draw. When tying the knot, do not put the two ends together and tie, as this makes too bulky a knot which will be hard to draw through. Tie the embroidery cotton around the other and draw as tight as possible. Draw another thread through, one inch from hem, and another a quarter of an inch from that, on all four sides, making an artistic square pattern. You will probably be able to think of other effective combinations of squares. Sometimes threads are drawn all through handkerchief, in one-inch blocks. The hem is turned in close to the first drawn thread and hemmed down with fine invisible stitches. A tiny rosebud embroidered in each of the small squares made in the corners is a pretty finish, or a wreath in one corner.

Always use handkerchief linen, as the threads are strong enough to draw safely, and other lines are too heavy for handkerchiefs. Or raw silk may be used. Men's handkerchiefs are often made in this fashion of raw silk, with an embroidered initial in one corner.

Collar and Cuff Sets

COLLAR and cuff sets are another useful and pretty gift that may be made in a short time. The straight collar for wear with a suit or tuxedo sweater is usually made of linen, flannel, ratine, organdie or raw silk, these materials lending themselves best to hemstitching or drawn-thread work. Various other materials may be used of course, with embroidery and applique.

Collars are about 27 inches long, and 4 inches wide. Cuffs are 10 by 3 inches. Organdie is always dainty, and easily laundered. A pretty set is double-hemstitched with wide hems, edged with a narrow Baby Irish or real Cluny, set on by hand. A touch of embroidery in colors always adds a distinctive charm.

Christmas Gift Suggestions

Another effective set, more appropriate for the younger woman, is made by fringing the edges to a depth of about an inch, and drawing colored threads in groups of two or three, as described above. Linen, flannel and ratine are the best materials for fringing. Another pretty style is of oyster-white or cream linen, hemstitched by hand in color. Vestees may be made to match any of these sets,—just straight pieces about 9 by 12 inches.

This drawn-thread work may also be used effectively on luncheon sets, using cream linen, with edges and inserts of crochet or real Cluny lace.

Ribbon Flowers

THE ribbon flowers illustrated on this page, make a charming gift, particularly for the young girl who goes to many parties. Arranged on a girdle of velvet or satin ribbon, or simply in a cluster as illustrated, they form a dainty accessory to the party frock. Other uses will suggest themselves. They may be used to give the finishing touch to dainty lingerie, or may be used in hat trimming.

The large center flower of this group is made first, and tacked in place, and the other flowers are slipped under the petals of this one as they are made.

This large center flower is made of a deep pink 5-inch ribbon, and cuts the double petals in about three-fourths of a yard.

A dainty hemstitched organdy set, edged with Baby Irish crochet.

The flower is doubled with a seam all round, and turned, and cut from pattern on page 49.

The center is made of narrow yellow ribbon, rolled into circles, with green stamens in center.

The small flowers at top right and lower left of group are made of deep blue velvet or satin ribbon, with twisted yellow ribbon centers. They are made of 6 inches of 1-inch ribbon, gathered along one edge to make center of flower.

The tiny flowers scattered at edge of group represent forget-me-nots. Are of ½-inch blue satin ribbon, about 5 inch length, and made as those described above, by gathering tightly at side length to make center.

The lavender flower at top, with a twisted green ribbon center represents a dahlia, and is made of 1½-inch satin ribbon. Cut 12 pieces of 2-inch lengths. Roll tightly at edge from sides toward center, and roll comes on top, and caught with thread at bottom. Be sure to roll tighter at outer edge than toward center, and this gives shape to petals.

The pointed ribbon flower is made of ½-inch yellow satin ribbon, cut in 4-inch lengths and has 8 petals folded like pattern, at ends, in a point, in double width ribbon. Requires two-thirds yard.

The double daisy at bottom is made of ½-inch white satin ribbon, cut in 3-inch lengths with 11 petals in all. Just double the single ribbon. Requires 1 yard.

A group of ribbon flowers.

The leaves are made of ½-inch stem green satin ribbon (a soft gray green), it is sewed together in center of leaf to represent the veins and is pointed at end of leaf to give shape. Requires 18 inches for all leaves.

Directions for Towel Border in Swedish Weaving

DRAW threads for weaving the width of two inches, leaving space on towel for black thread to be drawn through about quarter of an inch above and below insertion. This makes a nice finish for the woven design. Hemstitch top and bottom, taking up six threads to each stitch. Use red, green, blue, yellow embroidery cotton, or in a fine towel, all white or blue and white may be used.

Begin with red. Take up six sections, weave across all six for width of half an inch. Drop outside section on each side and weave across four for one-quarter inch. Drop two sections, weave across two for one-quarter inch. Take up the two outside sections, weave across four for one-quarter inch, take up two, weave across all six for half-inch. Use green, weave two sections half-inch, take up two, weave across four one-quarter inch, weave across six one-quarter inch, drop two, weave one-quarter inch, drop two, weave half-inch.

Use blue the same as red, use yellow the same as green repeat across towel.

In drawing threads in huck towelling, be sure to draw the two upper threads at one time.

Directions for Dresser Scarf (Illustrated on page 49)

Material—No. 50 Crochet Cotton. No. 10 Hook.

Start at one edge, working crosswise.

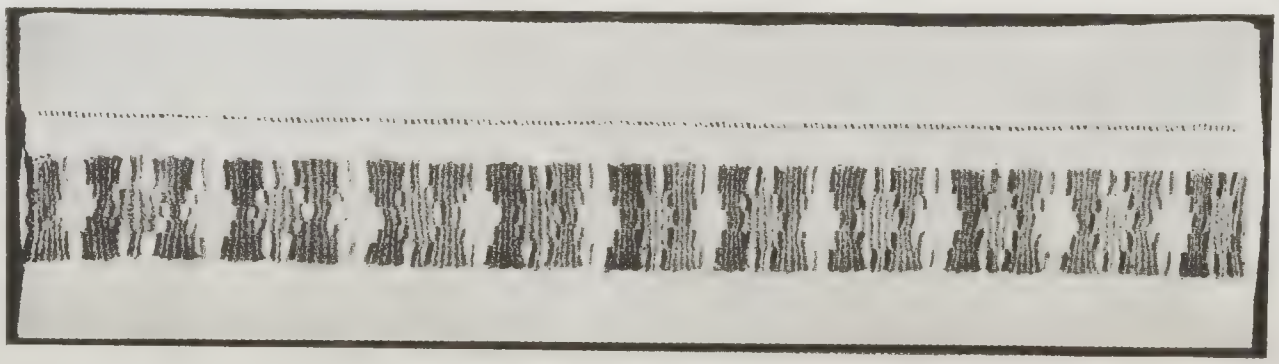
Ch 107.

1st and 2nd Rows—34 sp.

3rd Row—Start basket, continue to follow design. When square is finished, sew in linen.

Edge all around linen and medallion, 3 rows open spaces, on outer edge make one row as follows: *2 s st in sp, 1 p, 2 s st in same sp, repeat from.

When Putting Briar Stitching upon a dainty garment, every woman knows how difficult it is and how necessary to keep the line straight. But if a basting thread is first used to mark the



A towel-end in colored Swedish Weaving.

Continued on page 49

The Perfect Orange Cake

and how to make it

CAN'T you just taste the first bite of it right now—the orange-y sweet frosting, the light tender layers, the fluffy creamy filling, delicately flavored with orange? A very delicious cake and very easy to make.

But a fruit other than oranges and lemons is responsible for much of the lusciousness of this cake! Ripe grapes have furnished the cream of tartar for Royal Baking Powder. And Royal alone insures these light layers, fine of texture, tasty and wholesome.

Royal includes only healthful ingredients—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

ORANGE CAKE

2 egg yolks
4 tablespoons orange juice
grated rind of 1 orange
½ tablespoon lemon juice
¾ cup sugar
2 egg whites
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt

Beat first four ingredients together until thick. Add sugar gradually, beating with egg beater. Fold in egg whites beaten until stiff. Then fold in lightly the flour, baking powder and salt, which have been sifted together four times. Put into greased deep round pan and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven (375°). Split and put cream filling between layers and cover top and sides with orange frosting.

ORANGE CREAM FILLING

2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons corn starch
grated rind 1 orange
1 cup orange juice
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ tablespoon lemon juice
½ cup cream (whipped)

Melt butter; add corn starch, orange rind, juice and sugar. Bring to boiling point, stirring continually. Cook 15 minutes over boiling water. Add salt and lemon juice. Cool and fold in whipped cream.

ORANGE FROSTING

1 cup sugar
⅓ cup water
1 egg white
1 egg yolk
½ tablespoon orange juice or 1 teaspoon orange flavoring
orange rind

Boil sugar and water without stirring until syrup spins a thread when dropped from spoon. Pour slowly onto egg white which has been beaten until stiff. Beat constantly with egg beater until mixture holds its shape. Then fold in gradually egg yolk, orange rind and juice and spread on cake.

This cake will serve eight people

Use level measurements for all materials

Unless eaten day it is made omit orange sections on icing, as the juice is apt to soak into the cake.

In making icing add egg yolk very slowly until obtaining right color and consistency.

The batter can also be baked in small muffin tins, then split, filled and iced as above, making wonderfully attractive little cakes for afternoon tea, reception or children's party.

Send for New
Royal Cook Book
~It's Free

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
9 St. Lawrence Blvd. Montreal

HARVEY HOSIERY
for Her Christmas

Just you try and think of something more acceptable to any woman than a box or a pair of beautiful, lustrous finely-made Harvey silk hosiery with pointed heel.

The superb ankle fit, the soft silken shimmer of the pure silk used in the manufacture of these wonderful hose and the delightfully smart colors combine to make them the most acceptable of gifts.

Then, too, you can absolutely rely upon their quality and style because they are Harvey made. Ask any reliable dealer about Harvey products—hosiery or underwear—his answer is your guarantee.

A single pair or a half-dozen pairs, will be most acceptable to any woman. Make Harvey Hosiery your gift this Christmas. They are sure to please.

If your dealer does not sell Harvey Hosiery, write us direct giving his name.

HOSIERS LIMITED
Woodstock, Ontario

HARVEY MERCERIZED UNDERWEAR

Will Make A Welcome Christmas Gift

Made of finest quality combed Sea Island mercerized, a soft, flat knit fabric enriched by strips of synthetic silk which has the feel and appearance of silk at the price of fine cotton. Harvey underwear is not ordinary underwear. It is a pace setter in Canada, and the fact that it is "Harvey Made" is your guarantee of its being the finest purchasable.

The seat and under arms, where the bulk of the wear occurs, are reinforced with an added thickness of material; the non-slip shoulder feature, the extra fullness of bust, the narrowed back, the extra width of seat and thigh and flat locked seams insure snugness and perfect wear.

Harvey underwear is not stretched; it moulds itself to the body, relieving all strain and chafing. Harvey underwear is the only Made-in-Canada tailored underwear.

If your dealer does not sell this fine underwear, write us direct, giving his name.

HARVEY KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED
Woodstock, Ontario

Dainties for Christmas Giving

You may feel that you cannot afford to spend any money on purchasing Christmas gifts, and have not had time to make any. Several of your friends would be delighted to receive a box of your delicious home-made candy, a basket of cookies, a glass or two of jelly, or some of your famous mince-meat. Gay paper, ribbon, bright colored raffia, seals, bits of holly, may be used to make the package as attractive as possible.

Abbreviations: t—teaspoon, tb—tablespoon: c—cup

Cookies and Cakes

Plain Kisses

Whites of 4 Eggs	Powdered Sugar, 1¼ c.
Vanilla, ½ t.	Fine Gran. Sugar, 1 c.

Beat the egg whites till stiff, add gradually ⅔ of the sugar, and continue beating till the mixture will hold its shape: fold in the remaining sugar, and add the flavoring. Shape with a spoon, on waxed paper on the bottom of a pan, or a cooky sheet and bake half an hour in a very slow oven.

Nut Meringues

To the recipe above for plain kisses, add chopped nut meats—almond, hickory, pecan, or walnuts, as preferred. Sprinkle with nut meats and bake.

Fruit Baskets

Bake good plain pie paste on inverted patty pans. Roll paste ¼ in. thick, and cut in strips ¼ in. wide. Cut in pieces long enough to make handles, twist in pairs and bake over a baking powder can. This forms handles for the baskets. Fill the baskets with desired fruit, such as halves of peaches, etc., garnish with whipped cream, and candied fruit or nuts, and insert the handles.

Calve Tarts

Bake plain or puff paste over inverted patty pans, till a delicate brown. Place half a canned peach in each shell, and fill the cavity with blanched almonds.

Cheese Straws

Roll puff or plain paste ¼ in. thick, sprinkle one half of it with grated cheese, seasoned with a little salt and paprika. Fold, press the edges firmly together, fold again, and roll to one-fourth in. thickness. Sprinkle with cheese, and cut in strips 5 in. long and ¼ in. wide. Bake till brown in a hot oven.

A gift basket of luscious fruit

Napoleons

Bake 3 sheets of pastry, pricking before baking. Put cream filling between the sheets. Spread the top with Confectioner's frosting and sprinkle with blanched and chopped pistachio nuts. Cut with a sharp knife in pieces 4 in. by 2½ in.

Cream Rolls

Roll puff paste ⅛ in. thick. Cut in strips 4 in. long and 3 in. wide, roll around a clean, smooth stick, having the edges overlap. Bake in a hot oven till puffed and slightly browned. Brush with white of egg slightly beaten and diluted with one teaspoon of water, then sprinkle with sugar and return to the oven to finish baking. Remove from the stick. When cold, fill with cream filling, or sweetened, flavored whipped cream.

The gift of a delicious chicken pie will be a delightful surprise.

Cream Filling

Sugar, ⅞ c.	Eggs, 2.
Flour, ⅓ c.	Scalded milk, 2 c.
Salt, ⅛ t.	Vanilla, 1 t.

Mix the dry ingredients, add the beaten eggs, pour on the scalded milk. Cook over hot water for 15 minutes, stirring constantly till thickened. Cool and flavor.

Cream Puffs

Butter, ½ c.	Eggs, 4.
Water, 1 c.	Salt, ⅛ t.
Flour, 1 c.	Filling.

Put the butter and water in a saucepan, bring to the boiling point, add the sifted flour quickly, stir briskly with a wooden spoon, till the dough leaves the sides of the pan. Cool slightly, and add the salt, and the eggs one at a time, beating well after the addition of each egg.

Drop by spoonfuls on an inverted pan, or in buttered muffin pans and bake in a hot oven for about 20 minutes. When cold, fill with sweetened, flavored whipped cream, or cream filling, or custard filling.

Spice Cookies

Molasses, ½ c.	Flour, 2 c.
Sugar, ¼ c.	Soda, ½ t.
Butter, 1½ tb.	Salt, ½ t.
Lard, 1½ tb.	Cloves, ½ t.
Milk, 1 tb.	Cinnamon, ½ t.
	Nutmeg, ½ t.

Heat the molasses to the boiling point. Add the sugar, shortening, and milk. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, and add to the liquid. Chill thoroughly and roll on a floured board as thinly as possible. Bake in a moderate oven. While rolling, keep the bowl containing the rest of the mixture, as cold as possible.

Scottish Fancies

Egg, 1	Rolled Oats, 1 c.
Sugar, ½ c.	Salt, ⅓ t.
Melted Butter, ⅔ tb.	Vanilla, ¼ t.

Beat the egg well, add the sugar gradually, then the remaining ingredients. Grease an inverted pan, and drop the mixture by spoonfuls on it, about 1 in. apart. Flatten out each cooky with a knife dipped in cold water. Bake till brown in a moderate oven. For a variety, ⅔ c. rolled oats may be used, and ⅔ c. shredded Cocoanut.

Hermits

Butter, ⅓ c.	Raisins, ⅓ c. (cut in pieces)
Sugar, ⅔ c.	Cinnamon, ½ t.
Egg, 1	Cloves, ¼ t.
Milk, 2 tb.	Mace, ¼ t.
Flour, 1¾ c.	Nutmeg, ¼ t.
Baking Powder, 2 t.	

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, then the raisins, well beaten egg, and milk, then add the dry ingredients well mixed and sifted. Roll rather thick, and bake in a moderate ove.

Vanilla Wafers

Butter and Lard, ⅓ c.	Milk, ¼ c.
Sugar, 1 c.	Flour, 2 c.
Egg, 1	Salt, ½ t.
	Vanilla 2 t.

Use butter and lard in equal proportions. Cream, add the sugar, well beaten egg, milk, and vanilla. Mix and sift the flour, salt and baking powder, and add to the first mixture. Roll very thin and cut out with a round cutter. Bake in a hot oven.

Jelly Jumbles

Butter, ½ c.	Sour Milk, ½ c.
Sugar, 1 c.	Salt, ¼ t.
Egg, 1	Flour
Soda, ½ t.	Jelly

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, well-beaten egg, soda mixed with milk, salt and enough sifted flour to make a soft dough. Chill and cut with a round cutter. From half of the cookies cut three pieces using a thimble. On the other half place currant jelly. Place the cookies with holes on top of those with jelly, press the edges together lightly, and bake in a hot oven.

A suggested arrangement of choice vegetables.

Continued on page 46

The New Kitchen Cabinet for the Western Home

A NEW CANADIAN STANDARD is set in the Ruddy's "Single Step" Cabinet. Ruddy construction, finish and arrangement makes them definite leaders. Every Cabinet is warranted to give a lifetime of service. No Canadian-built cabinet can compare with the Ruddy's "Single Step".

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a useful enamel-handled kitchen utensil, post paid.

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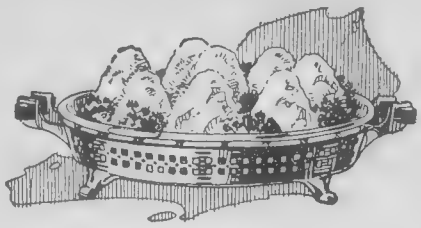

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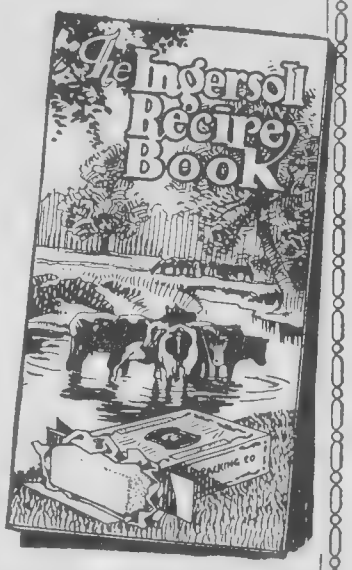
Potato Puff with Cheese

By Miss Ada Wells.
(From the Ingersoll Recipe Book)

2 cups hot mashed potato
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup milk
1 egg well beaten [Cheese
½ cup Ingersoll Cream
Salt and pepper to taste

Beat all together until thoroughly mixed and very light. Form into small pyramids and drop onto a buttered tin or pyrex plate, and bake in a moderate oven until a golden brown.



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Soap in its purest form

Helps the body breathe

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 40.

"An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away"

THREE a day, raw or cooked, would be even better. The apple is one of our most valuable fruits, and fortunately is inexpensive enough to be within reach of most of us. The apple habit prevents many of our ills. For those unfortunates whose delicate stomachs will not stand raw apples, there are those which are stewed or baked.

The apple contains a goodly quantity of sugar in a readily digested form and is unusually rich in mineral salts. Its malic acid counteracts the other acids which are so liable to cause trouble in the digestive system. It is valuable in counteracting a sluggish liver, and prevents the accumulation of food wastes in the body.

Apple Surprise

Firm tart apples, 6. Butter, 2 tb.
Cooked mashed sweet potatoes, 2 c.
Salt and pepper. Hot rich milk, ⅓ c.

Cut a slice from the top of each apple and scoop out the pulp using a strong teaspoon (this may be used for apple sauce or salad). Add butter, milk and seasonings to the mashed sweet potato, and beat till light. Fill the apples with the mixture. Sprinkle with fine crumbs and bake in a hot oven, 30 or 40 minutes till the apples are tender. Serve with roast pork, baked ham or pork chops.

Spicy Glazed Baked Apples

Select firm red apples. Wash and core them. Place in a baking dish. Fill the cavities with sugar and cinnamon, using ½ t. of cinnamon to 1 c. sugar. Put a little boiling water in the bottom of the baking dish. Cover closely and cook till the apples are tender and of a rich dark color. Remove from the pan and cool. Over them pour a syrup made by boiling 1 c. of sugar and 1 c. of water for 6 minutes.

Fried Apples

Cut the apples in slices, ½ inch thick. Saute in butter or dripping till tender. Serve with bacon or pork chops.

Apple Tapioca

Tapioca, ¾ c. Sugar.
Water, 1 qt. Apples, 6. Nutmeg.

Soak the tapioca, and boil in the water till clear, sweetening to taste. Pare and core the apples and place in a baking dish. Fill the cores with sugar. Pour the tapioca around them. Sprinkle with nutmeg, cover and bake till the apples are soft. Serve with cream.

Apple Sauce Cake

Sugar, 1½c. Cloves, ¼ t.
Butter, ½ c. Nutmeg, ½ t.
Egg, 1. Cinnamon, 2 t.
Flour, 2¾ c. Mashed apple sauce, 1 ½ c. unsweetened.
Baking powder, 5 t.
Salt, ¼ t. Raisins, 1 c.
Juice and grated rind of ½ lemon. Nutmeats, ⅓ c

Pickled Apples

Apples, 2 c. Water, 1 c.
Cinnamon stick, broken in pieces.
Whole cloves. Sugar, ½ c.
Lemon, 1 sliced. Vinegar, ¼ c.

Make a syrup by bringing to a boil the water, sugar, vinegar and spices. Add the apples cut in quarters, eighths or slices.

Apple Chutney

Apples, 1 qt., chopped. Water, 1 c.
Raisins, 1 c. Sugar, ½ c.
Minced onions, 2. Celery seed, 1 t.
Minced red peppers, 2. Paprika, salt.
Vinegar, ½ c. Other spice if desired.

Combine the ingredients, and simmer till the apples are tender and the sauce is thick and clear. Add a little more water, if necessary.

Fruit forms a Colorful Centre-

piece for the Christmas Dinner.

Baked Apples

Wipe and core sour apples. Place in a baking dish and fill centers with sugar and cinnamon, allowing one-half cup of sugar and one-fourth teaspoon of cinnamon to eight apples. Cover the bottom of the dish with boiling water and bake in a hot oven until soft, basting often with syrup in the dish. Serve hot or cold with cream.

Variations of Baked Apples

A filling of shredded citron, raisins and a little lemon peel is very delicious.

Use firm, tart apples, and fill the cavity with a spoonful of chopped preserved ginger. Pour over them a syrup flavored with lemon, and with a piece of ginger cooked in it, or if there is enough ginger syrup, this may be used with the addition of a little water. Garnish with whipped cream and bits of chopped ginger.

Fill the cavities with apple pulp, pecan meats and Maraschino cherries cut into small pieces, and a little sugar.

Place a small, round sausage in each cavity, or fill with sausage meat.

Baked Apples, Italian

Boil together 5 minutes 1 c. sugar and 1 c. water. Add ½ t. vanilla or ¼ t. almond extract. Pare and core 6 or 8 small apples, drop them in the syrup and cook gently till tender. Drain and cool them. Coat the apples with jam, and sprinkle with chopped blanched almonds.

Spiced Apple Sauce

Wipe, pare, quarter and core the apples. Put in a sauce pan. Sprinkle with 1 c. sugar. Add 8 cloves and enough water to prevent the apples burning. Cook to a mush.

Apple Ginger Marmalade

Pare the apples and cut in quarters or eighths. Make a syrup of 1 c. of sugar to ¾ c. water and 2 ounces of preserved ginger cut in fine pieces. Simmer the apples in the syrup till clear and thick. Seal in sterilized glasses.

Apples Fried with Onions

Peel onions and slice. Fry in fat until a rich brown; drain on soft brown paper. Fry unpared quarters of apple in fat left from the onions. Arrange apples in a border on a platter; fill center with the fried onions and serve hot.

Apple Fritters

Mix and sift one and one-third cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Add gradually, while stirring constantly, two-thirds cup of milk and one egg well beaten. Wipe, core, pare and cut into eighths, two medium sized sour apples, then slice the eighths and stir into the batter. Drop by spoonfuls into hot deep fat and fry until delicately browned; drain on brown paper and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

CRANBERRIES

Apple Cranberry Jelly

1 qt. apple juice. 1 ½ qts. sugar.
1 qt. cranberry juice.

Mix the two juices and boil for 10 minutes. Add the warmed sugar and cook till it gives the jelly test. Pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Cover with paraffin.

Cranberry Tapioca

Soak pearl tapioca in cold water overnight. Cook in water till partially clear. Add cooked sweetened cranberries and finish cooking. Serve with whipped cream.

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 42

Sauces for Puddings; Frostings and Fillings for Cakes

Hard Sauce

Butter, 4 tb. Vanilla, ⅔ t.
Powdered sugar, 1 c. Lemon extract, ⅓ t.

Cream the butter, gradually add the sugar and flavoring. In cold weather the bowl may be warmed slightly. Pile lightly in a glass dish.

Vanilla Sauce

Sugar, ½ c. Butter, 2 tb.
Boiling water, 1 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Corn starch, 1 tb. Few grains salt.

Mix the sugar and corn starch (1½ tb. flour may be substituted for 1 tb. corn starch). Add the boiling water gradually, while stirring constantly. Cook till clear, about 5 minutes. Remove from the fire, add the butter and vanilla and serve hot.

Lemon Sauce

Make the same as Vanilla Sauce, using 1½ tb. lemon juice in place of vanilla.

Molasses Sauce

Butter, 1½ tb. Lemon Juice, 2 tb.
Molasses or golden syrup, 1 c.

Boil the molasses and butter 5 minutes. Remove from the fire and add the lemon juice.

Foamy Sauce

Butter, ½ c. Egg, 1.
Powdered sugar, 1 c. Milk, 1 ½ tb.
Vanilla, 1 t.

Cream the butter, add gradually the sugar, well-beaten egg, milk and vanilla. Heat over hot water, continuing to beat while heating.

Grape Sauce

Butter, ⅓ c. Grape jelly, or juice
Powdered sugar, 1 c. from rich canned
White of egg, 1. grapes, ⅔ c.

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually, the well-beaten egg and the grape jelly. Beat till well blended.

Strawberry Sauce

This may be made in the same way as Grape Sauce, using ⅔ c. fresh ripe or canned strawberries.

Sterling Sauce

Butter, ½ c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Brown sugar, 1 c. Cream or rich milk. 4 tb.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the vanilla and cream very slowly to prevent separation.

Marshmallow Filling

Sugar, ¾ c. Marshmallows, ¼ lb.
Milk, ¼ c. Hot water, 2 tb.
Vanilla, 1 t.

Make a syrup of the sugar and milk. Boil without stirring for 6 minutes. Break the marshmallows in pieces, put with the hot water in the upper part of the double boiler, and cook till smooth. Gradually pour on the hot syrup, stirring constantly, beat till cool enough to spread. Add the vanilla, and put on the cake. This is delicious with a chocolate cake.

Fig Filling

Finely chopped figs, ½ lb. Sugar, ⅓ c.
Boiling water, ⅓ c. Lemon juice, 1 tb.

Mix together and cook in the double boiler, stirring occasionally, till thick enough to spread between the layers of the cake.

Lemon Filling

Sugar, 1 c. Lemon juice, ¼ c.
Flour, 2½ tb. Egg, 1.
Grated rind, 2 lemons. Butter, 1 t.

Mix sugar, flour, grated rind, lemon juice and slightly beaten egg. Add to the butter melted in a sauce pan. Stir till the boiling point is reached, taking care that it does not scorch, nor stick to the sauce pan. Cool before spreading between the layers of a cake.

Cream Filling

Sugar, ⅞ c. Eggs, 2.
Flour, ⅓ c. Hot milk, 2 c.
Salt, ⅛ t. Vanilla, 1 t.

Mix the sugar, flour and salt, add the slightly beaten eggs, and gradually pour on the scalded milk, while stirring. Cook for 15 minutes in the double boiler, stirring constantly till thick. Cook, add vanilla.

Chocolate Cream Filling

Melt 1¼ squares of chocolate, over hot water and add to cream filling. Add a little more sugar if necessary.

Boiled Frosting

Sugar, 1 c. Whites, 2 eggs.
Water, ½ c. Vanilla, 1 t. or ½ tb. lemon juice.

Heat the sugar and water to the boiling point, stirring to prevent sugar sticking. Boil without stirring till it will thread from the tines of a silver fork. Pour gradually on the stiffly beaten egg whites, and continue to beat till thick enough to spread. Flavor and put on cake.

White Mountain Cream

Sugar, 1 c. White, 1 egg.
Water, ⅓ c Vanilla, ½ t. or ½ tb. lemon juice.

Make in the same way as Boiled Frosting.

Confectioner's Frosting

Hot water or cream, 2 tb.
Confectioners' sugar.
Vanilla or lemon extract, 1 t.

To the water or cream, add enough sugar to make the frosting of the right consistency to spread. Flavor and spread on the cake.

Chocolate Frosting

Chocolate, 2 squares, Hot water, 5 tb.
Butter, 1 t. Vanilla, ½ t.
Confectioners' sugar.

Melt the chocolate, add the butter and hot water, and enough sugar to spread readily. Flavor and put on the cake.

Boiled Chocolate Frosting

To boiled Frosting or White Mountain Cream, add 1½ squares of melted chocolate as soon as the syrup has been added to the beaten egg white.

Mocha Frosting

Butter, ⅓ c. Cocoa, 1 tb.
Confectioners' sugar, 1½ c.
Coffee infusion.

Cream the butter, add the sugar then the cocoa, and enough coffee infusion to spread.

CANDY

Marshmallows

1 envelope Sparkling Gelatine
1¼ cups water
2 cups fine granulated sugar
Few grains salt
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in one-half the water five minutes. Put remaining water and sugar in saucepan, bring to the boiling point and let boil until syrup will spin a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Add soaked gelatine and let stand until partially cooled; then add salt and flavoring. Beat until mixture becomes white and thick. Pour into granite pans, thickly dusted with powdered sugar, having mixture one inch in depth. Let stand in a cool place until thoroughly chilled. Turn on a board, cut in cubes and roll in powdered sugar. This recipe makes about one hundred marshmallows. Nuts, chocolate, fruit juices in place of part of the water, or candied fruits chopped may be added—or the plain ones rolled in grated cocoanut before being sugared. Dates stuffed with this confection are delicious

For a Marshmallow Roast

Make Marshmallows according to the above recipe. Let them stand for a day. Then cut in small squares and roll in grated cocoanut or chopped nuts. When ready to serve place them on sticks or hat pins and roast over an open fire until they are brown. Remove from fire the moment they appear to be softening. They should be eaten at once while they are hot and sticky.

If desired, instead of roasting the Marshmallows as above, roast the grated cocoanut or chopped nuts until quite brown and dip the Marshmallows into this. This avoids heating the Marshmallows and taking chances on melting them.

Parisian Marshmallows

Chop one-half cup each of raisins, figs and dates very fine, or put through meat grinder. Add one-half cup of chopped nuts and one tablespoonful of orange juice. Mix these together, and press one-half of the mixture into a buttered and sugared tin. Put a layer of cut marshmallows in between and press the rest of the mixture on top. Press firmly together. Let stand until firm, cut in squares and wrap each piece in waxed paper.

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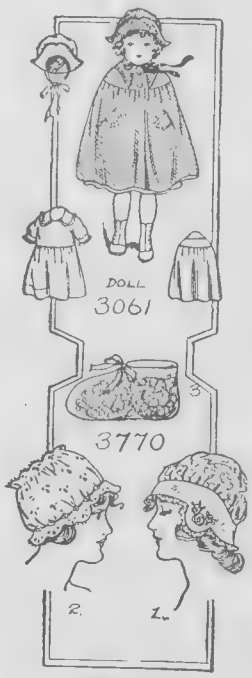


OUR HOME MONTHLY FASHIONS-PATTERNS

The new styles seem to comprise many features that are familiar, and some that are new, attractive and novel. There is enough variety to appeal to slender women, as well as those of mature figure—and both tall and short may be pleased.

The straight line dress appears to be much favored.

The Princess type of the straight line dress has made its appearance, and we may see many versions of it as the season advances.

The circular or flare effects are much in evidence, one sees circular flounces, godets and plaits. Sometimes the dress is close fitting to the knees, and from there it flares.

Draperies are shown, principally in apron effects, and some skirts and dresses show a revival of the tunic in various outlines. The long blouse, in tunic and peplum style is again with us.

Sometimes the peplum is simulated, and again it is circular or straight and gathered to the lower edge of a blouse portion finished with a belt at normal waistline.

The set-in sleeve is also popular either close fitting or in bishop or peasant style, gathered at the wrist to a narrow band or cuff.

The high collar is shown on blouses and coat dresses fastened at the side in a line with the closing.

All designers seem agreed as to the use of velvet, fur and elaborate embroideries.

Colors vary—all seem to be in good style. Brown appears as a general favorite, and one sees the darker shades of green, also medium shades of tan and much navy blue.

In trimmings the reds, royal blue and yellow and a bit of purple is used.

The brightest colors are used for evening dresses, with lovely applique work, dyed lace, and gold and silver lace.

For both day and evening wear, black is a general favorite.

The crepe weaves, and crepes with a lustrous finish that have been so popular for the past seasons, are rivalled by the old time favorite satin. Soft supple moire in grosgrain, taffeta and satin effects is with us.

Youthful evening dresses are made of taffeta especially in full skirted styles of 1830.

Bands of fur and embroidery trim dresses that have narrow skirts.

Daytime and evening dresses show the uneven hemline. Floating panels are another feature of the new styles, sometimes they are slit or slashed to the hips or to the waistline and weighted by heavy embroideries or bead decorations.

One sees very smart and simple frocks cut on straight lines and altogether beltless.

For youthful figures the blouse line is retained.

Self trimming is much in evidence in plaitings, plain or braided bands and applique.

Appliques of kid in contrasting colors are used to decorate street dresses and separate coats. The kid motifs may be applied with novel stitches to the garments.

Ribbon is used in great quantities for trimming. Sometimes it is worked into decorative motifs for dresses and blouses.

The short sleeve has disappeared excepting for dinner and evening gowns. The loose flowing sleeve is likely to continue during the winter season.

Buttons are used as a decoration on quite a few of the new street dresses and coat frocks.

The cape has become an outer garment for "all year round" wear by women who have several sorts of wraps. The latest cape styles are long and flare towards the foot and are bordered with fur.

The usual coat length for long coats is twelve inches from the ground. Lingerie collars, cuffs and sleeve frills strike a pretty note this season.

One notes with pleasure the return of white blouses in crepe and silk voile, decorated with hem and feather stitching. These models blouse deep and soft over the skirt.

A very new sleeve in leg-o-mutton style has created quite a sensation.

Military braid applied to dresses and emphasized with many buttons is seen on daytime and tailored frocks.

As to the neck finish, one has only to choose. The bateau outline is still in favor, as is also the high collar.

For the sake of charming difference, fashions for children vary in most delightful effects. In coats for instance one may have a cape or a tier of capes on a box shaped foundation, or one may have a straight line coat lengthened by a circular flounce. There is also a choice in sleeves, from the set-in sleeve that may be finished wide or close fitting at the wrist to the style with raglan shoulders and deep cuffs. Pockets concealed and revealed are the order of the day in dresses as well as in coats.

A type of dress that is very good for a girl of twelve or fourteen is made of wool crepe in a marine blue. The front of the skirt is accordian pleated. The back is slightly full. The waist is long and plain except for a monogramed motif at one side and a soft round collar. The sleeves are of the bishop type, gathered into a narrow band at the wrist.

Buttons in rows trim a frock of toast colored homespun. They decorate three wide bands that trim the front of this one-piece model. Two of the bands terminate in tiny pockets.

Silks and pretty printed voiles are used for childrens' dresses.

Bewitching sprigs and flower patterns are shown in silks that will wash.

French blue and gray are delightful contrasted in a dress of wool jersey made in smock style for a girl 8 years of age.

A useful dress of beige wool crepe may be prettily decorated with embroidered dots and stitchery in henna yarn.

Sateen showing light colored flowers on a brown background was used for a child's "smock dress." The collar and cuffs are of light color chambrey to match the flowers in the material.

Green duvetyn was used for a coat trimmed with squirrel.

Rows of stitching form a smart and effective decoration on a coat for a girl of twelve years.

A Stylish Frock for Stout or Slender Figures, 4545—Kasha cloth in a new shade of brown is here depicted, with a decoration of fancy braid. One could have this in moire, or satin. It is also good for twill or serge.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 5⅝ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2¼ yards.

A Popular Apron Style, 4548—Percale with bias binding in white or in a contrasting color would be good for this design. Gingham, linen, cambric and sateen are also desirable.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small ,Medium, large and Extra Large. A Medium size requires 3 yards of 27 inch material.

A Popular One Piece Dress, 4392—This style has slenderizing lines and is becoming to youthful and mature figures. Gingham with linen would be fine for this, or ratine with binding in a contrasting color. Taffeta too would be attractive for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 8 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6⅛ yards of 32 inch material. The width at the foot of the dress is 2½ yards.

A Popular Style with New Features, 4550—This model portrays the much favored straight line dress, with flare plaits at the sides. The close fitting sleeve is a new style feature. One could develop this in the new crepe weaves, in wool rep or twill. It is also good for velveteen or broad cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size requires 5⅝ yards of 40 inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material ⅝ yard is required. The width at the foot with plaits extended is about 3 yards.

A Good Style for the Woman of Mature Figure, 4178—Broad cloth or ersge with braidings or with flat braid will be attractive for this model. The long waist is a good feature. The lines are graceful. Comfortable plait fulness adds to the width of the skirt.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 3⅝ yards of 54 inch material. The width of the dress at the foot is 2¾ yards.

A Neat and Simple House Frock in "Slip On' Style, 4552—Printed cotton, figured percale, dimity, ratine, linen and other wash fabrics may be used for this model. It is also good for wool crepe or jersey cloth.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4¾ yards of 36 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 yards. For facing and collar of contrasting material as illustrated ½ yard of 36 inch material is required.

A Practical Model for School Wear, 4556—Wool crepe and plaid suiting are here combined. The long lines of the waist are pleasing and the plaited skirt, affords comfort and freedom in moving.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 2 yards of plaid or check material, and 1⅞ yards of plain material. If one material is used 3⅞ yards 40 inch will be required.

A New Set for Miss Dolly, 3061—This attractive group comprises a simple dress, good for lawn, batiste, silk or dimity, a stylish cape that may be developed in satin, flannel, velvet or silk, and a bonnet to match the cape or to be of lawn, velvet, or embroidery.

The Pattern for this set is cut in 5 Sizes for Dolls: 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches in height. Size 18 will require ⅝ yard of 36 inch material for the dress, ⅝ yard of 40 inch material for the cape and ½ yard of 20 inch material for the bonnet.

A Dainty Set for the Boudoir—Pattern **3770** supplies these three models. It is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium and Large. The cap No. 1, will require ¾ yard of 27 inch material. No. 2 will require ⅝ yard. One Pair of Slippers will require ⅜ yard for a medium size.

For the caps: lace, batiste, net, lawn, satin, silk cretone and chintz could be used. The slippers are attractive in silk, satin, cretone, chintz, flannel and eiderdown.

A Simple Frock for a Young Miss, 4117—Smart belt extensions on this dress, effected by slashes at the sides, are an outstanding style feature. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 3½ yards of 32 inch material. Serge, crepe knit and jersey weaves, also taffeta are attractive materials for this style.

A Pretty Coat and Cap Set, 4569—This coat model is comfortable and simple. The cape may be omitted, and the coat may be finished without the collar. As here shown, white flannel was used with bandings of white grosgrain silk, and embroidery for decoration. The cap is of white faille with scallops embroidered.

The Pattern is cut in One Size. It requires 3½ yards of 40 inch material. The cap alone will require ⅜ yard.

A Comfortable Rest Garment, 4546—Satin, velveteen, crepe or corduroy, as well as batiste, crepe de chine and dimity are suitable material for this style. The circular flounce is a new style feature.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 5½ yards of 32 inch material. The width of the flounce at the foot is 2¾ yards.

A "Fancy Dress —For Masquerades, Parties, etc., 4574—This is a good design for a Bo-peep, or Kate Greenaway costume. It is also suitable for a "Dutch" or "Period" dress. One could use crepe paper, or sateen, or make the dress of printed voile, silk or dimity. The Fichu may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 5½ yards of 36 inch material. To make fichu and sash of contrasting material requires 1⅝ yard of 36 inches wide.

A Popular Suit for Small Boys, 4566—Wool jersey, serge, velveteen or corduroy could be used for this model. It is also suitable for wash materials.

The Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. A 4 year size requires 2⅝ yards of 36 inch material.

A Smart Dress for the Growing Girl, 4557—Wool rep, kasha cloth or crepe could be used for this model. It may be trimmed with stitchery or bands of braid.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12 year size requires 3⅝ yards of 40 inch material.

Santa Claus or Kris Kringle Costume, 4577—One can play "Santa" very comfortably and look very real in the fine "suit" that is here portrayed. Jersey cloth, flannel or cambric may be used for the coat, and also for cap and leggings.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 424-4; Extra Large, 46-48 inches breast measure. A medium size will require 3¼ yards of 54 inch material. For leggings alone, ¾ yard of 54 inch material is required.

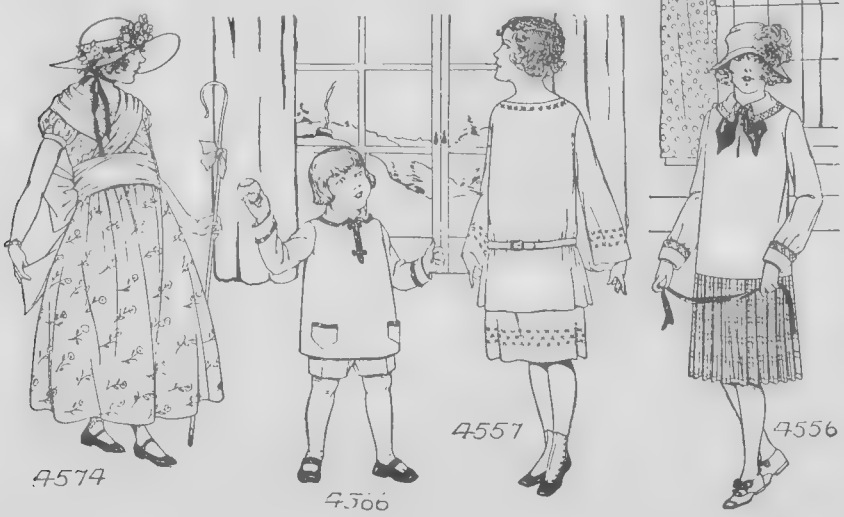
A Set of Toy Animals, 2967.—These toys will please the "little tots." They may be made of toweling, flannel, felt, plush, velvet, and other pile fabrics. For stuffing cork should be used if one wants a toy that will stand wetting; or one could use sawdust, bran or cotton.

The Pattern is cut in one size. The cow requires ⅝ yard of 27 inch material and the Horse, ⅞ yard of 36 inch material.

Any pattern sent for 15c in silver or stamps. Address — Pattern Dept., Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, Man.

4392

4545 4548 4392



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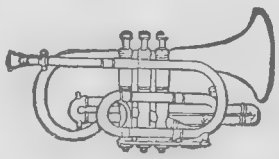

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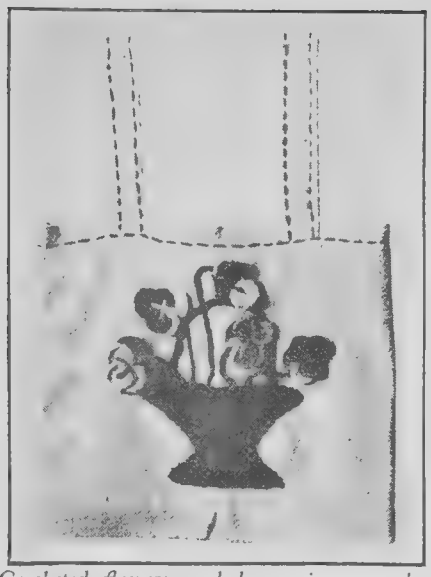
FOR THE CHEERFUL GIVER

Here is a Score of Useful Suggestions

By Sylvia Sims



Crocheted flowers and leaves in a wool-embroidered basket ornament this homespun bag.

THE "Tuesday Traders" met at my house today, and established a record for the year in the amount of trading done. I must tell you, first, the object of our rather unique club and just how we work out our plan.

We are a group of neighbors—not limited to any particular plan of membership. The young matrons—those with active, growing children—are perhaps in the majority, probably because their need is the greatest; but Emily Stevens, who teaches in primary school and Mona Deane, our librarian, and Marjorie Mason, Dr. Mason's pretty nineteen year-old daughter, are regular attendants from the unmarried girls' class. And we have Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Jim Bates, dear old Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. Emmy Westover and my own mother, as perhaps the most outstanding of the veteran housekeepers—women who have raised one family and whose advice is held to be so good by their married children that they have a decided influence in the raising of those children's children. Old fashioned? Not they—at least, not on any point where newer fashions have any progress to offer.

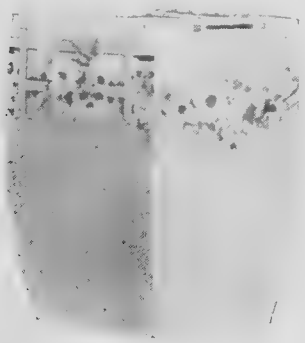
It was little, white-haired, Dresden-china Mrs. McKenzie, the prettiest member of the Tuesday Traders, who really started our club. One Tuesday afternoon, when four or five of us had been enjoying her excellent tea and we had every one copied down her recipe for a delicious new cake-filling, and Mother had told Berry Ames what to do for Junior's croup, and I had taken off the pattern of the good knee in the tiny sock Berry was knitting and Mrs. McKenzie had been promised the loan of a book Mother had just enjoyed—our hostess said suddenly—

"My—trading has been brisk today! Everyone has had something so useful to some other person. Why don't we do it regularly? Organize the Tuesday Traders?"

We laughed and talked about it and found ourselves planning with growing enthusiasm—and since that day, the Tuesday Traders have met, added to their members and expanded their usefulness, until those of us who belong, value our little club tremendously.

What do we trade?

Everything! Ideas—recipes—little services—actual housework—patterns—books—magazines—time—even our children are "traded" afternoon about, setting one young mother free for one day in exchange for the same service the next.



A cheap cardboard basket becomes charming when covered with wallpaper.

Brisk Trade in Gift Ideas

BUT today, we broke all previous records. You know how people feel when Christmas gets this near, and last year's resolutions to begin early have somehow missed fire, and we make our first lists and are shocked at their length and at our dearth of ideas, and Christmas threatens to look more of a task than a treat—you have felt that way?

But when there were gathered a baker's dozen (that thirteenth member had no terrors for us—she just represented that many more gift suggestions) of intelligent women who brought every good thought they had with them, everybody was sure of some help. Each of us knew plenty of good gift ideas which didn't just fill our own needs, but which were sure to fill some other member's problem. Small wonder, then, that the Traders spent a full and profitable afternoon.

Here are some of our best "trades."

Mrs. McKenzie's dainty fingers do fashion the loveliest things—always exquisite, yet very practical. Today, she was putting the trimming on a charming

Handkerchief Case. Here are her instructions:

"You will need about a third of a yard of crisp, new organdy, one embroidery hoop about five inches in diameter, a disc of cardboard cut the same size, a little sheet wadding for padding, a pinch of sachet powder and about two yards of valenciennes lace. You will also need care not to crush your organdy or if you do, to press it after the trimming is on, because your case depends on its crispness for its charm.

This little lady combines practical qualities with a most winning appearance.

"Cut your cardboard disc, put a couple of layers of wadding over it, sprinkle the sachet powder between, (a very delicate scent, please), and cover neatly with two rounds cut from one end of the organdy. This padded disc forms the bottom of the case, and about an inch and a half from the top, we make a casing for the wooden hoop. It is best to seam up the sides of the bag, stitch down one side of the casing and trim the top edge with lace, (put it on and roll your hem at the same time,) before the organdy is shirred onto the cardboard bottom. You must be careful, when you finally do this, to measure your organdy into quarters and pin it evenly to the padded bottom. A shirring thread makes it easily adjusted. Keep the bag wrong side out, of course, so that your work will be on the inside.

"When the bottom is sewed in, it only remains to slip your hoop into the casing, sewing down its second edge over the hoop. When this is done, adjust the fulness exactly as it is adjusted on the disc that forms the bottom of the case, give your hoop two or three twists—and your dainty case is ready to be welcomed by a pleased recipient and to prove its capacity for holding both the new gift handkies and the fresh ones that come from the wash. I forgot to say that if you like, you can put a frill of the lace around the disc at the bottom—it makes it just a wee bit more festive."

"Just the thing for my young cousin Myrtle!" I exclaimed. "I'll buy the organdy tomorrow and get my case ready to be mailed in good time."

"I shall send a hand-made handkie—a party one of handkerchief linen with a rolled edge and a double frill of fine net—all ready to go into your case," said Marjorie promptly. "I do miss Myrtle so since they moved to Edmonton!"

A Silver Endowment

"I AM starting Myrtle's silver salad forks," Mother said placidly. Mother is one of those gifted people who never seem to *need* ideas—they know just the right thing for everybody. Long ago, she started giving this favourite niece a piece or two of flat silver, of a standard make and pattern, on birthdays and Christmases; other people took it up and that young minx will have a pretty complete set of handsome table silver, when she finally makes up her mind to say "yes" to Marjorie's nice doctor-brother.

"Mother thinks your idea is such a good one, that she is starting it for my eight-months-old daughter!" Bess Westover beamed at her plump and devoted mother-in-law. "That was Mother's first official loot from the Tuesday Traders, by the way."

"I made a good exchange with her," my Mother answered. "Emmy showed me how to make lamp shades—I have made dozens of them, for my own house when we had it wired, and for presents."

"I'd love to make a pretty pair of shields for a school friend of mine who married in such haste she hasn't even leisure to repent—she is so busy trying to make up for her lack of preparedness! Do tell us how, Mrs. Westover."

"*Lamp Shades* whether they are for electric or oil lamps or for candle shades, are easy to make, if you are patient and do each bit *thoroughly*. Mr. Bates keeps a nice variety of the wire frames at his store. Choose the shape you want—a round or square one, or a shield for a wall bracket or to clamp onto a candle. Large or small, you make them just the same way.

"Choose your colour scheme. You'll want two layers, usually—sometimes three. Be sure to try the effects of one colour over the other, both by daylight and with the lights going. And see that the result is becoming to *folks*—not just becoming to the room. Cut strips about one inch wide, from the *lining* silk. (Use thin China silk for this). With these strips, wind *all the wires*, turning in one edge of the silk and covering the raw edge as you wind. This has to be done carefully and neatly. When you finish, sew the ends firmly with matching thread.

"Now stretch your lining silk over the frame, pin and pin it, everywhere, until it is all tight and firm, then sew all 'round to the binding on the wires. Trim off the silk, leaving a good quarter inch all around, then turn this back and baste the raw edge up to show on the *right* side and leave the inside of the shade perfectly neat. This part is important, too—to keep all rough edges tacked up on the *outside*.

"If you do it nicely so far, your shade will look professional. It is bad wire covering and lining that gives away the amateur.

"You will have studied how many thicknesses you want, trying out your materials. Maybe you will stretch a thin material with a pattern, over the lining and cover it with georgette. Maybe you will cut a motif from a piece of chintz—a bird or a bouquet, perhaps—and tack several of these in place on your stretched lining. Or you can paste on little black silhouette cut-outs.

"Then put on your outside cover. It may be plain or fancy and of such fabrics as silk, georgette or organdy. And it can be stretched plain or shirred on. When you have turned back its raw edges, still on the *outside*, trim them neatly and cover with a matching silk trimming or a piece of gold or silver braid. You can trim with fringe, a frill, beads, tassels or little flat French rose-bud trimming."

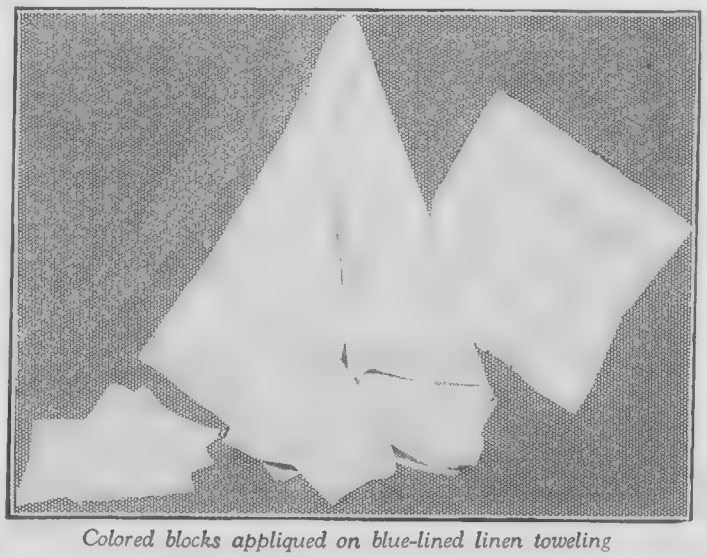
Emily Stevens laughed a little. "It reminds me of how disappointed I was the time I went to Carter's Crossing to teach, three years ago. I was shown, that last year at school, how to make shades and was making one for my bed-room. I had just got the wires *beautifully* covered when exams came and I had no time to finish. Then came the news that I was to go to the Crossing—and they had no electricity there. I was sorrier because of my wasted effort on that shade, than on account of poor light. Then one day, I saw in a magazine a way to use my shade for a most enchanting

"*Doll Trinket Tray.* You know how many little things you need a catch-all on your dressing-table for—your cuff buttons, beads, safety-pins and so on. And mine was such a delight to the eye!

"I stretched a piece of the rose silk used to bind the wires, across the bottom of my frame, 'flooring' it, so to speak; I also put a straight piece of silk up the sides as far as the second cross-wire, thus making an inch-deep wall all around. This formed a tray deep enough to hold all my bits and bobs.

"My frame was a round one, with a hole at the top about an inch and a half

Continued on page 65



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THIS offer includes the Christmas Number, issued December 5, which will be mailed to Paid-in-advance subscribers including the gift subscriptions received through this offer before December 5, 1923. The Special Christmas Number, the best we have ever published, would make a splendid gift in itself and we add to it twenty-three other issues, each of which will pleasantly remind your friend of your thoughtfulness till Christmas comes again

There is no need for any lengthy explanation here. Profits are hard to get both in farming and publishing these days and the necessity for increased co-operation between the farmers of the West and ourselves was never greater than now. We are making it possible by this offer for every family in Western Canada to have the cheerful, helpful, interesting pages of *The Nor'-West Farmer* to assist them to make the most of every opportunity in these difficult days.

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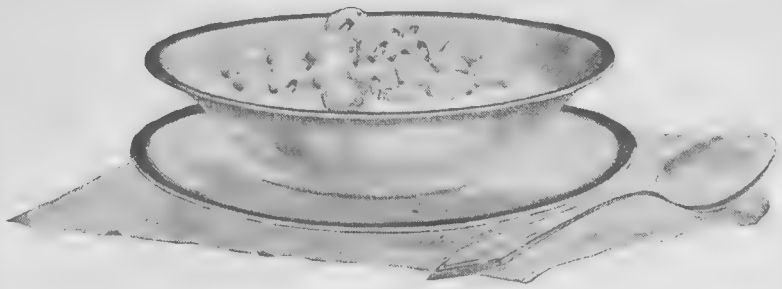

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INCOGNITO—Continued from page 19

has a family in England. He enjoys meeting people of his own class, that is all. Some time I intend asking him about it."

But Cecile had no occasion to ask, for Roger, sensing the need, told her himself, or partly told her.

They had been preparing a rink for the children on the pond near the school house by clearing off the snow and, in the early dusk of the evening, they sat on a heap of evergreens and watched the fire.

"I love this northland," remarked Roger; "It is good to be here and yet, at times, I feel like that son of Moses who was called *Gershom*, meaning 'a desolate stranger.' "

"You *are* a stranger; there is no doubt of it," replied Cecile, "but hardly 'desolate'. We all admire you very much."

"Admire! Tell me what you admire?" asked Templeton eagerly, "the experience is a new one."

And then, because she wouldn't tell, Roger called her "a dear disturbance," and took her hands in his.

Being further urged to explain her words, Cecile, wise with a sense of humor, explained how it was his evident appreciation of hot buttered toast, and his easy assumption of the role of hired man.

"This summer I wrote it down in my book," replied the modern Gershom, "how this was a country of loam, love and loneliness. I had no reason then to insert the word 'love', except that it was assonant. Since I learned to love you, I know that no mistake was made and so the sentence stands.

"Do you think me overly bold? I am, too, but I wanted you to know that McGovan's man is here preparing a book on the life of the north which he hopes to publish in London—a book which if, it does not bring him fame and fortune, will at least have brought him to you."

Evading the main issue of this confidence, Cecile confined herself to the book, a matter of much satisfaction to Roger in that he had declared his love and had not been rebuffed.

"Tell me about your book. Will it really make you famous?"

"I don't know," replied Roger, "I tried stories before and used to read them to the family but they—I mean the family—didn't prove worthy. Anyway, love's the chief thing. The Government takes your fortune in taxes and, as for fame—well, having earned it, you not only don't care for it but find it an actual burden."

"You speak as though you had an acquaintance with both," answered Cecile "but, at any rate, when you write of Spruce Ridge, and the school ma'arm, don't speak of me as "breezy." It is the only adjective Eastern folk apply to Western women. I'll look over all the new novels next year to see if you have."

"And if I have?"

"Oh, I'll turn critic and tell all your vagaries. Mrs. Adair will help me make them up."

As day after day passed, the young Englishman found himself more deeply in love for, in love, there is no pause, no resting.

He knew he had never met a girl like Cecile before. Always there was some new charm to be discovered in her. Now it was her wit, her soft slenderness, a talent for leadership, her gentleness of spirit, her eternal innocence, and her full sweet voice with its mellow singing chords

Again, he decided that because she absorbed something new and wonderful from every event of the day, she must remain perennially young—that nothing could ever fray the beauty of her spirit.

What Cecile thought about Templeton no one knew for she laughed, hedged a bit, and was silent.

IT was early in December that Roger showed her the list of presents the McGovan children had selected from the catalogue of a big departmental store in Winnipeg—that is to say what they wanted for Christmas *if they had the money*. Roger had already learned that this particular interesting game of 'make pretend' is the chiefest indoor recreation of the rural districts in the West.

While the children selected their visionary purchases, Roger made secret notes thereon and now proposed that Cecile help him secure these unaware, and in time for Christmas.

"Do you know that your list totals nearly two hundred dollars?" questioned Cecile. "Are you not assuming a heavy role as Santa Claus? Have you forgotten there will be freight charges as well?"

"It doesn't matter a bit—not a bit. You know I kept the money I earned this summer and I feel almost sinfully rich. I have decided the youngsters are going to have a good time for once. Besides, I am hoping to rob Lawrence of his sweetheart—if she consents to have me—and must pay penalty to his damaged affections."

Cecile looked at Templeton earnestly and with a question in her eyes. This man filled her dream of all a man ought to be and yet she could not understand his utter indifference to money, and what it stood for.

Her father, an Irish Canadian, had been a physician in Edmonton but when he died, several years ago, she had been left without relatives and with very little means. Since then, she had educated herself, earning the money by teaching or in secretarial work, so that the two hundred dollars the young author proposed to spend on Christmas gifts seemed a terriffic extravagance, especially as he was receiving no cheque.

"It takes men to enlarge upon economy," she said, "and women to practise it," whereupon Roger laughed merrily and remarked that she must write a book herself.

"My dear, dear Ladylord," continued the determined wastrel, "when I am at home, I am of such exceeding stinginess, I put a cork in the ink bottle between dips to keep the ink from evaporating. What more could a fellow do?

"Besides, my Grand-Aunt Barbara, who possesses a mysterious kind of supersense, has said I should lose no time in spending money on toys, so I may as well start now."

After other pleasant bickering and some love-making, Roger produced the list with notes thereon;—

"SUZANNE; (1) Girl doll with kidaline body. You turn her right shoulder and she says 'Ma-ma' very 'stinctly. The catalogue says so. She has rompers an' baby shoes, and her head can't be broked.

LAWRENCE; A full set of carpenter's tools, a wrist watch, a fountain pen, a flash light, and "Young Folks' Book of Etiquette."

JACK; A radio set; a book entitled "Peck's Bad Boy"; a mechanical train of cast iron; a "Blue-devil velocipede."

BETTY; A double-rail sleigh, a teddy bear, and a dress trimmed with embroidery that looked like signs of the zodiac."

Added to this were mittens, scarves, woollen jackets and heavy toques, for all and sundry for, in this district, nothing is worn out so long as it holds together.

There was tobacco and a pipe for McGovan, a fur coat for the house-mother, a tea set, some foolish frippery she had been pining for, and a big box of those chocolates with cherries which they call "a mouthful for a queen."

To complete the list, were added tinsel ornaments, garlands, and paper bells, a christmas-cake, crackers to pull, marshmallows to toast, nuts to crack, and molasses candy to chew upon.

Roger wanted to get a few other things but Cecile managed to persuade him there was sense in Victor Hugo's claim that it was perhaps unwise to make a child happy too soon, although she quite evidently pursued a daily course of coddling the youngsters which would have petrified the great Frenchman into wordless incompetence.

It was this very night that Cecile promised to wed Roger although, as far as she could see, he was himself what he had once called her—that is to say, "a dear disturbance."

In the back of her head she had little hope that any fortune was to be made from a book on pioneer life in Western Canada, and was secretly planning how Roger would take up journalistic work in Canada, and presently hold an editorial position. Indeed, she delicately hinted to Roger something about the difficulty of persuading the public to read the right kind of books, and that perhaps he might be disappointed in his royalties.

"I think maybe you are right about that, You Small Little Woman, and so great an authority as Sir Walter Scott agrees with you. He once said books needn't be read merely because they were printed. The most serious grievance

Continued on page 55

WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—*Continued from page 36*

line, then one's whole attention may be given to the beautifully crooked stitches and the work is easily and correctly done.

A Blue Denim Cover to fasten over an ironing board saves the white cover and is good to use when pressing suits.

A "Repair Day" Saves Money

BEFORE the importance of "mending day" in my home, of which every housewife knows the value, I place the preventive "repair day," which concerns itself with the "mechanics of living." I think I got the idea from various factories which I visited, where I learned that it was the task of one person just to keep machinery and equipment in such repair that it didn't break down.

And so, in a humble way, that is the same purpose of my home "repair day"—so to "keep things up" and care for equipment in advance of serious breakage or accident that the serious accident and its attendant large expense will never occur.

The Housewife's Tool Kit

First of all, I have gradually accumulated a "kit of tools" and accessories. Mine "just grew," but I suggest the following list to any homemaker:

Combination hammer and tack puller
Screwdriver
Pipe wrench
Monkey wrench
Large can for thick oil
Smaller can for light oil
Cement for china
Glue for wood
Scissors
Home soldering outfit
Small pliers
Suction force pump
Roll of narrow adhesive tape
Tissue mending tape
Short utility jackknife
Tacks, nails, hooks, screws and so forth
Notebook

For years I suffered the annoyance of never being able to locate the house tools. "David, have you seen the hammer?" and "Has anybody taken away the screwdriver?" were daily questions and I found that not only did the children lose my tools, but they were misplaced and even appropriated by the various workmen I called in from time to time. At last I have a box made for me by one of my old chore men; it is twenty inches long by ten inches wide and deep enough to have a lower portion for tools, and an upper tray divided into partitions in which to keep separate the different sizes and kinds of hooks, nails, and so forth. This box has a small padlock, and the key to it I keep hidden. A regular boy's school chest is excellent for this purpose.

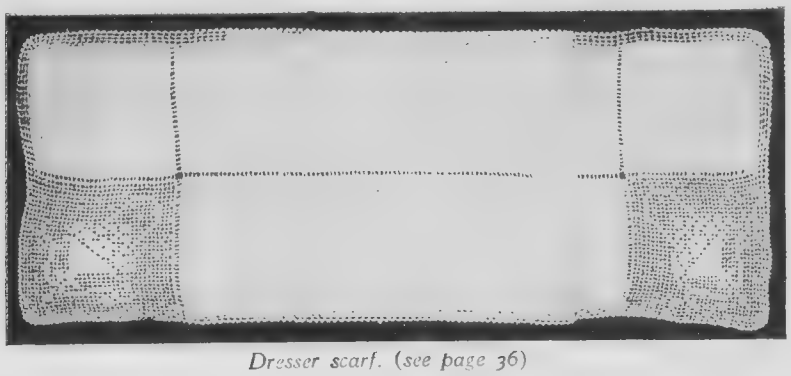
The "Repair Day" Program

WHEN my repair day comes along, I get out this box and a couple of accessories, like the force pump, which are too large to fit into it. I start first on the bedrooms. Is there a drawer pull loose on any dresser? Is there a window shade which refuses to roll up cheerfully? Is there a door handle beginning to be wabbly? Then out with my trusty screwdriver, and in a few moments the work is done. Next I proceed to the bathroom and there, after taking note of windows and doors and of linoleum which may need to be tacked, I use my force pump on the bowl and bath drains. This readily takes up the waste and grease which have accumulated from wash-cloths, and so forth, which if allowed to collect in larger quantity might necessitate a call for a plumber, at a cost of several dollars. Sometimes I call into service my faithful pipe wrench and remove the large cap at the base of the trap, and flush the bowl pipe with hot ammonia water.

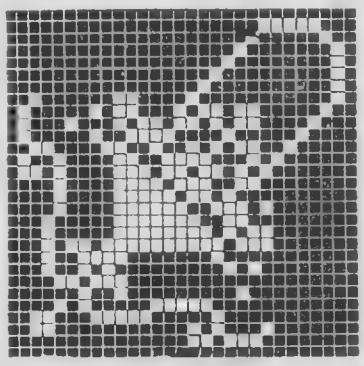
As I proceed downstairs, my rapid glance takes note of any loose carpet, shaky lock or other small item where only a turn of a screw or another tack will put all back into order again. It may be a pinch of putty on a window pane, or any other trifling thing, which, however, does not stay trifling long. And then I turn to the oiling and cleaning of the various mechanism on which so much of our comfort and efficiency depend.

Like many other women, I used to allow my poor sewing machine to go unoiled for months and continuously mistreat and neglect my servants of steel and aluminum. On every mechanism there are either gears, or a piston rod, shaft or bearing which must be oiled to prevent excessive friction while the parts are in motion. The better oiled or greased, the smoother the action, the less noise and the least wear.

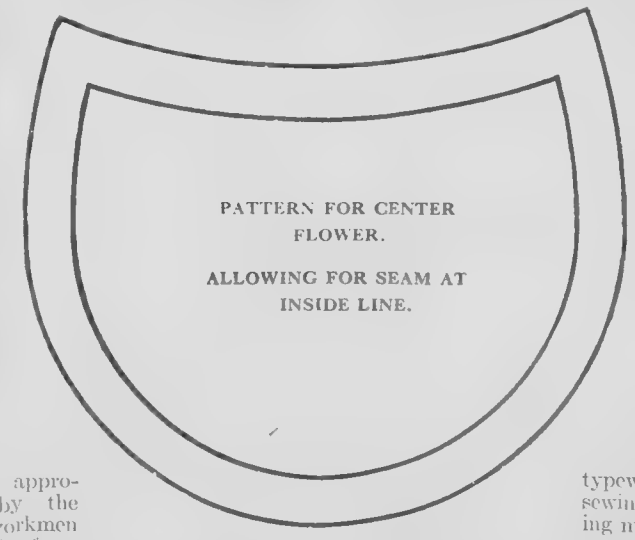
And so, on my "repair day" I tackle in turn the oil cups of the typewriter, the sewing and washing machines, the gas engine, the dishwater, and so forth; I drop thin oil on the wringer bearings, the shaft of the typewriter, the sewing machine; I give a liberal dose of lubricating grease to the bearings of the motor, the shaft of the gas engine and the wringer cogs. Then I get out my vacuum cleaner and ply its small nozzle on to the needle plate of the sewing machine, the under part of the typewriter, and any parts where dust has accumulated.



Dresser scarf. (see page 36)



Working pattern for Dresser Scarf



(See page 36)

Brighten Up Your Home

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Johnson's *Liquid* Wax is the perfect furniture polish. It imparts a hard, dry, oil-less polish which will not show finger prints or collect dust and lint. It takes the drudgery from dusting.

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THE CROWN OF QUALITY ON EVERY PACKAGE

THE PRICE OF WHEAT

By Wilfred Eggleston

MID-SEPTEMBER and an early harvest. From Crocus Butte five blurs of dust could be picked out in the vast circle visible from that eminence. Five blurs of yellow chaff, prominent in the autumn dusk settling down on the calm landscape; five clusters of intense activity, reluctant to cease with the oncoming of night, beating out with measured strokes the gold of the prairie wheat fields.

These Mrs. Freeman could see from the porch door. One of the blurs presented a spectacle of more than ordinary interest. Less than half a mile away the nearest cloud of yellow dust hovered around an indistinct group of figures, on which the evening shadows were second-by-second closing. A subdued hum, rising sometimes to an inarticulate groan, falling again in a mournful diminuendo, half drowned the heavy pant of an engine, monotonously regular.

The threshers were borrowing from the night, as fourteen hours earlier they had borrowed. Threshing is always an occupation that presses forward with feverish haste to a conclusion; this season was marked with an intensity more striking than usual. Wheat was falling rapidly in price—falling daily. Every wagon-load of grain threshed today was worth more than one threshed tomorrow—dollars more. Thousands and thousands of farmers were pouring an ever-increasing stream of golden kernels on an already glutted market. Wheat was likely to continue its downward trend.

Hence the feverish haste; hence the anxiety. A break on the engine was a calamity; even a torn belt was serious and expensive. Eager wheat-growers offered substantial bribes to threshermen that they might induce them to leave their pre-arranged schedules and come to them next. Honorable threshermen continued their former plans with apathy; less particular ones made hay while the sun shone. It was all a great gamble, part of a greater gamble—wheat-raising.

Always the machine had pulled over to Freeman's after the last shovelful of shelled grain had been thrown into the hungry maw of the separator at the Disston ranch. Ten times the same panting Oil-Pull had ambled clumsily across the lowered barbed-wire fence to Freeman's granaries, grouped together in the centre of his wheat-field. Ten times the same curious procession of bundle-racks, grain wagons, water-tank and oil-waggons had broken a dusty trail through the autumn stubble, redolent with the unforgettable musk of the harvest-fields. Ten times had the grimy Watson, engineer perpetual, looked forward hungrily to the pumpkin pies on Mrs. Freeman's table. (On two occasions the ravages of drought had made canned pumpkin inevitable for the pie-filling, but even "canned" pumpkin pie made by the Freeman recipe was a creation to dream of.)

And now, for the eleventh time, the Disston stubble had been cleared by the Benson outfit, the last rack-load had headed for the machine on the run, and Mrs. Freeman was anxiously peering out from time to time between investigations of the huge potato-pot and the roast in the oven) to see if the threshers were coming over the road.

The big-faced alarm clock in the corner showed seven, and then seven-fifteen, and swung slowly down to seven-thirty, as she alternated between the stove and the porch, but still there was no sign of empty racks coming up the road, nor any rattle by the gate. The engine and separator were on the move, as she could tell by the new roar that came out of the gloaming, but the sound seemed to be dying gradually off into distance. Up to that point she had been worrying about supper—whether some break-down or other delay would leave them still on Disston's for the night, and her preparation for supper be wasted; now a new anxiety crept in and dwarfed the other by contrast. Could it be that Benson was missing them, that he was double-crossing them, after so many years? Almost incredible. And yet—where were the threshers? She tried to hope and believe there was a patch of a few acres down the field that they had pulled down to finish. Even as she used it, she knew secretly how false and futile the hope was.

She listened again; night had definitely fallen. A red dome, like some fanciful mosque of an eastern fairyland, pushed its way up from behind the sky-line, to globe itself into a coppery harvest moon, shining dully through the impalpable dust of the autumn air. The air was strangely still; a cowbell tinkled from the coulee; musical lowing, softened by distance, came from the pasture. There was no rattle of empty racks, no jingle of trace-chains, no thud of an approaching engine. Breathlessly she stood by the fence; the glamor of the prairie night had no power to move her; she was thinking dully of the consequences.

Wheat had fallen sixteen cents that week, three more that day. The Freeman's had their mountain of debt—but in the field was a mountain of gold to stack in the other side of the balance, but it was losing in weight every day. Would it hold its own, now? Would they be able to afford the new linoleum for the floor, or must she scrub rough splinters into her her hands for another year? Could they even escape selling some of their stock, if the machinery companies pressed for the binder note? She knew that if Benson had passed them by, it would be at least a week before there was the slightest chance for another threshing rig. What would be the price of wheat by then?

Hark! the rattle of buggy wheels, the rhythmic beat of ponies' hoofs. The team pulled up at the gate; it was Mr. Freeman. Mrs. Freeman went out and called to him.

He was unusually passionate. He used profane language, which was unusual with him, before his wife, at any rate. For once Mrs. Freeman did not rebuke him.

"That cur Benson," he said in slow, laboured tones, "has put one over on us." He gulped and then started again. "The ungrateful hound has pulled out for the Big Valley farms and left my stooks out there to rot. I swore at him for an hour, and begged him to be a man and keep to his old route, but if I'd talked to the moon I'd have done more good. Just before I came away Jim Campbell pulled me to one side and told me Benson was promised a hundred dollars and a case of Scotch to pull down there right away. I'll see my stooks in h—— before I'll ever have Benson on the place again."

Mr. Freeman put his horses away; Mrs. Freeman set about with heavy heart to clear away the plentiful rations that were on the stove or in the oven, piping hot, waiting for the defaulting threshers. The pumpkin pies, which she handled proudly, she stowed away, two shelves of them, in the pantry. Somewhere a fly buzzed dismally, caught beneath the brown paper that lined the house. The sound seemed the incarnation of misery and defeat.

These were discouraging days that followed, as Mr. Freeman drove about from one outfit to another, seeking by all fair means to secure an outfit. All the threshermen had big schedules to complete; they were sympathetic, but they could not help him out. All the other farmers were as anxious as himself. At all points he was unsuccessful. He even drove thirteen or so miles to a farmer who owned a small machine—hand feed and straw-stacker—but even this machine was booked ahead for some weeks. There was little chance of getting Benson even when he was finished down at Big Valley. He had told Benson where to go to in the warmth of his anger, and knew that Benson had threshed his last bushel on the Freeman place.

And in the meantime wheat continued to fall in price. On the day when Freeman should have been hurrying his grain to the elevators at Green Prairie, and on the day when a more lucky (or less scrupulous) Big Valley farmer was keeping the trails busy, wheat was down to a dollar-ten. A week later it was down to a dollar; three days more to ninety-five cents. Fifteen cents loss, on two thousand bushels; three hundred dollars definitely gone. Enough to pay off the I.H.C. notes, which the company was pressing him for. And that was in the suppositious case, entirely impossible, that he were threshed today. What price wheat would have dropped to next week no one dare predict.

Freeman stopped asking the price of wheat. Formerly he had gone out to the road every afternoon when the grain teams returned to inquire. It was sickening; he was afraid if he thought too much about it he would go mad. Not that the incident was unusually depressing, but it came at the close of a season of deferred hopes, of bitter disappointments. It was the last straw. He deliberately thrust all thoughts of the market out of his head, though he redoubled his efforts to get a machine. But there were dark hours as he lay tossing about, unable to sleep; those hours when hope is present to no man, the despairing hours of the night.

AT LAST he was promised a machine. In time it was only one job away from his fields. He set off with the cayuses in the buggy to investigate progress, so that he could let his wife know when to go ahead with her preparations for the meals. Once more, with little of her earlier elation, she had brought out the potato-pot and borrowed dishes from across the road.

Freeman found them with twenty acres yet to thresh; three hours' work, the separator-man said. Freeman got down and stood on the brake of the grain-wagon, dipping his hand carelessly among the golden kernels.

"What's wheat today?" he inquired, trying to speak indifferently.

"Dollar-two," was the laconic reply, yelled above the hum of the separator.

"What? Did you say dollar-two?"

"Yeah! Didn't you hear? There's talk of another war; a scrap with the Turks. Wheat's been jumping around since Monday; up one day and down the next. But I'm not going to take any chances. I aim to get this wheat all in today, and make sure of the dollar and the two cents."

But slips between the cup and the lip are as frequent in threshing life as elsewhere. Five minutes later a sharp yell from the separator-man, audible above the roar of the separator and the pant of the engine, brought the tumult to a sudden stop, as the engineer threw out the clutch. The engine continued to puff smoke and revolve quietly.

A broken shaft! The separator man made a hurried examination. "I'll try and get it welded in town, but I'm afraid Johnson's not blacksmith enough to fix it. We'll have to order a new shaft from Calgary."

"Holy mackerel!" ejaculated Freeman. "That'll mean two day's delay anyway, if not more." He returned home disconsolately.

The next day wheat took a sudden leap downward and landed at ninety-eight cents. Freeman cursed his luck and worried another night.

Two days later the outfit came down the road and pulled over the fence to the Freeman granaries. It arrived at nine o'clock in the morning.

"What did wheat do yesterday?" asked Freeman of the separator man.

He had not heard what the afternoon price was. In the morning it was the same as the day before.

"I heard it went up," volunteered a bare-footed urchin seated in the wagon, on the first wheat of Freeman's crop. "Jim was a-haulin' yesterday, and he told Ma it was an even dollar."

Freeman himself drove the first load to town. He was on tenter-hooks to know what antics the wheat price was going to play on him. He had a premonition of bad luck. That was the kind he always got if there was any possible way of getting it, he reflected. He made the eight miles in a trifle over two hours, and got there just before noon.

As the elevator man tilted the wagon, and opened the end-gate, so that a cascade of Marquis No. 1 tumbled down into the pit, Freeman asked him what she was worth.

"You're in luck, Tom," he replied. "Another war scare yesterday, and wheat jumped five cents. It's a dollar-five this morning. There's no telling, of course, what the next telegram will say."

In spite of his hurry, Freeman decided to stay and hear the new price. "Two cents more; a dollar-seven," were the words the elevator man yelled to Freeman seated in his wagon. He nodded and started his team for the home trail.

Threshing went on smoothly; Freeman made two more trips that day, and his helpers hauled in an equal number of loads. Nearly a thousand bushels were marketed. Next morning wheat was a dollar-fourteen; Freeman rushed matters to the limit. There was just the possibility that wheat might climb a long way yet, and that he was losing money by his haste. But he had played the wheat market too long not to be satisfied with a bird in the hand.

The Big Valley farmers had a sudden access of bitterness, for though wheat left the dollar mark for lower levels after a few days, most of their wheat had gone for ninety-five cents.

Continued on page 51

THE FOOT BRIDGE

Just a breath, so mild and spring-like;
  Just a note of wild birds' song;
As we lingered by the waters
  Where the brooklet flows along.
Clouds were soft, with glints of sunshine;
  Life before us looked so fair,
As we stood upon the foot-bridge,
  With the spring-lure in the air.

Just a word, e're summer dying
  Smiled and waved her last adieu;
Now, the foot-bridge by the streamlet
  Waiteth long for me and you;
And the Maple fires in burning,
  Toss their flaming torches wide;
But, the sunset never finds us
  Where the sweeping waters glide.

All the leaves are fading, falling
  In the Autumn's blighting breath;
And the brook goes wailing softly,
  Mourning over Summer's death;
Could the future flash before us,
  Were it wise for me to know
If we two, again shall ever
  Walk that foot-bridge, loitering slow?

—*Francis*

THE PRICE OF WHEAT

Continued from page 51

The war scare dissipated, wheat fell again, and a week after Freeman had threshed it was hovering between ninety cents and a dollar again. The farmer sat down in the kitchen with a dirty notebook of red leatherette to do a little figuring.

"We averaged a dollar-ten a bushel, Kate," said he to Mrs. Freeman, "and three dollars to boot. I'm going to town in the morning to square up those machinery notes. Anything you want from the store?"

GENUINE BRIAR

Continued from page 21

"Some poor beggar is mad over something or other," he reflected, sympathetically.

At last the glimmering lights of the thronged thoroughfare glared ahead. The detectives had hoped that Todd would lead them to some unsuspected centre of the crime district. They were frankly disappointed.

"Let's nab him before he gets to the Avenue or we'll lose him."

Dashing forward they accosted Todd with a shiny nickle badge.

"Say, hand over that junk the Chink and the 'Pigeon' give you," the taller demanded gruffly.

"What . . . . that is . . . . do you want the matches, the tobacco is all gone," he stammered, flustered and bewildered. "Now, there!"

Quickly their practiced hands went through his pockets. They found a match box on which were Chinese characters and a little stray tobacco. Undoing the safety pin they pulled out the ten five dollar bills.

"What's this?"

"Mine! I always . . . it's in case of any . . . . of any trouble. Here take it, I . . . I . . . I want to . . ."

The frightened manner of Todd was too genuine to suggest guilt; it was not the fear which law breakers display when arrested. His innocence was apparent to the detectives.

"Well, we ought to run him in for loitering, anyway," grunted the smaller.

"Naw," laughed the other, "he's harmless, let him go. We're stung."

"All right," they warned Todd ramming his bills into his coat pocket, "but don't hang around . . ." He heard nothing more.

"By gum," he wailed turning on to the Avenue, "that's what I get for smoking."

A chill, cold and clammy feeling came over him as he thought how closely he had escaped a night in jail. Almost arrested! What would the office have done? What would Emma have done? If it hadn't been for that kind detective!

"Never, never, never again," as he jerked his genuine briar from his teeth and hurled it over a sign board of a smiling smoker.

Three months later Todd met his wife's doctor.

"You're looking fine, my man," he exploded. "You know if you had smoked you'd be pushing daisies through the turf by now."

"I know it, doctor," Todd acquiesced, firmly.

Gracious Favor

God's graciousness and favor,
Expressed in various ways,
Proclaim unbounded mercy—
Bespeak unending praise.

In providence and nature,
He makes his goodness known,
And in unchanging kindness,
His loving grace is shown.

The cycle of the seasons
Is guided by his power;
The favor of his pardon
Falls like a gentle shower.

The yield of field and forest
His tender care acclaim,
While hearts that know his mercy
Give praise unto his name.

By Fred Scott Shepard

Do not crowd any man too hard: it is a long worm that has no turning!

A Kodak for Christmas

Hardly is it out of the package when it's out of doors in happy hands, "clicking" the holiday story.

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Autographic Kodaks *$6.50 up*

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BRR-R-R! says the North Wind

But you sit at home by your fireside reading, let us hope, the Western Home Monthly, utterly oblivious of the wintry elements without. At this time of the year, quite a number of subscriptions expire, and there is a possibility that this may be a personal matter in your case. A glance at the address label on the cover will end the suspense and just in case the news is bad, we append a subscription blank which you will doubtless wish to fill in and mail us.

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CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DECORATIONS AND FAVORS

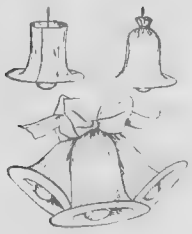
IT is not necessary to spend a great deal of money to effectively decorate the home for the Christmas festivities. Crepe paper is inexpensive, and once you start making things, it is hard to stop. General directions for various treatments of crepe paper were given in the November issue of the Western Home Monthly.

The light shade illustrated in diagram 1, is very simple and effective. Glue around a wire circle or hoop red streamers of crepe paper. Tie ends together under Santa Cut-outs. Shirr strip of red crepe paper through center for heading, fluting both edges. (Illustration 1).

Crepe Paper Bells

For a large bell 7½ inches in diameter, first make a ring of No. 7 wire, 7½ inches in diameter. Wrap this ring smoothly with a narrow strip of crepe paper. Crease a strip of crepe paper lengthwise through the center. Place the wire inside the fold, stretch around carefully, and when the two doubled ends meet, paste them together. Make a tongue by fastening a small ball of crepe to a piece of spool wire leaving wire as long as depth of bell. Wind with a narrow strip of crepe paper gather the top of the bell enclosing the tongue wire and fasten with wire. Stretch into bell shape. (Illustration 2).

Light Shade. (*Illus. 1*)



Crepe Paper Bells. (*Illus. 2*)

How to cut a Star any size Desired

Start with a square larger than the star is to be. Mark it "a", "b," "c," "d," like the first diagram.

Fold, placing "c" on "b". Mark the center "e" and divide the "c-d" line into fourths. Fold "d" across the "a-b" line as indicated from "e" to top fourth in second diagram.

Fold the right-hand half of this portion over the left half as indicated by the line in the third diagram, bringing the edges even as shown in fourth diagram.

Fold the extreme left-hand part back under the other two, keeping all edges even and producing diagram five.

Cut as indicated by dotted line, then open. (See illustration 3).

Crepe Paper Wreath

Christmas wreaths may be made at home very easily and economically of crepe paper, and the leaves do not drop and clutter up the house the way wreaths of holly and evergreen do. To make a wreath, cut a foundation from cardboard, pad, and wind with green crepe paper. Then cut strips of green crepe paper in petal shape, and shirr on sewing machine. Glue these around circle, having each row overlapping the one before it. Holly berries of red crepe paper, mounted on wire stems, add a contrasting touch of color. (See illustration 4).

Place Cards and Favors

The fan place card is made of six poinsettia cut-outs, fastened together with ribbon. (See illustration 5.)

The candle favor is made of two feet of doubled green festoon paper, glued tightly around small candle, and a few holly berries inserted. (See illustration 6).

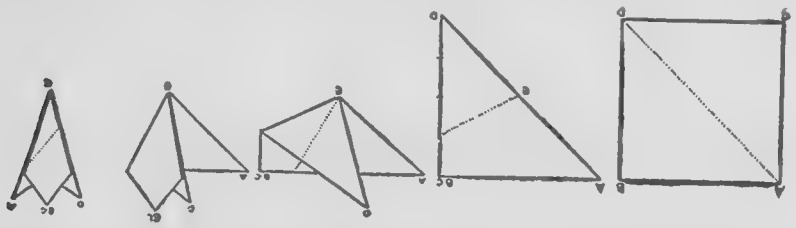
The bag of apple green crepe paper is made over a serving cup form, and has a wide fluted base. Decorate with holly seals, and fill cup with candy. (Illustration 7).

The Hollywobble place card and Jack Horner Pie or Centerpiece, are all made of paper and are most fascinating to make. The Hollywobbles are mostly wire, covered with green crepe paper, with leaves made of the same crepe and head of padded red crepe. For the pie, they stand on a circle of cardboard 22 inches in diameter, covered with green crepe. The bag of apple green crepe, decorated with holly seals, is made on a cardboard frame 10 inches in diameter at the base, and a four-inch high rim. Banner has wire supports.

A New Kind of Party

Twelfth night is the evening of January 6, twelve days after Christmas. For many years it has been observed in England and on the Continent, first as a holy day, commemorating the visit of the Magi to the Christ Child, then as a popular holiday with customs of an unusual character. These may be adapted easily to entertaining on a small or large scale.

There should be a King and a Queen, chosen by cutting a cake (the man finding a bean in his slice is elected King; the lady finding a pea is his Queen). Paper crowns, a sceptre and, if possible, full regalia are given them. They are seated on a throne



To Make a Star. (*Illus. 3*)

and the fun begins. At a small or home observance old-time games may be played, as blindman's buff, charades, or stunts with forfeits. There should be a feast, at which all have a chance to guess the choicest dish, the winner only being served with it. Dancing and the singing of carols follow, and, finally, the burning of all Christmas greens.

The larger observance often takes the form of a cabaret or costume party, at which many old English characters are impersonated, and the decorations are then of many and bright colors. Orange, canary, emerald green, national blue, black and white stripe, purple are the colors of crepe used for banners, streamers and festoons.

Game of "Think"

Each guest is given a slip of paper with the letters of the word "Christmas" written perpendicularly upon it. Then he is asked to write, beside the letter "C," the name of something to wear, beside the next letter "H," the name of something to eat, and beside the remaining letters the following,—the name of a bird, a flower, a piece of furniture, a book, a play, a song, a diversion. A very short time is given for the writing of each name. The guest with the highest score of words not written by the others wins.

A New Year's Game

Have twelve objects scattered around the room, one representing each month of the year. These things must not be too obvious at a causal glance, but rather require some thought. For example, a bowl of roses in the center of the table would represent the month of June, or perhaps a portrait of Queen Victoria would suggest the month of May.

After a few minutes have been given to the guests to observe these objects, each is given a paper and pencil to write down their decisions. The one having the greatest number correct will, of course, receive a prize. An appropriate prize would be a pretty calendar or diary.

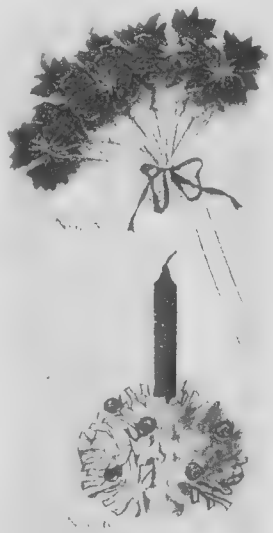
Crepe Paper Wreath. (*Illus. 4*)

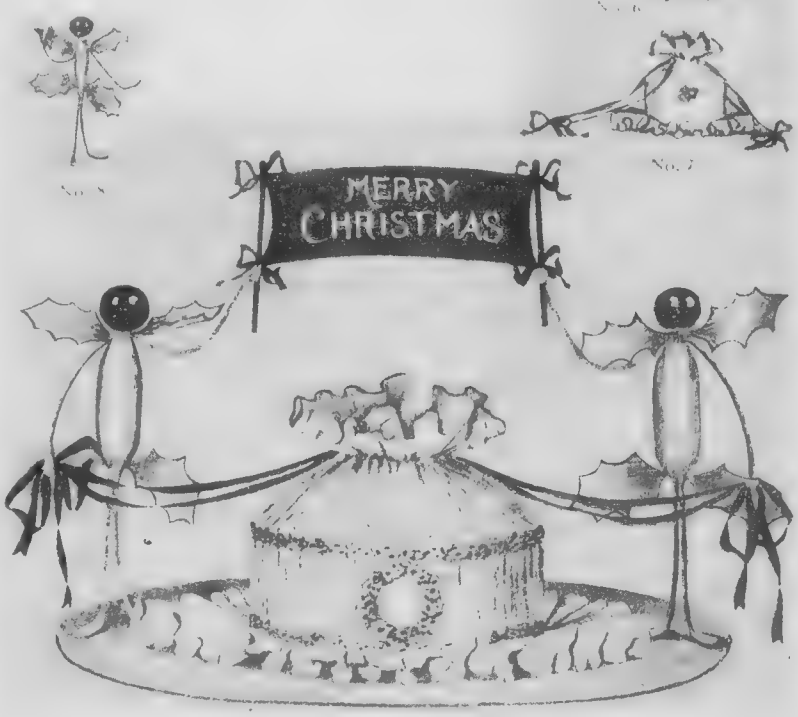
"Turn Over A New Leaf"

Give each guest a two-page folder on the cover of which is printed "Turn Over a New Leaf." A gummed seal in the form of an Autumn leaf in four colors, which may be purchased at a stationery store would make a pretty decoration for this cover. Inside write the following:

"For the answer to each of the following, give a word of which the first syllable is pronounced "new":

1. Another word for nourishing
2. Name of a disease
3. One who is impartial
4. A New Jersey city
5. Pertaining to a number
6. Containing air or gas
7. A Post
8. The act of nodding the head
9. A famous scientist
10. An English city famous for coal
11. Another word for many
12. A center
13. To count
14. A kind of antelope
15. A section of North Africa
16. A city of Germany
17. A small, lizard-like animal
18. The science of coins and medals
19. Nervous
20. An old London prison





The answers to these are:

1. Nutritious	2. Pneumonia	3. Neutral
4. Newark	5. Numeral	6. Pneumatic
7. Newel	8. Nutation	9. Newton
10. Newcastle	11. Numerous	12. Nucleus
13. Numerate	14. Gnu	15. Nubia
16. Nuremberg	17. Newt	18. Numismatics
19. Neurotic	20. Newgate	

Fire

For this game, two captains are chosen and each chooses in turn his players. All are then seated in two rows, facing each other. One captain throws suddenly to one of the players opposite a knotted handkerchief, at the same time calling out either "Earth," "Water," "Air" or "Fire." If the word "Earth" is called,

Continued on page 55

BETTER COOKERY—Continued from page 43

One Egg, Separated

"CAMOUFLAGE, pure camouflage." That is what guests at my table have facetiously said when served with some of the dishes described in this article. History has not recorded the name of the cook who first separated the white from the yolk of an egg and discovered that the former could be beaten into a frothy mass many times its original size, but out of this has grown a long series of attractive dishes suitable to be served at any meal of the day. That these dishes are a form of camouflage there is no denying, for their appearance and size are due almost entirely to the particles of air that have been imprisoned in the sticky meshes of the albuminous egg white. If a tablespoonful of cold water is added for each egg white the greater will be the resulting mass. A few grains of salt tend to make the beating easier.

Perhaps the simplest and most common dish made from the separated eggs is the

Puffy Omelet. Separate the white from the yolk. To the white add a dash of salt. Beat until light. To the yolk add one tablespoonful of cold water, a dash of salt and white pepper. Beat well. Stir the two together. Pour into a hot frying pan containing one tablespoonful of melted butter. Cook slowly. Fold, and serve immediately.

Simple variations of this omelet may be made by adding one tablespoonful of grated cheese, chopped boiled ham or boiled rice before pouring into the pan. Cooked peas, asparagus tips or stewed tomatoes may be spread on one-half before folding, and served on and around the finished omelet.

A sweet omelet for dessert may be made by substituting orange juice for the cold water, and adding one tablespoonful of powdered sugar to the yolk in place of the salt and pepper.

By pouring the egg prepared as for puffy omelet into a saucepan containing hot milk and stirring until cooked there is produced

Creamy Eggs. Proceed as for puffy omelet as far as "Stir the two together." Then pour into a saucepan containing a quarter of a cupful of hot milk. Cook until creamy, stirring in one teaspoonful of butter. Serve on toast.

If the egg is strictly fresh the yolk may be kept unbroken in one-half the shell for a few minutes while the white is beaten. My way is to set the half shell containing the yolk in a saucer of flour to keep it upright. The resulting dish is called.

Egg in Nests. Separate the egg, keeping the yolk unbroken. To the white add one tablespoonful of cold water, and a dash of salt. Beat until very stiff. Heap upon a slice of toast. Make a depression in the top and drop in the unbroken yolk. Dust with salt and paprika. Place in a moderate oven until the white is slightly browned.

Eggs prepared in this way may be steamed in cups and served with dry buttered toast.

While the foregoing are all individual recipes one egg serving one person, in the recipes that follow, one egg, separated, will serve two or three persons.

By using fruit juices or soft cooked fruits a number of attractive and quickly prepared desserts may be made, of which the type is

Crême Italienne. First portion—Beat the white until stiff; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Beat well.

Second portion—Beat the yolk with the juice of half a lemon, or orange, and one tablespoonful of sugar. Beat in about two-thirds of the white, or first portion. Divide the second portion between two sherbet glasses. Top the glasses with the remainder of the first portion.

Desserts of this type must not be allowed to stand for more than half an hour before serving, as the air escapes from the beaten egg white and its appearance is spoiled.

Foamy Sauce. Beat one egg yolk. Add one cupful of sugar gradually. Add one cupful of hot milk and one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Add one egg white beaten stiff. Beat until foamy. Serve at once.

With the addition of several other ingredients and some cooking, the one egg, separated, becomes a dessert to serve five in

Snow Pudding. Mix two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with half a cupful of sugar. Add one cupful of water. Boil until clear. Add a quarter of a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Beat in one egg white beaten stiff. Mold in small cups. Serve with

Custard Sauce. Mix half a tablespoonful of cornstarch with one cupful and a half of milk. Boil until it thickens. Add one egg yolk beaten with half a cupful of sugar. Add half a teaspoonful of vanilla.

This custard sauce may be served with stewed fruits or molded blancmange. In connection with the following meringue made from the white of the egg, it is used in a most attractive dessert—poached peaches:

Meringue. To each egg white add a few grains of salt. Beat until stiff. Add two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Beat thoroughly. Fold in two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar. Flavor if desired.

When spread upon pie or pudding and placed in a cool oven this meringue ought not to show any color for at least five minutes. Then the heat should be inreased until the desired color is obtained.

Poached Peaches. Lay half a canned peach on a slice of cake. Make a ring of meringue around the peach. Brown in the oven. Serve with custard sauce around the cake. Place a few nut meats on the custard.

Gelatine desserts to which the beaten white of egg is added when cold are found to have separated into a jelly and a custard. They are commonly known as Spanish creams. One of the best of these is

Coffee Spanish Cream. Heat half a cupful of coffee and a third of a cupful of milk. Add one tablespoonful of gelatine soaked in a quarter of a cupful of cold coffee. When boiling, add one egg yolk beaten with a third of a cupful of sugar and an eighth of a teaspoonful of salt. Remove from the fire. Stir in one egg white beaten stiff and a half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Pour into five small molds. Serve with cream.

Six or seven small molds may be filled when one egg, separated, is served as

Rice and Apple Creole. Boil a quarter of a cupful of rice in one cupful and a quarter of water until the water is absorbed. Add one cupful and a half of thick apple sauce, one egg yolk beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and one tablespoonful of lemon extract. Fold in one egg white beaten stiff. Mold in small cups. Serve very cold with cream or custard sauce.

If custard sauce is used the extra white of egg may be employed in making

Flaked-Cereal Marguerite. Beat one egg white, until stiff, with one tablespoonful of cold water and a pinch of salt. Beat in a quarter of a cupful of sugar. Fold in a quarter of a cupful of shredded cocoanut and one cupful and a half of flaked cereal. Divide between twelve biscuit crackers that have been spread with jelly or marmalade. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Sometimes the stock of eggs is reduced to one egg only, and a salad dressing must be made. The one egg, separated, results in this

Boiled Salad Cream. First portion—Boil together two-thirds of a cupful of vinegar and two-thirds of a cupful of water.

Second portion—Mix together two tablespoonfuls of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, one tablespoonful of dry mustard and one teaspoonful of salt. Add one egg yolk beaten with two-thirds of a cupful of milk.

Combine the second portion with the first portion. Cook until thick. Remove from the fire. Beat in half a cupful of salt oil. Beat in one egg white beaten stiff.

Science Finds Health in Plain Gelatine

SCIENCE has recently made some very remarkable discoveries about the important health value of plain, edible gelatine in the daily diet.

Tests extending over a period of years clearly prove that it has a most effective colloidal action in softening and emulsifying other foods in the stomach—which means that dishes prepared with Knox Sparkling Gelatine—the purest form of plain, edible gelatine—are a positive aid in the digestion of other foods. This is of great importance to those troubled with indigestion.

To Make Children Sturdy

Sherman, the noted authority on nutrition, in his book, "Chemistry of Food and Nutrition," shows that plain, edible gelatine is rich in Lysine, nature's growth-promoting element. Knox Sparkling Gelatine is therefore highly beneficial in the diet of children, and especially so for children who do not properly respond to nourishment. This is of particular interest to mothers who want their children to grow rosy-cheeked and sturdy.

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These discoveries about gelatine are of incalculable value in the diet of invalids and convalescents, not only because of the health-giving properties of the gelatine itself but because, as a purveyor of milk, eggs, fruit juices, vegetables, and other wholesome foods, it adds variety and palatability to what would otherwise be a monotonous diet.

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FREE—To Every Reader

A digest of the Scientific Investigation on the Health Value of Knox Gelatine together with Mrs. Knox's recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," will be mailed free upon receipt of grocer's name and 4c for postage. Address:

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A wonderful Christmas Plum Pudding and Candy

THEY are easily and quickly made and a delicious ending to the hearty Christmas dinner. Other SPECIAL recipes for Christmas Desserts and Candies will be sent upon request.

Chocolate Plum Pudding

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water — 1 cup seeded raisins
1 pint milk — ¾ cup dates
1 cup sugar — ½ cup nuts
1½ squares chocolate — ½ cup currants
½ teaspoon vanilla — 3 egg whites — Salt

Soften gelatine in cold water 10 minutes. Melt chocolate with part of the sugar; add a little milk, making a smooth paste. Put milk in double boiler. When hot, add melted chocolate, sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire. When mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla, fruit and nut meats, chopped, and lastly fold in beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, or with a currant jelly sauce.

THE Knox Gelatine Candy, placed in an attractive box, tied with the Christmas colors and decorated with a bit of holly makes a most acceptable gift for your friends.

Christmas Candy Supreme

1 level tablespoon Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 squares chocolate
3 cups sugar — ½ cup Sultana raisins
1 cup sour cream — ½ cup candied cherries
¼ cup chopped English walnut meats
¼ teaspoonful cinnamon — Pinch salt

Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons cold water 10 minutes. Melt chocolate in saucepan placed in larger saucepan containing boiling water. Add sugar and sour cream alternately while stirring constantly. Bring to boiling point and let boil until mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add gelatine, and when dissolved, add cinnamon, raisins, cherries (cut small) and nut meats. When partially cool, beat until creamy and turn into buttered tins, having mixture about 1¼ inches deep. Cool, remove from pan; cut in slices for serving

Note: If sour cream is not available, use 1 cup of milk and ½ tablespoonful butter.

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PUBLICITY is the power that will keep your business humming. An advertisement in *The Western Home Monthly* will prove this to your satisfaction.

The HOME COMING

By Laura B. Gray

IT was late afternoon, and a refreshing breeze gently lifted the green blind of a window in a London hospital, and drifted across a cot where apale, tired man lay, with eyes closed but not asleep. Bringing with it the scent of honeysuckle it awakened memories of home—his Mother's home in Canada when he was a little boy. Strange, perhaps, but a fact that when we are on the borderland our thoughts always go back to our childhood's home. Bob Stanley could now see the old house with its vine-covered verandah, the tea-table set with pretty cups and saucers, and his Mother with her soft, quiet voice. As he thought of it all a great longing and sadness came up and enveloped him in tears.

His Mother had been dead many years, and the old house in Toronto had been pulled down and the garden cut up into building lots, and now twenty or thirty houses were standing where one once stood; for the city had grown and embraced many miles of outlying district.

When the Armistice was signed Bob was in a prison hospital in Germany with a wounded arm and leg that refused to heal. He was now in England and the British doctors had found it necessary to amputate both arm and leg. Here he now lay, and a great sadness and an utter loneliness seemed to grip him, and with it all there was such a longing for something. As his mind became clearer the word Edith seemed to speak to him. Edith, how he had longed for her all those long months of imprisonment. While he was in the trenches he had received letters from her periodically—bright, cheerful, sweet-scented letters, just like Edith herself; but it was a year and a half since he had received the last. Where was she now? What was she doing?

Now! What was the use of thinking about her now? His strong right arm gone, the one he had thought to work for her with. Edith, pretty, fairy-like, with her love of pretty things. He could never make a living worthy of her now, and then she must not link her pretty life with a man who was only part of a man. Perhaps she had already married another man. His weary brain played out, he sank into a half sleep.

A year later found Bob on the Atlantic bound for Canada. He had an artificial arm and leg, and had learned to use them fairly well. The fresh Atlantic breezes had put fresh life into him, and as the shores of Halifax came into sight a new thrill went through him, and for the first time the bitterness seemed to pass away. It was for this then, this Canada that he had given his arm and leg, and his life was not over yet. He would soon get strong again here and be able to live a useful life.

Bob had asked for his discharge in Vancouver, but had arranged to stay a week in Toronto. He must find out about Edith. He had written to her while at hospital but had received no answer. Arriving at the Union Station he stepped on a street car and went to Edith's uncle's house, only to find that it had been sold and the present owners knew nothing of the last tenants. Edith was an orphan and lived with her uncle. Bob found, on enquiring of neighbors that the uncle had enlisted and gone overseas and that Edith had gone away; they did not know where. With great heaviness of heart Bob walked away and sat on a seat in Queen's Park.

By and by two smartly dressed men sat down on a seat near. Engrossed with his own thoughts Bob did not notice them. An overheard name 'Miss Burden' made him all alert and listening with everynerve.

"Oh I guess Miss Burden is Mrs. Jacob by now."

"Why I thought Edith Burden was engaged to a chap at the war."

"So she was but he was killed or reported missing or something, and that Jacob fellow you know has all kinds of cash and was awfully sweet on her."

A great weariness settled upon Bob. Still, perhaps it was a good thing that she should think him dead, for it would leave her free without giving him the pain of making her free. These were his thoughts, but in his heart and soul was a great ache and longing for her. He did not wait for the week to be over but set out that sam night for Vancouver.

IN a day or two he was speeding across the prairie. It was harvest time, and everywhere the binders were busy, and everywhere below, the golden land and everywhere above, the blue sky. Again that thrill came to him. This was Canada, his native land, for which he had fought and suffered, and was still suffering. He had never thought about it before. When the call to war had come he went not quite knowing or asking why. All the boys were going; Edith, although she had been sad at parting, had not objected; but now he began to feel what his native land really meant to him.

Each morning and evening Bob passed along the same street of Vancouver residences to and from a poultry farm, where he was learning the art of chicken-raising. It was a source of great interest to him to imagine and wonder about the lives of the inmates. At one house the children had become so familiar with his passings that they were always there to wave to him and to call out good-evening. But there was one little house that he liked better than the rest. It was small and unpretentious, but it seemed very homey. And never had he passed it in dark or dusk without seeing a green shaded reading-lamp lighted in the sitting-room. The blinds were never pulled down, and he could see inside. Strange, but usually the room was empty. Once or twice a dark young woman sat at the table with the lamp writing or sewing. The house was in a garden full of trees and shrubs, and it had a vine covered verandah.

More than once Bob stopped and looked in. The cosiness and hominess facinated him. The room was inexpensively but tastefully furnished, and the subdued light from the lamp covered any shabbiness, if there were any. So much had this house come to mean to Bob, that every night it loomed up as a bright spot of interest on his way home, and in the winter when he splashed along in the torrential rain the green light never failed.

The winter had passed and May had dressed the world anew. It was always light now when he passed the house. One evening as he drew near he heard voices, and glancing through the hedge he saw the woman he had seen writing under the lamp and another one by her side. Was it! Could it be Edith? Edith, yes, but not the butterfly Edith. There was a sadness and a seriousness not there before. He turned and went the other way, and took a different direction home.

This then was Edith's home and that man Jacob's. He must never go that way again. Edith must not see him. She belonged to Jacob. He must not even think of her. Thus his troubled mind argued with itself. But do what he would his whole heart cried out, "I want her, I want her!"

Bob fell asleep and awakened refreshed, with a clearer mind and a determination: "I must see her once more just to satisfy myself that she is happy. That Jacob was a rich man, and that little house (my little house) is not a rich man's house, and Edith was not richly dressed, and who was the other woman?"

NEXT morning Bob went to work by a different road, but returned cautiously by the old one, walking on the sod so as not to make a noise.

Yes, there were the voices, but the hedge hid the figures from view. He listened.

"So tomorrow is your wedding day, Frances?"

"Yes, and I am so happy, Edith. My only grief is in leaving you. We have been happy together these two years; haven't we? And Edith, I have a strong feeling that your Bob will come back."

"I still have hope, Frances, and that is why I have always kept the light burning in the evening. He always said he liked a green lamp."

Bob stayed to hear no more, but crept away to a quiet spot on the sea-shore, his heart bursting with joy. "My little house, my little house," the waves sang at his feet. As he lifted up his eyes to the sky made glorious by the setting sun, a genuine prayer of thanksgiving rose

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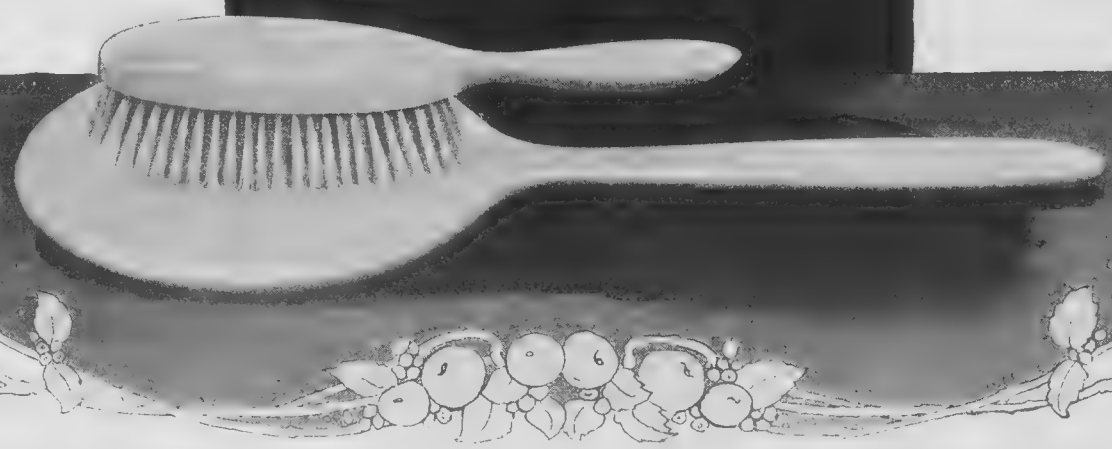

THE HOME COMING

Continued from page 54

from his lips. What was all the suffering past or to come compared with these moments of joy?

"Well I must not keep them to myself," thought Bob and he walked back to the little house. His knock was answered by Frances. After explaining who he was Bob slipped back into the shade of the verandah.

"This way Mr. Stanley. Edith is waiting for you." Then Frances retired.

Bob entered the pretty sitting room, and there stood Edith in the soft light, her sweet face beautiful with joy, and her arms outstretched.

"I knew you would come, Bob."

INCOGNITO

Continued from page 48

he contended, in the printing of any book was that it raised the price of rags."

THE days which passed until Christmas were rapturous ones, and even the lugubrious Mrs. Adair seemed happy. It is true she had come to suspect Roger of being some really exalted person who was spying out the land, although, at times, she feared he might be in "hiding" for some political or domestic reason. Nevertheless, she discreetly retired of evenings, and left the sweethearts to read, sing or to converse together, albeit there came long pauses in the conversation such as occur when young lovers entertain each other.

What happened on Christmas Day at the McGovan's could only be portrayed by the cinema and the radiograph. Not even Roger's facile pen could set it down. Certainly, no hired man like this had ever before worked in Western Canada, and it would not be surprising if he were the Prince of Wales, himself, who had come across from his ranch on the other side of the Province.

Cecile knew, however, that he was the Honorable Roger Templeton of Mountjoy for he had told her that very morning as he slipped a hoop of diamonds on her finger—third on the left hand—and a set of sables on her shoulders. "Little Comrade," he whispered, and other luring words that sweethearts say.

It was two days later when Captain, the Reverend John Langham, of the Spruce Ridge parish pronounced them to be man and wife, and that he told Cecile of how, in his long convalescence during the war, he had been a guest with other soldiers at the estate of Mountjoy, and of its charm and beauty, a story which filled her with amazement and delight. Also the erstwhile chaplain told her how Templeton, on being recognized at Spruce Ridge, had laid upon him a promise of secrecy in order that Templeton might attain his ends—the writing of a book and the winning of a bride.

"He's a fine fellow—one of the finest"—said the chaplain, "but it is sad how the English, having failed to conquer the Irish, are now turning their attention to the Irish-Canadians. Very sad, I call it, when I had high hopes of conquering them myself."

Five days later, on New Year's day, Roger Templeton of Mountjoy and Cecile his bride, set sail for England from the port of Halifax, and this was how it came about that the trustees of the Spruce Ridge school were again advertising for a teacher—"male preferred. Salary generous to one who is middle aged and prepared to settle down for at least a year."

Christmas Decorations

Continued from page 52

the player into whose lap the handkerchief falls must name immediately, before the captain can count ten, some animal which lives on the earth. If "Water" is the word, he must name a fish. If "Air," he must name a bird. If "Fire," he must remain perfectly silent. Should the player fail to name the right creature or speak when he should be silent, he must drop out of the game and the one who threw the handkerchief must try again.

Classified Department

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of poultry, farm lands, farm machinery, etc., or if you want help or employment, remember that the Classified columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object.

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MIXED FARMING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA—Eleven acres partly planted to young and bearing orchard under the finest irrigation system in the Province, capable of supporting five dairy cows. Price a great bargain. Address owner, Kerman, Grand Forks, B.C. 1-24

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WANT TO HEAR from owner having farm for sale; give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. 12-23

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MISCELLANEOUS

IF IT'S MADE OF RUBBER we have it—Write us and mention your wants. Camera Supply Co., Box 2704, Montreal. tf

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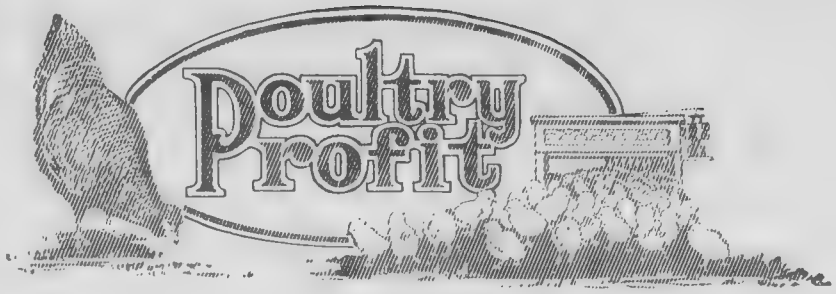

By H. E. Vialoux

WE Canadians throughout our broad Dominion, with a glorious heritage full of beauty of mountains, woods, broad rivers and the splendid prairies, have much to be thankful for, and should have grateful hearts this Christmastide. Conditions in all the European countries are miserable, and even in the Old Country, there is much abject poverty. A Scotch immigrant gazing out of the car window passing through the grain fields of the West—'a glorious sight in September'—said with great sadness in his eyes, "Ah, Canada seems bonnie to us, from coast to coast, when I think of home." Some men on the Clyde have been out of work for two years, and many are nigh starving. We should buck up with "A Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year" to each and all.

The Canadian turkey is much in the limelight at this season and thousands of these magnificent birds are being sent forward to grace the holiday tables of the East and South. Western Canada has the climate, unlimited range and cheap grain, therefore one province is now producing as many turkeys of the highest quality, as Texas, U.S.A. It is expected that the three Western provinces will market at least 120 carloads of prime turkeys this season. Regina and Winnipeg both have a steady demand for turkeys and all the large packing houses handle many birds, shipping to the best market in the East. Marketing chickens and turkeys on the co-operative basis was successfully tried out last season, under the auspices of the Dominion Live Stock Branch, and this year birds will be shipped from no less than twenty-four different points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan is also anxious to try the experiment. Co-operative marketing brings in a better return to the farmer when the scheme is carried out properly. Circulars are sent out, telling the growers how to fatten and kill their chickens and turkeys to the best advantage, where the various shipping points are located, and asking the farmers to make a point of attending the killing demonstrations, which are held in each district prior to the loading of a car of poultry in the fall. The general working out of the co-operative business is done by local directors, men and women who are willing to give some time to the work and have poultry to dispose of. The profits are pooled after all expenses are paid and the result last year was most gratifying to the farmer, as well as to Mr. McCulloch, poultry promoter, Dominion Live Stock Branch. Fattening turkeys to be tender, juicy and "a dish fit for a king" is not at all difficult, but these shy birds must never be "crate fattened." In fact if penned up in a small place the turkey pines and refuses to eat, even a milk mash, and rapidly loses weight, instead of making a gain. A flock of turkeys in a roomy enclosure with a shelter to shield them from bad weather will fatten very quickly indeed, on a good mash, and wheat or corn as a night feed. Ten days will fatten a turkey under the right conditions.

Chickens at the rate of 9,000 per week came into Winnipeg to one packing house (Swift Canadian) during October and early November. The Crescent Creamery claim they handle a large proportion of the chickens raised in the West, and there are at least half a dozen large packing houses in business and more co-operative shipping than last year. The statement that the chicken industry has not flourished this season is rather misleading, but the birds are somewhat later owing to the very backward spring. These thousands of birds, chickens (and some ducks) that pour into the large packing houses are crate-fattened in large clean batteries, for 10 days, when they are killed in the most scientific way, graded and put into cold storage, ready for the local trade or shipment to Toronto or Montreal. A milk mash made of the finest materials for 10 days, Victor oat flour, corn meal, beef scraps and powdered charcoal makes the birds tender, white-fleshed and delicious, fit to sell on any market in the world. Each box of poultry is graded, birds weighing 3 to 4 lbs., and wrapped in waxed paper make the choicest chickens for export. 4 to 5-lb spring chickens are also much in demand and well fattened fowl graded and packed in a similar manner look most tempting and find a good sale. So much for the well fed and fairly well bred chickens that come from the farms and are deemed worthy to finish in the fattening crate, but the ill-fed, scrawny class of chicken, what about them? Thousands of these birds come forward every season, proving almost a dead loss to the grower as well as to the packing house. As they come in from the country, the poor, light-weight chickens are culled out and sent at once to the killing room and sold to anybody who will buy them at a low figure. The Chinese raise some small birds, for "chop suey" in place of squabs. "The only message to be sent to the farmer is to grow 'well fed and well bred' chickens, of strong vitality," said the manager of a large packing house recently. "We want them and will pay the highest market price for them." There is some splendid quality coming forward this season, and a smaller proportion of small, miserable birds than usual.

The new system of government graded eggs is making a great change in the egg markets of our Dominion. In fact, when there is a proper understanding of the system and farmers as well as country merchants wake up to the fact, that eggs offered for sale anywhere "must be graded," by being candled and classified, or the merchant or farmer is liable to a fine or jail sentence for three months, the egg market will be stabilized and the consumer will know exactly what he is buying, and pay accordingly. The first conviction for persistent breaking of the new egg regulation was handed out in the provincial police court in Winnipeg, November 7th, when a middleman operating in the city was fined $25. This man put up a hard luck story, or his fine would have been doubled. He is a foreigner and had been warned several times by Inspector Alex. Whitton that he would surely be fined if he did not stop peddling stale eggs at so-called bargain prices. Many country merchants are trying to evade the egg regulation. One man bought cases of eggs from his customers, reliable farmers, picked them over and repacked them in his stone basement, as he found the price in Winnipeg was not high. Then, as eggs became scarce, he shipped dozens of these cases into the city as "fresh eggs" only to find his consignment of eggs had 80 dozen "rots" when graded and practically no eggs of a salable grade. He could not understand this at all as the eggs had been fresh when he bought them, and failed to realize that an ordinary basement is not a "cold storage" and odors and mustiness would taint the best of eggs. He had not bought them on the graded basis, and therefore there were odd stale eggs in some of the cases from the time of purchase. Cardboard boxes are sent out from the Dominion Live Stock Branch in Ottawa, for free distribution to farmers and storekeepers to encourage them to candle all eggs offered for sale. There are two types of candling boxes, one suitable for use with a kerosene lamp, No. 6, and No. 7, suitable for use with electric light

HER CHRISTMAS MAKE BELIEVE—Continued from page 5

utterly crushed. Weakly, she clutched the arms of her chair for support. Exert what will power she might, she could not restrain the hot, blinding tears. She bowed her head to hide them and Dwight, unmoved, resolutely turned his back on her tears, stalked to the window, and looked out.

But not for long did her weakness last. Sitting there in that big, silent, beautiful room, staring at his strong, broad shoulders, her mind became crystal clear. In her great love for him, she forgot herself, saw only his unhappy position. Well she knew at what cost to his pride he had made that confession of his father's guilt, and his proposal of adjustment.. For herself, she would have preferred never to have known the truth; but she could understand how Dwight could not have kept it silent. The money itself meant nothing. She would rather not have it, but she saw that to accept it was the only way she could absolve the wrong Dwight's father had committed.

Self did creep into her thoughts through one small chink. She was glad Dwight wished to marry her. Even if he did not love her, she would bear his name, and while she did so, no other woman would have that privilege. Perhaps—she did not dare let herself hope too much—perhaps some day he would forgive her, and come back.

And so when, after a long interval, Dwight turned from the window, he found her waiting, outwardly calm and composed.

"It is a great deal to ask, I know," he said, the slightest trace of his old-time tenderness creeping into his voice. "Can you consent to do this, Constance?"

She looked away, and without emotion answered: "Since you wish it, yes."

She felt his eyes upon her then, but she could not trust herself to look.

He thanked her somehow, went to the door and pulled the bell rope. In a moment a servant appeared. "Ask my Aunt, Mrs. Thornton, to come down, please," he said.

Only superhuman strength enabled Constance to go through that ordeal. Dwight's uncle performed the ceremony there in the drawing room, within the hour, with Mrs. Thornton and her French maid as witnesses.

Tonight with her heart unlocked, and its memories forming a processional before her, Constance lingered long and tenderly over the one sweet incident of that pitiful mockery of a marriage. Dwight's hand had trembled over hers when, fumblingly, he had put that slender loop upon her finger. A tear had rolled down his ashen cheek.

Because of that, tonight she could have her make-believe. Tonight, silencing for once, the question ever foremost in her mind as to what that tear had meant, she would let it mean he loved her, after all. Was not he there beside her, in the other chair?

On she dreamed, through half closed eyes, unmindful of the intermittent chiming of the mantel clock, living there the might-have-been, beside the dying fire.

A log fell noisily in the grate. Mechanically she rose, reached for the fire tongs, and turning saw him in the dim light, standing at the door the eager Miss Darrow had left ajar.

"Dwight!" she cried affrighted. And the sound of her voice brought her back from her reverie. Her heart was pounding. What sheer folly to have allowed herself to dream those idle dreams. She would never be so foolish again. Her nerves were unstrung. Then she glanced at the door again, and uttered a cry. He was coming in! She was losing her reason surely. With a sob she sank back into the chair, the tongs clattering to the hearth.

"Constance!" A voice low and tremulous spoke in the gathering mist—close to her hair. A cool hand unlocked her taut fingers and pressed them tenderly in trembling, strong ones. She was dreaming again, surely. She dared not breathe lest that sweet dream fade away. And then his voice spoke again, close to her cheek. "Constance, darling, don't be frightened. It is I, Dwight,—come back to you. Will you look at me, dearest?"

In a daze, she opened her eyes and looked unblieving, into his. "Is it really you?" she murmured.

For answer he bent close and smiled into her wondering eyes again that same love message,—"you are mine, and I am yours. Nothing can ever part us."

Somehow in that sweet haziness he kissed her, and then she found him sitting beside her, on the arm of the chair, her cheek against his shoulder, sobbing, sobbing. In the silence he caressed her hair, soothing her as he would a frightened child, and when at last she grew quiet, he drew her close and whispered softly, "Tonight at the theatre—Mrs. Waring mentioned your name. I heard you had gone West—She said you couldn't come because—you had a guest. I was jealous, darling. When the play was over I openly asked your address—I had to come." And then after a pause, he said, "I am glad that he has gone."

With ineffable tenderness she smiled at that, and looked up at him through moist lashes, "He has only just arrived," she said.

"Constance!" he exclaimed, in wonderment, gazing at the empty chair,—his own photograph, in tennis flannels, on the mantel. "You don't mean there wasn't any—that you were——"

"And here is his Christmas present ready for his coming," she went on, interrupting.

With her left hand she reached for the little ribboned package, and as she held it towards him in the firelight, he saw then, for the first time, her sparkling rings—his rings.

Gently he took the package from her, and reverently pressed those ringed fingers to his burning lips. "Constance," he breathed, strangely moved. "My precious, faithful little wife. I haven't known a happy moment since I sent that wretched letter. Constance!" he spoke it as though it were a holy thought. "Your name, dear, is the only name they could have given you."

And then his eyes fell upon the mistletoe, peeping out beneath the great red bow; and, well—eager as he was to see what was inside, he first put the little spray to its right use, holding it high above her golden hair. Laughingly she raised her lips to his. It was a Merry Christmas—her Make-Believe came true.

FOR THE CHEERFUL GIVER—Continued fron page 46

across. Into this I thrust the body of a little bisque doll. I fastened her firmly, waist-deep in the hole. I draped a cunning waist on her, made a full skirt of taffeta—and my little hoop-skirted lady still presides over my toilet, inspiring me to smartness by her own charm. When I moved here, I made shades to match her for my lights."

Labour Savers as Gifts

"AND glad you were to have reason for more wire-winding, I'll warrant," said Mrs. Mason. "I am an old enough housekeeper to thoroughly appreciate the boon of electricity. We get practically our entire breakfast on the table now—with our own electric toaster, percolator and grill. It has added considerably to my morning sleep—which I appreciate when I've sat up late to give the Doctor something hot when he's been called out to a night case.

"Now I want a vacuum sweeper—I've spoken clearly on the subject to Santa Claus and all his lieutenants. You might tell your husband, Mrs. Bates, just to extract an order for one from the Doctor first time he sees him."

"I suggested that I'd love a washing machine, but my boy protested that that was a punk present!—something to work with!" said Mrs. Morris, a bit ruefully.

"I know," said the doctor's wife. "I met the same opposition. But I promptly pointed out that *I* know what I really want, and that a device which saves me time and labour, gives me a present of time and strength which I can use for a dozen kinds of enjoyment—all year 'round. I think I've made my point," and she smiled across at her daughter.

"She did," Marjorie whispered to me. "We are all joining to give her 'what she really wants.' But Dad insists on his own privilege of adding a *little* gift of the other kind—he is going to get the sweetest high jet comb for her white hair." Our little librarian spoke shyly, "I'm doing something new; if any of you would like to come over, I'll show you how to make

Painted Ivory Toilet Articles—They are very dainty and so especially sweet for a young girl.

"I buy plain French ivory articles made by a reliable firm, and sketch a little floral design on the backs of brush or mirror and on the lids of puff boxes and such things. Ever such a little spray, you know—and paint it in with delicate colours. One doesn't need to be much of an artist to do it, and ivory toilet things, plain or decorated, are so exquisitely dainty."

"I'll come," young Mrs. Bell leaned across me to whisper—"I think it would be sweet to paint some tiny ivory things for the little basinette I'm making," and the three of us agreed enthusiastically.

"I flatter myself I'm too good a housekeeper to burden myself with large tablecloths these days, and I brought over one of my favourite doiley sets, in case anyone should like to see it. I'd suggest it as a gift to an unprogressive housekeeper—something to woo her to easier methods," said Mrs. Mason. "It is a

Checked Linen Table Set—and its basis is just a good quality of glass-towelling squared off with a blue line. Green would be pretty, too, if you should happen on it, though towelling seems to come mostly in blue or red.

"As you see, I have just bound the edges of the runner and doileys with bias bands cut from colour—fast blue chambray—a piece of guaranteed quality. Then I cut some squares and appliqued them on in blocks, to make a pattern. You can use as many or as few blocks as you please. These doileys are quick to make, wash forever and look well on the table."

"I have just made two long doileys and a runner of butcher's linen with a narrow crocheted edge in the same natural coloured linen thread, as a trousseau gift," said another young matron. "I agree with Mrs. Mason—I love these new, long place doileys, they look so well and are such trouble-savers."

"Speaking of trousseaux," said another, "I had in mind something I've often intended to make for someone—

A Ribbon Corset Bag that was a joy—especially when we travelled. It was made of fancy ribbon, twice the length of a corset and wide enough to make a convenient bag when doubled and stitched half an inch from the edge. The mouth draws up on a silk cord—and the most unsightly piece of feminine apparel is hidden in a decorative case. Mine looks as well in my drawer as it did in a suitcase."

For a Fastidious Woman

"ANOTHER clothes protector idea is a *real* cover for a best frock. I make mine of cheap plain cotton, usually with a chintz or figured yoke; and it is a

Closed Dress Bag. I cut two slope-shouldered pieces about eight inches deep, for the yoke, and join them, leaving a small hole at the top for the hook of a wooden dress hanger to come through. To this yoke I gather a full cotton slip, seamed up both sides and across the bottom, but split down the front from a few inches below the yoke, nearly to the bottom. I put a lap-over piece of the coloured goods down this opening and add a couple of big covered wooden buttons and loops, to close it.

"My dress goes on the hanger and is thrust into the cover; the hook on the hanger goes through the small hole at the top, the skirt of the frock shakes down inside its commodious bag, which is then buttoned over in front and is really dust-proof."

A DAINTY GIFT to yourself

Let Christmas Happiness Glow In Your Cheeks

CHRISTMAS Happiness comes from the heart—but it is reflected in the radiant glow of a healthy complexion.

Don't let your face belie your Christmas feelings—don't let the strenuous preparations for the coming Season find you on that Day of Days less radiant and youthful, and your complexion less charming.

The regular use of Boncilla between now and Christmas will ensure you a clear and healthy complexion. Try a Boncilla Treatment after a strenuous round of shopping, or after house preparations for incoming guests this season. Boncilla will refresh you—smooth out the tired lines of fatigue—bring glow and color into your cheeks.

This No. 37 "Ideal" Set makes a Delightful Gift

and is worthy of a hint on your part to hubby, brother or sweetheart. Make sure of it NOW and appear your most radiant self on Christmas Day.

The No. 37 "Ideal" Boncilla Set illustrated above is gracing many a dainty dressing table. It embodies the complete Boncilla Method. Firstly, a large tube of Boncilla Beautifier—the Clasmic Clay—two handsome jars of Boncilla Cold Cream and Boncilla Vanishing Cream, and a box of Boncilla Face Powder. (There is also a cake of Boncilla Soap at no cost.)

Boncilla BEAUTIFIER
The Clasmic Clay

Ask your Druggist to show you the Boncilla No. 37 "Ideal" Set. Sells everywhere at $3.25.

If your Druggist cannot supply you, send $3.25 to us and we will send you this set by mail, postpaid. Address—

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29

The Carols of Caerleon

By J. Gray

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

King Arthur—King of the British
Queene Guinevere—His Queen
Sir Launsfel—A Knight of the Round Table
Sir Boris—A Knight of the Round Table
Elaine—A Court Lady
Beggar Maid—Niece of the Queen
Pages—Robbers—Courtiers

PROLOGUE

Page—
Kind friends, I pray you of your courtesy
To grant us space of time wherein to show
A strange and wondrous tale of what befell
In good King Arthur's court long years agone,
With moral that mayhap do profit to your souls.

ACT I—King Arthur's Court. The King Seated

King—
The time draws nigh when we do celebrate
The birth of Him who in a stable 'gan
His rule, which now extends to utmost bounds
Of earth's three continents. As the clerkes tell
That wise men from afar did come with homage due,
So have I summoned to my court and to the Table Round
The noblest knight of all my realm, that we may do
Him honour, which in noble as in knave is fit.

Queen—
Indeed it is most seemly that we joy.
The monks from labor and from penitence released
Already chaunt their Glorias, and the Waits
Sing carols in the streets of Caerleon.
(*Singing is heard in the distance*)

Elaine—(*Looking from the window while carols are being sung*)
How still the night is, and how white the snow
Lies on the hills and streets and roofs.
The sounds come muffled through the falling flakes;
No jarring noise, but harmonies soft and far.

Sir Boris—
'Tis said that on this night of Christ Mass Eve
The cattle in their stalls do musick make
The kine do low in unison, and the fowles join
With clarions clear and loud.

Queen (*Watching Elaine*)—
Thou lookest long, Elaine,
And in thy look an anxious gaze.
Perchance thou seest approach some one who should not
And perchance thou seest not some one who should.

King—
How now? By me commanded to my presence.
Darest any knight defy me and remain
Defiant 'hind his walls? By my faith,
I'll drag the sullen traitor from his keep
To rot in deepest dungeon of Caerleon.

Elaine—
My liege and lord, Sir Launsfel tarries,
But be assured some high emprise detains.

Queen—
And was it not but two days past
I saw thee with him in the Lovers' walk?
It may be thou canst tell us whither gone
Or what emprise he doth essay.

Elaine—
In truth I know not.

Queen—
And yet thine eyes have all day long
Been fixed upon the wood that lies
Twixt here and Camelot.

Elaine—
Indeed, I know not.

King—
Have done, Sir Launsfel is a bold and courteous knight
I would not judge too soon, nor aught
Of want of fealty lay to him. Let us be merry,
And in wassail join, as is befitting Christian men.
And while the Yule log burns upon the hearth
Let no surcease of merriment befall.
For Christ was born in Bethlehem,
His children's joy he'll not condemn.

Act II—Scene—Night. A wood.

Enter Beggar Maid.

Beggar Maid—
The Abbey chimes I hear, but distant, dull,
The notes fall on my numbed ear, and do not give
Direction to my feet. I can no farther go.
Here must I perish.

First Robber (*entering*)—
Ha! what have we here?

Second Robber (*entering*)—
Thou art always finding something which hath not been lost, or finding something which is not worth the finding. A plague upon thy continual discoveries.

First Robber (*touching Maid with foot*)—
But I have found something.

Second Robber—
Marry thou hast. An thou find'st a way out of this accursed wood, 'twould be more to my liking.

First Robber (*stirring Maid with foot*)—
Whatever it be, it moves.

Second Robber—
I would that you did.
(*Beggar Maid sighs*)

First Robber—
A sleeping bear. (*Both rush out*).

Beggar Maid—
Kind sirs, whoe'er you be, for Christ his sake,
Your help.

First Robber (*returning boldly*)—
'Tis but a maid.

Second Robber—
Thou wat but now much moved, and now thou findest a maid thou art no longer moved.

First Robber—
An she be pretty she may be a prize, for we can sell her to the Danes. An she be not, thou may'st have her for a kitchen wench. Take hold. So.

Second Robber—
Someone approaches. Let lie. Make haste. Perchance that hidden we may fall upon something better. (*Exeunt*).
(*Enter Sir Launsfel*)

Sir Lannsfel—
Alack! Alas! I fear me I shall find
No exit from this wood in which I am beleaguered.
It may be wood enchante, for since my steed
This morn gave up his life, no living being have I seen,
Nor aught, unless it be the light that like
An holy radiance, leads me ever deep and deeper
Into this wilderness. Methought but now
The light took shape, and in that shape
The Holy Grail appeared.
(*Robbers emerge*)

First Robber (*aside*)—
A proper and a valiant knight he seems.
Sees he the Maid we shall have much ado to wrest
Her from him. 'Twere better to beguile him
In some fashion. (*To Sir Launsfel*)—Good morrow, noble sir
But now I left my daughter, and am come
To lead her home. My gossip here will bear a hand.

Beggar Maid—
Kind gentlemen, take me to my father.

Sir Launsfel (*drawing his sword*)—
Is this, then, not thy father?

Beggar Maid—
Indeed he is not. My father lies abed
These many months, and I have lost my way.

Sir Launsfel—
How now, sirrah? What wouldst thou?

First Robber (*to Second*)—
Strike! Lay on!
(*They fight. Both robbers are slain*).

Beggar Maid—
Oh, Sir! You are wounded!

Sir Launsfel—
'Tis naught. A mere scratch. But how came you
Here alone, and whence?

Beggar Maid—
Alas, kind sir, a beggar maid am I,
And all unworthy of your care and courtesy.
And more unworthy of the wound received.
No further make me your concern
But leave me to the will of God.

Sir Launsfel—
Nay, meseems the will of God
Hath led me to this place, and disasters that befell
Were but the dark and hidden hand that brought
Me to thy rescue. A moment gone, ere I had seen
The caitiffs that lie dead before thee now,
The Holy Grail did rest above the spot thou liest on.
Wherefore, and because it would be sin I leave thee not
For thou art passing fair, and I will take
Thee to King Arthur's court; thy father and thyself
Shall find a welcome from our sovereign lord,
And ladies of the court, and all the peerless knights
Of Britain do thee honour. (*Exeunt*).

ACT III—The King's Court.

King—
Thrice hath the trumpet summoned all, and thrice
Mine eyes have sought amid the assembled knights
The form and visage of Sir Launsfel. Yesternight
At wassail, or this morn at matins, was he not;
And this despite my known and anxious wish.
Wherefore, methinks, that he doth do me scorn.
Such contumely mine honour doth reject.
My royal will shall no man thwart; nay, not e'en
Sir Launsfel. So I do command that he be brought
Forthwith in chains, and ere the sun be set
His head on castle gate be fixed, there to remain
A twelvemonth, as a sign and warning stern.

Sir Boris—
My Lord, so let him first before the Table Round
Be brought and there adjudged. An it be
That he no warrant for his absence gives
Let him the death of traitors die.

Queen—
What need we more of proof than this,
That he should be and is not here?

King—
Enough. The night's carouse obscures my thought
But not my will. See that it be done.
His head upon the wall. His body
To the wolves.

Page—
Room for the noble and puissant knight, Sir Launsfel.
(*Enter Sir Launsfel and the Beggar Maid*)

Sir Launsfel—
Most gracious lord, I do thy pardon crave.

King—
Gadzooks. Thou cravest pardon, dost thou? Know
My kingly word hast doomed thee to the death
That is befitting traitors.

Sir Boris—
It is but just that he be heard.

King—
Do thou but hold thy peace. Ho, warder, haste.
Remove the recreant knight.

Page—
The Beggar Maid is fair, my lord.

Queen—
So, in truth, she is; and to my mind
Her features speak of former days.
Come hither, child, for thine eyes and hair
Recall a brother many years agone
In war with Saxon hordes beyond the march
Snatched from my side and never since beheld.

Beggar Maid—
My father rests without, being sore tried
By this day's journey.

Queen—
I will to him. (*Exit*).

Elaine—
In sooth a comely maid, in manner nice;
Her dignity becomes her well, and on her brow
Is modestie writ large.

Queen (*returning*)—
In very truth, my brother.
(*To Beggar Maid*)
And thou, my brother's child,
I do commend thee to the grace of all.

King—
Sir Launsfel, I do willingly revoke
My sentence dire; and do proclaim that all
Thee henceforth shall especial honour show.
But now the feast of Christmastide doth wait,
And whilst the steaming boar's head goes round
The tale of thine adventure thou shalt tell.
Hence to the banquet hall. On earth, peace.

EPILOGUE

Page—
The play hath run its course; our tale is told;
The fantasy of Caerleon unrolled.
The Queen her kin now happily regains,
To point the tale the moral still remains.
For ofttimes they who plan the ill in thought
Are instruments wherewith the good is wrought.
And if our play has brought you some delight
We are indeed repaid. Kind friends, good night.

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It wasn't hard to tell as you glanced at Dorothea's dinner table what made her parties so different. It was that superb silver service she used. Why, the very fact of having the right knives and forks and spoons to serve each course with—of having enough of them for the number of guests she entertained—made each meal pass more pleasantly. And how much of graciousness and ease the exquisite design of that silverware did add to the occasion! Yes, Dorothea's silverware was complete.

Does your silverware make entertaining easier?

NO DOUBT you, too, have noticed, as you were entertained in certain homes, how pleasantly the silverware twinkled at you, how its beauty seemed to pervade the atmosphere of the meal. And you wished you could be sure that your own table service possessed this completeness and unquestioned grace. You need wonder no longer! It can—easily and at small expense!

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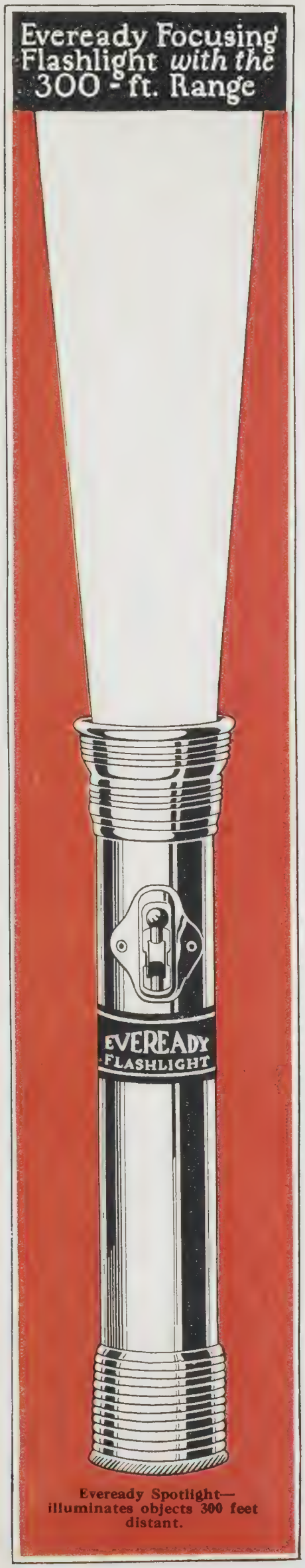

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The Young Man and His Problem

By
H. J. Russell, F. C. I.

St. John's Technical High School
Winnipeg

Protecting an Investment

SOME time ago, a young man telephoned me for an appointment and in a subsequent interview, he furnished the information that he was a graduate of a course of one of our public educational institutions.

This, in brief, was his story:

"I completed my course in June last and for about five weeks I canvassed by letter and personally many industrial firms to see if I could get work. Nobody would give me a trial; some saying that they had no room for new employees, others that they did not take on beginners.

"I then went to the harvest fields in the West and I have earned enough money to pay my railway fare to a city in the United States where I have heard that there is a demand for young men with a technical training. I expect to leave next week and I want you to give me a letter of recommendation."

I investigated his standing and found that he was as well qualified as most young men of his age who had received a similar training. Moreover, he was of good character and ambitious. I gave him the letter he wanted and I believe he is now south of the border.

The point for reflection is this: Here is a young man of good qualities who has been brought up in the schools of our province, from the elementary grades to a finishing course in a higher institution—all at some expense to the public. In other words, the public had an investment in him, but failed to protect it, and although he was trained in Canada, his knowledge and abilities are now to be placed at the disposal of another country. His case is one of many similar cases and suggests the thought that it is not good business to have educational establishments in which millions are invested and to let the graduates of these institutions wander away without any vocational assistance and guidance and without any effort to retain their skill and knowledge for the development of our own country.

Should the student in question succeed in securing work in the city of his choice, as in all probability he will, it is hardly likely that he will return to the Dominion. His qualities are such that he is likely to earn promotion and as he climbs higher in the industrial world, he may find it desirable to take out his naturalization papers. From that time he will remember with gratitude that Canada was the scene of his early education, but that it was also the scene of his disappointments in his efforts to get work of the kind that he had been trained for.

Manitoba has a system of education that costs millions to maintain, but, so far as we know, it has no vocational guidance bureau that might serve to assist in securing work, without unnecessary loss of time, the thousands who leave its schools between the ages of, say fifteen and twenty.

Such a bureau could make a thorough survey of the industries of the towns and cities of our province and determine from period to period, with fair accuracy, the needs of the various estabishments and the opportunities for our young men and women in various forms of work other than agriculture. It could also follow the careers of our graduates and compile information concerning the requirements and opportunities of various positions. If too many people are training for one kind of work and too few for another kind, the facts should be ascertained and educational adjustments should be made accordingly.

At present, the policy, if such it can be called, is one of drifting. Unfortunately for us, the drift towards the South and what is Manitoba's loss is to be the gain of the United States.

What are the students of Manitoba worth to the province of Manitoba?

Look Beneath the Surface

"THE work that makes the most show," writes W. P. Warren, "is not always the most important. Two young men were overheard talking about their work. One mentioned with pride how much was left to him—work that no one checked up—and how careful he was to do his work correctly and thus qualify himself for larger responsibilities. The other said cynically, 'After you have worked for the old gentleman a while longer you will learn that what counts with him is what shows on the surface. He won't give you credit for anything that he can't see at a glance. I found that out when I first came here, and I have put my big apples on top ever since.'

'Well,' replied the first, 'I'm not working merely for his favor. I have my own standards to live up to, and my own character to build. I don't expect to stay here always.'"

A Vocabulary Problem

THE English language is very rich in synonyms; that is to say, in words of similar meanings. In Roget's Thesaurus, for instance, the following are the synonyms that are given for the word "Skill."

Skilfulness, cleverness, ability, talent, ingenuity, capacity, calibre, shrewdness, sagacity, parts, genius, faculty, gift, forte, turn, invention, headpiece, address, dexterity, adroitness, felicity, knack, expertness, quickness, sharpness, readiness, excellence, habilitation, ambidexterity, sleight of hand, qualification, proficiency, panurgy, accomplishment, acquirement, craft, mastership, tact, knowledge of the world, savoir faire, discretion, finesse, usage du monde.

The following is offered as a stimulating exercise in synonym study:

Rewrite the paragraph that follows, substituting a synonyom, different in each case, for every form of "great."

"We were greatly surprised to see so great a crowd of people assembled, evidently for some great occasion. On inquiry, we learned that a great man was to address the people on a subject of great interest. The great size of the field, which sloped like an amphitheatre, enabled the great crowd to hear every word with great ease, and all listened with great attention to the great thoughts presented."

Ask Your Banker

IT is not an easy matter to save money and perhaps it is still harder to keep it. If you are fortunate enough to be able to establish a small bank account, think twice before you invest your savings.

As the doctor and lawyer are competent to give advice on physical and legal affairs, so is the banker able to give advice on financial affairs.

Some time ago in a certain community, a plan whereby the citizens could invest their money to earn eight or ten per cent. was presented attractively and persuasively. Many invested sums that represented the savings of years and the enterprise was started. In due time, it was apparent that no interest could be paid on the investment; the shares were unsaleable; and there was danger of liquidation.

In discussing the matter, a banker said, without mentioning names: "Many of the investors had accounts in this bank. To invest in the enterprise, they drew heavily on their savings. I knew their circumstances and, in my judgment, they were not investing wisely. They did not seek my advice, however, and therefore I was not able to help them."

There comes a time in the life of the young man when capital may be of great use to him in his plans. He should remember that if money is entitled to earn interest at all, that interest should be moderate, and he should not hesitate to consult the banker.

A Handbook of Science

FROM Ginn and Company, educational publishers of New York, we have received a copy of "General Science," by O. W. Caldwell, Ph. D., and W. L. Eikenberry. The first author is a professor of education in the University of Columbia, and the second an assistant professor of science and biology in the University of Kansas.

It is an attractively bound book of 404 pages, and is splendidly illustrated. It is written in language that may be understood readily by anyone of ordinary education and gives many illustrated suggestions for experiments that may be tried at home with the use of simple apparatus. The first chapter, for instance, deals with "Interesting Things About the Air," and provides information through which to secure answers to the following among many other questions:

Why is a room cooled more quickly if a window is opened at the top than at the bottom?

How can the mercurial barometer be used in approximating the heights of mountains?

Why is the hot water in a heater drawn off from the top of the heater instead of from the bottom near the fire?

Why does a cake of ice in a refrigerator thaw more rapidly at the top than at the bottom?

Account for the report that follows the firing of a giant firecracker.

Other chapters deal in interesting and scientific fashion with: The Weather; Relation of Air to Food Manufacture; Ice, Water, and Steam; Mechanical Energy and Heat; The Magnetic Effects of Electric Currents; The Plant Covering of the Earth; Reproduction in Plants and Animals; The Struggle for Existence.

In the Preface it is stated that "The results of modern science are extensively used in almost all kinds of human experience, and the scientist's way of working is recognized as the most reliable method. It is, therefore, the object of this course to develop a usable fund of knowledge about common things and helpful and trustworthy habits of considering common experiences in the field of science."

The final paragraph of the closing chapter, dealing with "Parents and Offspring," says:

"A weakened body may often be strengthened by judicious care and exercise so that a hereditary weakness may be almost or entirely overcome. We can curb a hereditary tendency until it is almost or quite inoperative. We can create for ourselves new and artifical environments which shall enable us to turn a harmful or worthless hereditary tendency into efficiency and a high type of usefulness. It is a heavy task to stem the tide of nature, and he who would do it must prepare for an effort in which some have failed and some have succeeded. It is worth the effort, for what is better than to turn weakness into efficiency?"

This is more than a book, it is a course, and if invested in will provide material for practical study during many a winter evening.

A Merry Christmas

Christmas is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany-tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us to-night
Round the old tree!

William Makepeace Thackeray.

The Debating Season

THOSE of our readers who are planning debates as part of their winter programmes may be interested in the following topics as providing suggestions for debates:

The second or third generation is slated by fate to dissipate the accumulations of the first.

A large part of the crimes committed by youths in these days can be traced to the moving pictures.

The farmers are as much entitled as the railways to a guaranteed return on their investments.

A man's mind should contain a library, a parlor and a drawing-room, as well as a workshop.

There is no lack of opportunity for heroic action in everyday life.

Idleness has killed more people than has work.

Intelligence tests furnish a reliable indication of a person's mental ability.

Aeroplanes will never be as numerous as automobiles are to-day.

Preparation for war increases the probability of war.

The cartoonist has more influence upon the modern reading public than the editor has.

Farmers as a class are more conservative than city people.

Patent medicine advertising should be prohibited by law.

A man may become wise without ever reading a single book.

Economic progress will be less marked in the next century than it was in the past century.

The most theoretical researches often prove to be the most practical ones.

If nature had intended men to be thinkers, she would have made them all deaf.

Modern society is dependent upon the skill and achievement of its engineers.

The Budget System

RECENTLY, I was shown a personal letter in which the following paragraph occurred:

"I'm running the house on the budget system. It enables you to see when to stop spending before the money runs out. If you need something before you get more money, you do without. It is a splendid scheme and we are getting along without many things."

The budget system as pictured here is one that concerns every young man, especially at the outset of his career. In David Copperfield, Dickens wrote, in effect:

"Annual income, twenty pounds, annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen and six. Result, Happiness. Annual income, twenty pounds, annual expenditure, twenty pounds, ought and six. Result, Misery."

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—COLDSMITH.

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A. J. McCRAE
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PURE GOLD—Continued from page 16.

And this same friend that drove him to his doom was his own cousin, Lawley Grenville; nobody knew it but me, and young Sir Richard told me himself. He often used to come over to my lodge and have a chat about the dogs and the pheasants, for he knew that with all his faults I loved him.

Lawley was a good deal up at the manor after Sir Richard's funeral, and folks said he came a-courting Lady Winifred. He had got rich all at once, on account of an uncle in India he said had left him his fortune; but my belief was Lawley belonged to a good many clubs and—played cards at all of them.

Sir Richard would have liked the wedding well enough. Down at the manor Lawley was a perfect saint, and now that he was rich and next in succession, what could be better than for them to get married?

But Lady Winifred wouldn't hear of it; for little birds whispered that Lawley had a younger brother, Richard, christened after his godfather, handsome, they said, though I never saw him—handsome and without a penny, and so of course just the man as a girl'd throw herself away on.

Sir Richard he loved his daughter too much to force her to marry a man she didn't want to; but all the same he begged her, out of duty to him, and so save the estates, to wed her cousin Lawley. And then young Richard come down and said her father was right, and that she must marry his rich brother and forget him, and he would go away, even if it killed him. And sure enough he went away, and nobody heard anything about him afterwards, which was I thought carrying devotion a bit too far.

All the same Lady Winifred stuck out even against her own father (and I admired her for it), and though Lawley was always at the house now, she'd never so much as speak to him, except when she had to, in company.

ONE day I was coming home through the wood by Dead Man's Lane when I caught sight of Lady Winifred walking in the road, with him (Lawley) a-following her. He overtook her and spoke, and it seemed to me he tried to stop her; the wind was the other way, and I couldn't hear what he said, but she raised her face in terror and ran from him faltering.

He caught her again, and with a hideous laugh on his face as she screamed in agony, took her by the wrists and kissed her.

I'm not a quick man generally, but by heaven that was more than I could stand, and before I thought what I was a-doing I had jumped the hedge, and with the butt-end of my fowling-piece felled him to the ground.

He was like most other London dudes, and must have had a very soft head, for he dropped senseless and never moved or spoke again.

Of course they jailed me for the murder, and wanted to hang me the quickest way they could. I confessed I had killed him, but wouldn't tell why, for it wasn't likely I was going to bring Lady Winifred's name into it; and then she came down to the court and told them all she knew, with a lot of uncalled-for remarks about saving her honor, and things like that; so the jury couldn't very well help themselves, and brought it in only plain manslaughter, and the judge talked down at me like a father and was of the opinion that justice'd be satisfied if he gave me twenty years, and then I could come out a free man, though he didn't say that, just in time to crawl into a workhouse to die snug.

All the same that didn't suit my ticket, so when they was a-takin' me in the railway carriage, and the two policemen was a-feelin' tired and sitting back to have a smoke, I took the liberty of jumping out the window.

Naturally I hurt myself falling—that's why I always walk with a limp—but I managed to clear off before they could stop the train, and lay low, hidden in the woods. That was lucky for me. I was used to woods, and could turn where nobody could follow; and that's the way I reached London, walking at nights and living on leaves and blackberries. But it took me a month to do it.

In London I was pretty safe; but anyhow I streakled down to the docks the first day I could, and stowed away on a barque I heard a bloke say was sailing that same night.

I stopped down the hold as long as I could manage, and when I couldn't suffocate much more without croaking altogether, I commenced to tap on the hatches. I kept on tapping for about an hour, and then they knocked the battens off and hooked me out, and the captain kindly said that if he'd known it was only me he'd have let me rot there; but it seems he thought the cargo was on fire, and ordered the hold to be opened up to see where it was.

So he put me in irons for a day or two, and after that allowed me to work for my tucker, thoughtfully promising that he'd hoist the police flag for my benefit the first land we touched at, so as to learn 'em as his ship wasn't no hospital for stowaways.

But luckily we didn't sight land till we came to Melbourne, and that meant three months' tucker that I earnt and that I ate; and as soon as we made fast at Sandridge, and the skipper was ashore gettin' drunk, and the watchman enjoying his usual sleep on the gangway, I took the opportunity of leaving the ship without saying good-bye even to the bosun.

When I reached Queen's Wharf I got a job lumping; that bought me breakfast, and I concluded I'd stop there at any rate for the present, for I didn't think the old man of the tea-clipper'd take any trouble hunting up a runaway stowaway (there was always too many of them), and just then I didn't know where else to strike for.

THAT was where I met Dick. We were both down the hold of a great big British India boat unloading, and the other lumpers saw Dick was a new chum and started putting on him. He was strong but not used to that rough sort of graft, so I got next to him and helped him all I could filling his ropes.

And then the other fingers commenced larking and letting things fall where they'd hit us easy; so Dick knocked one chap down and me another, and that squared matters at once.

We was chums right away after that, and used to hunt up jobs together and loaf on the wharves together, and eat together when we could get the packin', but that was precious seldom.

And I allowed him to come and bunk next to me in a very nice corner I'd pegged out private behind shed No. 9, near the gas company's landing, where the moon was shaded, and the muskeeters didn't come in such crowds as general.

But just before the day I was a-tellin' you about, when the stevedore stumped up the terbaccer, things had been downright middlin'. For two whole days we hadn't tasted a smell of tucker, waiting for the Queensland boat, and then we lived a week on the bananas they chucked away into the gutter.

That's why we went on the wallaby, and on the wallaby we were with a vengeance. We struck the blooming cockies at the wrong time of the year; they didn't want no harvesters for another six months, and so weren't very lively handing out tucker. I got tired talking to 'em, so while Dick was skiteing in front to the missus about a drink of tea, I'd go round quiet to the back and rob the hen-roost.

Horrible, ain't it? You wait till a man's hungry and see whether he won't eat anything he can get, and any way he can get it.

AFTER we had tramped about 400 miles of starvation and sleeping wet, we anchored up the Riverina, right in the middle of the shearing. Then, you take my tip, we did real ripping; thirty bob a week and five meals a day. Hard work of course and plenty of it, but sound sleep in a hut with a real iron roof, and all day Sunday for washing your clothes.

When that came to an end we'd got a tent and was pitched up by a creek not far from Bendigo. Dick had been listening to the shearers' yarns, and reckoned

PURE GOLD—*Continued from page 70*

he was going to make a fortune gold-washing.

It's a good paying game sometimes. I knew a man from South Wales who got three bob a week out of it clear and kept the profit up for ten months; but he was a Scotchman and didn't waste none of his earnings, not even on porridge.

Dick wasn't a grasping sort of a chap, no way you like to put it; but lately he had come over real mean, hoarding every penny he could get hold of. I didn't know why till afterwards.

So we was pitched up by this here creek. I didn't care anyway, for we'd got enough notes to last us through the winter, and we could afford to sit back and smoke our pipes a bit. It was quiet enough too, and that was what I wanted; there wasn't a blessed soul in sight for five miles around, except a poor miserable Chinkie working on a deserted claim near by, earning a living where any other man would starve, and saving up the money to send his dead carcase back to China.

It was lonely and I liked it; I didn't work much now for I couldn't; I used to wander up the mountain where there was nothing but the blue sky between me and the living God, who knew I was innocent of the blood-shed.

Dick was all the day and half the night up to his waist in water with his little tin dish, and in the tent was a bag nearly full of shining dust that he used to look over every night before he turned into bunk.

The bag grew bigger and bigger until one morning it was full; and Dick with his lip trembling took it on his shoulder to carry in to the town storekeeper. I sat down to wait for him to come back, impatiently and with pain, for my heart was beating as fierce as his. Not for half of the gold he made me promise to take—gold wasn't much good to me now—but for his sake and the sake of the lady that he treasured in his heart as he treasured her photo in his bosom.

At sundown he came back without the bag, smiling and defiant.

"And the gold?" I asked him, as fearsome as a girl.

"Was mica, old man," he answered, "and not worth the trouble of carting."

He laughed, but a laugh that would make little children sob; then he knelt down where the bag used to be and did some kind of praying. He got up from his knees with a face like an angel, and forgetting I was there he took out the photo and kissed it fervently.

Then I caught sight of the face—it was the face of Lady Winifred Grenville!

Dick put the photo back reverently into his bosom, turned into bunk and went to sleep smiling like a child.

I, like the silly old fool that I am, rushed out into the night alone to make pretend that I wasn't crying. For now I understood it all. Dick was Richard Grenville, the brother of the man I had slain, and it was for Lady Winifred he was an exile—Lady Winifred that he loved and who loved him. He had gone away and had never known of his brother's murder, and all this while he was perhaps hoping that she was still waiting; for her he had toiled for the gold dust; for her he was breaking his heart this very night.

And I, his brother's murderer, was stumbling up the mountains among the rocks, never heeding where I went, only looking up to God to try to understand; when all at once my foot caught in a boulder and I was thrown heavily to the ground.

When I came to my senses I had forgotten; and gazing around distractedly to collect my thoughts I saw the stone I had fallen on glitter in the moonlight. I went up closer, and there, sure enough, where my boot had scratched the dirt off the corner, the stone was shining — yellow.

I thought of Dick and his mica and held my breath; I pinched myself for fear that I was dreaming, but all the while I knew that this was gold—gold! and the nugget as big as a man could carry.

Then I was afraid. Alone in the night, and with the awful silence of the wilderness upon the earth, a great fear came to me, and I drew back and tried to hide from it as it lay in the fading moonlight shining, sparkling through the dirt that covered it, a thing of evil or a spirit of good.

But with the first ray of the rising sun the light came to my heart, and all at once I knew what I had to do. I took up the stone and hugged it, and tossed it in the air with a shout, and ran back to the hollow as fast as I could travel.

I crept to the tent and peeped in. Dick was sleeping soundly, which was luck for me, and I waded to the middle of the creek and planted that nugget right where Dick used to work his washing. After that I felt better, and I slid in the tent like a wild-cat and turned in quick without any noise.

None too soon; the sun was well up and Dick commenced to rub his eyes. That was my time for chipping in with a ghastly snore to show Dick how fast asleep I had been all night. The performance seemed to satisfy him too, for he shouted out as cheerful as he always was—

"I say, Jim, old man, it's not Sunday every day you know."

I turned round surly as if I didn't like being roused and said—

"Why can't you let a man alone, Dick; there ain't no call for getting up what I'm aware of."

"You're right that time," answered Dick; and the way he spoke I felt sorry I'd said it.

"Jim," he said, after a bit, "I must earn money; there's nothing but mica and gum leaves to get here, so I vote we shift camp and get a job fencing."

"Shift camp when you like," I observed slow and careless-like; "but there don't seem to me to be any hurry to start jogging while that half-a-sheep we've got lasts out. Look here, Dick," I blurted out a bit awkward, "I had a curious sort of dream last night about what a black told me about this same here creek, and if you'll take my tip you'll just paddle in just the same as usual with the tin pan, till I can get fixed up to move the tent."

Dick had heard that tale, too; a roustabout at the last shearing shed we were in got hold of a black gin and made her drunk, and she had pitched a yarn that made some of us fairly jump. Up in the mountains, she said, where she was born, the river sprang out of the ground right from the middle of the earth, and when any of the kings died they held a corroborree over him and dropped him clean down the hole slick to heaven—or the other place, and all around this here hole there was a ring of great nuggets of solid gold, which were sacred and didn't ought to be touched, and any man as went near as wasn't allowed got speared in the back.

Now I reckoned in my dream, as I told Dick, that all these corpses of kings sort of corked up the hole so as the river couldn't run up free, and at last there got so much water down there wherever it was, that it burst out like a bottle of beer as someone had shook too much, and came down in a torrent washing all them nuggets with it.

I could see Dick was laughing, but he said he'd try till beakfast-time just to satisfy me.

"I don't care, Jim," he said, "if you want any mica, I'll get it for you; you go halves as usual, eh?"

I didn't like to say no, or else he might have suspected something, so I just stooped over and laced my boot up and Dick went out whistling and didn't see as my clothes were wringing wet.

I was trembling like a baby as I watched him through a slit in the canvas. He got to the edge of the creek and amused himself half an hour chucking stones at the rabbits on the other side, then turned his pants up and started in.

He struck the nugget first time; got it fair under his dish and lifted it. He looked at it curious and laughed; then turned it over and caught sight of the yellow corner as I had chipped. Then he laughed again, and got it on his shoulder to chuck it away; but I guess he thought he'd have the laugh on me and came over with it to the tent.

I made out I wasn't taking any notice, and pretended I was mixing a damper,

Continued on page 72

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PURE GOLD—*Continued from page 71*

so he clapped me on the back and said—

"Here you are, Jim, the famous nugget you dreamt about. Ten tons of mica, and not worth threepence."

I took it up and pretended to look at it carelessly, and said: "So that dream's settled all right. Anyhow it'll do to keep a corner of the tent down when there's too much wind."

And I went on punching the damper as if that job was jobbed. But I was thinkin gall the while, and I said: "Dick, there ain't no salt left for this blessed damper; you might nip over to the Chinaman and get a pinch."

And just as he was going I added, as I knocked off a speck of the nugget with the iron tip of my boot; "and while you're there, just ask the Chinkie what sort of mica gets in nuggets." He took the dust and went over, and I continued kneading that there damper, which was a miserable failure after all.

All of a sudden Dick burst into the tent, threw himself on his bunk and was blubbering like a baby.

"Jim!" he cried, "It's pure gold, pure gold; Jim, it's gold, gold, *gold!*" And he started up dancing and singing out "Winnie, Winnie!" and I thought the poor fellow had gone clean crazy for joy.

Then he took me by the shoulders and with his eyes ablaze said: "Dear old Jim, our fortune's made!"

"You're fortune, you mean," I answered. "I never found the stone, and I don't want nothing to do with it."

"Jim," he said, quite stern, "we've been chums through thick and thin up to now, and if you don't take half of that nugget I'll throw it back in the river again."

Then he sat down and told me he was in love with a lady named Winnie (as if I didn't know all that before), and he was too poor to ask her, but he knew she loved him all the same, and now he was going prospecting for the rest of those nuggets, and when he found them all he'd go back to England and marry her.

There might have been more nuggets up there—I can't say, for I never looked, and ain't never agoin' to; but I reckoned we had got enough and told Dick so.

I said as I reckoned he'd got quite enough money to marry on, and if the lady loved him he didn't ought to wait to get any more (for I knew he'd come into his brother's money too, as soon as he got back home); and I pitched it in strong about how wretched the poor girl must be all alone, and how it was only his duty to go and see her right off, and how perhaps she was thinking he was dead or had forgotten her, and was crying her eyes out for lack of news.

That last settled Dick; and without saying any more we humped it into Bendigo with the nugget stowed in our swag and sold it at the bank for more thousands of pounds than I'd like to mention.

Then we spent our last night together—champagne and free drinks to everyone in the hotel—and before we went to bed I told Dick why I should stop in the bush because of the blood on my hands. But Dick was true even at that; and his lips were white as we gripped goodbye at the railway station next day.

I HAD to smoke a good many pipes when I got back to the tent again before I managed to eat much, and then I settled down quiet, mooning round the mountains, wondering how long it'd take me to die and trying to forget I had killed a man. The money that Dick had made me take would have kept a hundred men like me; I buried what I didn't want, and didn't speak to a soul except when I went to the store to buy my tucker.

I had got used to that sort of solitary life, and was beginning to sleep without dreaming, when one day a man rode up to the tent, a boundary rider on the station, and shouted out—

"Jim Morris, that's your name ain't it? Well then here's a letter for yer. Catch hold of it quick for I'm late; and a merry Christmas to you."

It was Christmas day and I didn't know it; and he galloped off leaving the letter in my hands. It had English stamps on it, and opening it in the blazing sunshine, I read—

"Dear Old Chum Jim:

I was married to my Winifred this morning.

We are alone at last; but before we go to rest we are writing to you.

We know now who you are; of the nugget; and of the other thing, and we are praying God to bless you forever and ever.

We shall never forget the hero dying alone by the dismal river at the other end of the world.

God bless you!

Richard Grenville."

And underneath in a lady's writing—

"I have kissed your forehead on the paper here."

There was no one else in sight, so I went over and shook hands with the Chinaman.

BREAD OF DESPAIR—*Continued from page 6*

Treading softly, Richard went back into the bedroom. Beatrice forced a smile for him—a smile that took hold of his heart cruelly. He put all the clothes they owned over her, and then he lifted the bed clear of the bedstand and carried her into the kitchen. In less than half an hour he had taken down the bedstand and put it up again close to the stove. The room where they had slept was too bitterly cold for a person not in health.

That done, he made some gruel from the cornmeal, but when he held a cup to her lips she turned her head away with an expression of loathing. Then it was that all the bitterness of their situation, all the reasons for it and the possible end, struck home to Richard Dorion. Of course the matter had been clear enough before, but it was the look upon the face of Beatrice as she tasted the gruel that stirred his soul: so that all the hatred of which he was capable turned toward the author of their misfortunes, and all the strength of that hatred impelled him to action.

Yet, for the sake of Beatrice, he must not permit a madness of vengeance to possess him. The one chance for her life lay with Pierre Robidoux, and if he would give them the chance Dorion resolved to take it and forget the injuries of the past—provided she were saved. The chance lay in wine, good food, and perhaps a physician from Petit Rocher. Even if Dorion had possessed a horse so that he could have made the journey to the village and back in a day, he would not have dared to go because of the fire. Fire might hold in the cook stove for two hours, but after that the kitchen would grow cold; and long before he could return with aid the end would have come. The only human being within reach was Robidoux, and Dorion resolved to give him choice between succor or——

Of the alternative Richard did not think definitely; he knew only the general result to the man whom he regarded as no better than a murderer. So he crammed the fire-box of the stove with wood, pressed his lips to the forehead of his wife, and explained, in answer to the question in her eyes, that he would be back within an hour. He went forth, and to the woods.

It was a fair day, bright, although biting cold, and Dorion knew that he could expect his employer early. This was well, for a trip on foot to the house of Pierre would have occupied half a day, and that was not to be thought of on account of the fire. Richard hurried and found relief when he found himself in the clearing ahead of the other man. He sent his axe quivering into a stump, and for the first time considered ways and means in the event of Pierre Robidoux refusing him. His glance fell upon the mouth of the cave where he had so often warmed himself; he observed a large boulder near by, and became filled with something akin to inspiration.

Dorion took a quick step and halted, breathless, as the details of a plan unfolded itself to him. He leaped for his

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BREAD OF DESPAIR—*Continued from page 72*

axe and cut an oak sapling, thick as a man's wrist and ten feet long. He was trimming it with rapid blows when the sound of *bottes sauvages* crunching the snow of the road made him turn. Robidoux had come, wearing a scowl. He put down his axe and advanced, pointing to the sapling.

"You won't earn anything this month if you spend your time fooling with sticks of that size."

Richard dropped the pole. He tried to move forward casually, and to control his face and voice.

"Robidoux," he said, "Madame Dorion is very ill this morning."

The expression of the man's eyes changed, and Dorion wondered if he saw in them a glint of satisfaction.

"Very ill?" unemotionally.

"So ill that I am sure she will die if she does not have at once some wine, such food as the sick need, and a physician from Petit Rocher." Richard paused to drive the huskiness from his voice. "Will you go and get these for her—I cannot leave the fire?"

"Have you got the money to pay for such luxuries?" The question, asked with the trace of a sneer, was maddening.

"No! Will you go?"

"Dorion, you are too poor to afford a wife——."

"Will you go?" repeated Dorion. The axe had twitched in his hand.

"If your pretty little wife belonged to a man with money, now, she would not be ill. A man who could give her plenty of pork and potatoes——."

What was in the mind of Pierre Robidoux, Dorion did not know to a certainty, either then or at any other time. At the moment he only knew that the words and tone of the man he hated set rage blazing through him. The hand that held his axe rose and straightened out too swiftly for the eye to see, and the blunt head of the five-pound piece of steel drove into the pit of Robidoux's stomach. He threw up his arms, reeled and collapsed. His legs jerked and became still; and Dorion knew that it would be many minutes before consciousness came back to him—and when it would he would wish that the blade, instead of the axe-head, had struck him.

Dorion seized his enemy by the shoulders and dragged him into the cave; then he began to prepare for the moment when Pierre should open his eyes.

The cave was small in area and low as to ceiling—a kind of inverted, rock-walled bowl. A man could sit squatted upon his haunches or crawl about, but could not stand erect. At one side, where Dorion had made a rough fire-place, there was a rift going up through the ledge. This served to carry off smoke, but it was no bigger than the leg of a man. This and the entrance, were the only openings. On one side Dorion had piled sufficient small wood to keep the fire for a day or two. It was an ideal shelter—and prison.

Richard got a hardwood butt for a purchase, and then inserted one end of his pole under the boulder beside the entrance. It was no light task to place the rock in front of the opening to the cave; but he did it at length, and in such a manner that a generous space was left at one corner. He wanted that space through which to communicate with Pierre Robidoux, but he made certain that it was not large enough to permit passage to a man's shoulders.

When Pierre's prison had been made secure, Richard Dorion hurried back to his home, with grim satisfaction. Despite the greatness of his sorrow and fear, there was a kind of terrible joy in the thought that his wife could be avenged.

The eyes of Beatrice opened at his entrance, but she did not speak. He saw that she was growing weaker, and his feeling of helplessness, as she went slowly away from him, made him fill the stove with feverish haste and hurry out again. Soon it would be time for Robidoux to awaken.

On the return, Dorion carried with him an old sack, and when he came to a ledge that faced the south, and where, at midday, the snow sometimes melted a little, he dug down to earth and searched until he found half a dozen small stones. These he put into the sack and took with him to the cave.

A glance at the small opening told him that Robidoux had returned to consciousness, for the interior was lighted by a fire. Richard put down his sack and spoke the name of the prisoner. Several seconds passed before an answer came:

"Well, what do you want?"

"I want help for my wife." The voice of Dorion rose and broke under pressure of his misery. "Will you give it, or will you die in there?"

He looked forward to a possibility of success, but the reply drove this hope utterly from his mind.

"I'll do neither! You'll let me out of here when you find you can't rob me." Robidoux was no more excited than he had been when he last refused aid. "I didn't expect just this—but I thought you might make trouble about your pay, and I told the mayor of Petit Rocher, that you would try to do me harm."

"Sacre!" cried Richard. "What good will that do your corpse?"

"There won't be any corpse, my good rascal. You don't dare. If I disappear you'll swing for it, and you won't be fool enough to risk your neck for a woman."

With the final vanishing of hope, Dorion became steadier. Since it was impossible to get anything from this partner of the devil, he might as well start homeward without more parley. If Pierre should become convinced, after a day or two in the cave, it would in all probability be too late to save Beatrice.

"Robidoux!" Richard opened out the sack and took out a stone. "I bid you farewell. And I am going to give you bread of the same sort that you gave my wife and me. Gnaw it, when you have drawn up your belt to the last hole, and think of us!"

He hurled the stone through the opening—and brought a howl from Pierre. Then he threw the others, clattering one by one to the rock floor of the cavern. He rose and walked away, followed by curses from the now unleashed temper Robidoux.

Beatrice was awake when he returned, but her eyes, which greeted him with the radiance of love, closed soon afterward; and through all that day she either slept or lay in silence, while Richard Dorion awaited the inevitable with an agony that was all the greater because of his powerlessness. If he had dared to leave the fire for so long, he would have gone to the house of Robidoux on the chance of finding some plunder there—but such a thing was not to be thought of.

That morning, when he first realized her illness, he had breathed hurried prayers; but now the desire to pray was not in him. Sometimes he sat by the stove, head in hands, in the apathy of despair; often he went out of doors into the still cold and walked and walked up and down the hard-packed road that led to the forest. What was to become of him after life left the body of his wife he did not care—death would be welcome, he felt, and he wished bitterly that he might have convinced Pierre Robidoux. But how could a beast understand love!

It was late afternoon, and close to the hour of the beginning of darkness, when Beatrice drew Richard to her with a whispered word. He knelt beside the bed and took one of her hands gently. For minutes she seemed to be wrestling with herself, gathering strength. At length she spoke faintly, but with clearness of purpose and understanding.

"I know, my soul, how you suffer, and that you can do nothing. Be tranquil. I have faith that there is only goodness in your heart, my husband, and that we shall be together somewhere and forever."

That was the end of her strength. Dorion buried his face in the blankets: then he leaped up and flung himself out of the room. He raised his fists toward the pale sky of the evening, and it was in his heart to volley curses at Heaven. But between two breaths a change went through him; it was as though a cool hand had been placed upon his forehead—out of his memory of the farewell of Beatrice stood the words: "I have faith that there is only goodness in your heart." Lightning is not more swift than the path his thoughts took, backward

Continued on page 74

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BREAD OF DESPAIR—Continued from page 73

through the events of that day and the emotions that he had permitted himself. What heart of goodness was there in him who had condemned his enemy to death by starvation? How stricken would be the wife whom he loved if she were to know! He could not let her die with the secret of his dark deed between them.

Without cap or mittens, Dorion started for the forest, running. How long the road! At length he was forced to walk, panting; and it was well for him and for the man whose life he controlled that he reached the cave with a measure of breath restored. For before the aperture at the side of a boulder stood a gray wolf, gaunt and desperate from hunger; strong enough to pull down a man. The wolf knew his own power, and the demands of his flat stomach drove him to the trial of it. At the sight of Dorion he moved backward only to crouch and spring.

The knife of Dorion was no more than half-way out of its sheath when the wolf launched itself. His teeth went through jacket and shirts and into the muscles of the arm flung up to meet him; then the knife ripped upward. Three times Dorion struck, as he staggered under the weight of the beast, before his point reached the vital spot. Then the jaws relaxed and the body fell, to roll and writhe an instant before it stiffened out in death.

Richard Dorion took no thought of his victory. He seized the lever, lying where he had dropped it, and set one end under the boulder that closed Robidoux's prison. A heave of his shoulders and the stone turned. He stood back and called out in a loud voice that had no emotion:

"Come out! you are free!"

Slowly, on hands and knees, Pierre issued from the cave; his head turned inquiringly toward Dorion. Lines that had not been there before were chiselled in his face—Richard noted them even in the dimming light—and in the eyes was the look of one who has felt the presence of death. He rose up and stood uncertainly, but with hands at his side.

"Go!" commanded Dorion, and he wondered that he could speak so calmly. Without waiting to see whether his command were obeyed, he himself turned and started out of the forest, running steadily in order that he might gain a few moments thereby at the bedside of his wife. No word came from Robidoux, back there with the dead wolf.

Into the house where the dusk had already gathered, ran Dorion, pierced by the sudden fear that the end had come more swiftly than he. But it had not; nor was it yet near. He saw this when the mellow light of a lamp fell upon her face, and he saw also that some transcendant happiness was with her. She spoke to him:

"You have made me happy!"

He thought that she meant their life together, and stroked her hand in answer. There was a sudden clutch at his throat that would not let him speak.

"You have not done the thing you had in mind to do," she told him.

Awed, he spoke huskily:

"How did you know?"

"It was in your face, my Richard, that you planned evil to Pierre Robidoux. And now—and now it is in your face that you are greater than evil!"

He bent until his face was close to her's, and in order that she might not see the wetness of his eyes; her fingers touched his hair, grown long during service to the miser. Thus they remained for a time of which Dorion took no count. He knew only that the precious minutes were going; for the clock ticked, the fire snapped.

At length Dorion got up; the fire must not go out. Not now, for Beatrice would remain with him that night at least. Her eyes followed with adoration. He had lifted a stick of wood, when the kitchen door was thrown open and into the room tramped Pierre Robidoux.

Not the Pierre Robidoux whose vicious eyes had once followed Beatrice's graceful movements about the house. This was a new man; one who spoke with the accent of a spirit tempered and re-wrought. He placed a basket upon the table.

"Black currant wine," he said, "Cognac. The unskimmed milk of my cow for Madame. And——."

"Robidoux!" Richard sprang forward. At the sight of that which meant life for Beatrice a trembling seized all of his body. His hands fumbled uselessly as he tried to open a bottle of wine. "Robidoux! You have saved my wife!"

Pierre Robidoux paused in the work of unloading his basket. He looked from Richard to Beatrice.

"The wolf would have entered the cave in ten seconds more," he said. "I myself have eaten today of the bread of despair, and never again will I put it into the mouth of another!"

CHRISTMAS AT ROYCROFT MANOR

Continued from page 13

"Oh yes, indeed, To be sure," he answered with heavy sarcasm, "some interesting conversations have been wafted my way this evening. I have a fairly good idea of what my neighbors think of me, and I daresay their estimate is correct, in the main. They set me down for ten different kinds of a fool, and I can think of ten more kinds that haven't occurred to them, but that fit the case quite as well," he finished bitterly.

"How dare they! They're not fit to stand beside you!"

"Steady on, steady on, my dear; I'm not so sure of that. A fellow's neighbors generally have him sized up pretty well, I've noticed. At any rate, I've made up my mind to go away for a while, and try to learn sense, if I can."

There was a little silence. Then a very small voice:

"Hereward...."

"Uh-huh?"

"Ha-haven't you forgotten something?"

"Forgotten something? whadda-ya-mean?" he repeated, genuinely bewildered.

"Hereward Percival Redmond," flared Beatrice, suddenly exasperated, "Am I going to have to propose to you?"

Home for Xmas

TRADITIONS of the Old Country such as the "Roast-Beef of Old England," the haggis of Scotland and the ever renowned ball of plum-pudding cause many throughout Canada and the United States to stop, look and listen when the subject of Christmas looms up.

"Home for Christmas" is a thought uppermost in many minds from the Pacific to the Atlantic and it is anticipated as the result of a successful harvest and the general optimistic trend that the holiday rush to Europe will be considerably greater than in previous years.

To its traditional "Xmas Sailings," the Canadian Pacific Steamships have assigned four liners, scheduled to leave St. John, N.B., on December 7th, 13th, 14th and 15th, all landing their passengers at destination in ample time for the Christmas season.

The S.S. Montclare will be the first liner to leave St. John, N.B., for Liverpool on December 7th, and will be followed on December 13th by the S.S. Melita bound for Cherbourg, Southampton and Antwerp; the S.S. Montcalm to Liverpool on December 14th; the S.S. Marloch to Belfast and Glasgow on December 15th.

In addition to these four sailings, the schedule of Canadian Pacific arrivals and departures at St. John, N.B., shows a number of 36 round voyages, or a grand total of 40, this being an increase of six over the corresponding past winter season. The S.S. Melita will make four trips to Cherbourg, Southampton and Antwerp; the S.S. Minnedosa will maintain the same service during three trips; the S.S. Marburn will make two trips to Glasgow calling at Liverpool, followed by two trips direct to Glasgow; the Marloch will also make two voyages direct to Glasgow. The Montrose will call at Glasgow on her first trip only, making Liverpool her destination on subsequent voyages.

The Liverpool service shows the greatest number of sailings, the Montclare being scheduled for five trips, the Montcalm for four trips, the Montlaurier for four trips and the Montrose for four trips, calling at Glasgow on one of them.

BORROWED UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 11

the dolls was the little girl, Ruth, whom she had borrowed from the Children's Aid in the city. She noticed that each doll had a slip of paper pinned on an arm and that this slip of paper bore a name, evidently that particular doll's name. On the window at the end of the room was printed in big white letters, "Doll Shop."

Next night she dreamed almost the same thing. And the next. The dreams stayed with her through the days.

On Christmas Day even as she was revelling in the dear delightedness of Ruth and Elspie something seemed to click in her brain, as though a picture had been "exposed" and now "time was up" to "snap" it—"Why couldn't I start a doll store!" Her brain said, "I've never heard of a shop of—just dolls; but I expect they have them in the big cities. Oh—I'd love it! A shop like I had in my dream. Different from any other shop that ever was. Just a homey room with dolls scattered about in 'really' attitudes—as though living there. And each doll with a name of its own and as much individuality as possible. Oh, yes—I have it! A little typewritten story in a dainty wee envelope to go with each doll! Something like I told Ruth about Elspie. I remember she said, "It's lovely for dolls to have stories—Do all dolls have stories?"

And at the close of that child-filled and heart-comforted Christmas Day, long after Ruth with Elspie cuddled beside her lay sleeping the heavy sleep of a heart-filled and a stomach-filled Christmas-over child, Marjorie sat before her fire, even into the twenty-sixth of December, and planned her doll store. Her plannings climaxed thus:

"The cork's out anyhow—I may as well do one more ridiculous thing. I first bought me a doll, then borrowed a Christmas child—now for the doll shop! I've been teaching school a year and I, candidly, do not like it. I'll resign tomorrow. Tell the trustees I'm going in a month anyhow—that's legal, and they may as well let me off, be easier to get a teacher now. I've only one thousand dollars in the whole world—it's a venture! What if I lose? I can't afford to lose but—it's something to live for and it will help keep alive my enthusiasms. I'll go under sure if I let them go—if I lose every interest!"

She reached for Jim's picture.

"Oh—Jim, Jim—I believe you know!" she whispered through her mist. Perhaps you and God planned it to give me back something to interest me—to give me back life. Perhaps you two together planned the dream—Ruth—Elspie! I remember how you said O, Jim! those very last days 'Old girl, never let your enthusiasms die out.'"

* * * * * *

IN just two week's time Marjorie had found her little house in the city. "It seems as though it had been made for me," she said over and over again. The only "little" house on that street it was—just as if it had been dropped down there between those two semi-mansions. Four rooms and a tiny bath, ready furnished for thirty dollars a month. The front was really one room divided by folding doors. The door opened directly into their own little living room, folding doors left partly ajar in the day-time revealed the doll's living room. They had been there two weeks and already the room looked almost like the dream-room, with dolls scattered about in an every-day natural sort of way. And now she had worked during those two weeks to complete her hundred dolls—yes, one hundred, that had been her venture.

It certainly seemed as though the thought she had somehow hugged to herself in secret must be true, that Jim and the kind Father above were planning a way to bring happiness again to her life—Jim had always been a great one to plan delightful surprises and in thinking first of others—anyhow, the way seemed opening up; or as some would say, "Luck was with her."

The very day she moved in and before she had started in on the details

Continued on page 76

From PRODUCER

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HOME PUBLISHING CO., LTD., Winnipeg.

BORROWED UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 75

of her shop she all at once remembered Mrs. Canning! Mrs. Canning had been her English teacher in the Eastern College who had left there to become Editor of the Women's Page in a Western paper and now Marjorie just remembered that the home of that paper was this very city.

"I'll go and see her, if she's still on the job, and try and persuade her to give me a nice write-up on her page," at once determined the doll-lady. Off she sped.

Mrs. Canning at once remembered her.

"Oh, its Marjorie Stanfield, I declare if it isn't!" she exclaimed in delight. "I know you're Mrs. Some-one-or-another now! I can't remember who. Now I have it—you married a medical student; a doctor, of course—Jim Glendenning! It's all coming back. But—oh, my dear! Didn't he go to the war and—and—and wasn't he hurt or something?"

"He died of pneumonia six months after we were married, got it when he went to see his first country patient," answered Marjorie in tense tones. "It was my brother Tom—my only brother who went to the war and was killed—and—and—and mother died from the shock and father not long after. After—I got over it a little I came West to teach, just a year ago. I had no one left belonging to me."

"Oh, my dear—I'm so sorry! You see you're not in mourning and I had not heard it all."

"Mourning! What kind of mourning could I wear for all that!" Her tone had grown bitter now. "Unless it was this"—pointing to her crimson-velvet flower-covered toque—"the color of a bleeding heart! Though that isn't why I wear this."

"Mother Marjorie mustn't cry. Tell her about the dollies and—Elspie and—your borrowed-over-Christmas little girl," chirped a wee voice beside her, for of course Marjorie had taken Ruth along.

This brought the doll-lady back to present conditions. So she told her story, including even her ownership of a doll.

It made Mrs. Canning both cry and laugh.

"How lovely! How sweet! How brave!" was her first acknowledgment of the story. "What a grand write-up it will make for my Saturday page. You'll let me tell it all, will yon not? About buying the doll to help you over Christmas, and borrowing the little girl to match, about your dream and all, please—please! I need not give your name. My dear, it will make your doll store an assured success. I'm sure of it—It will be famous. Phone me the very minute you are ready and I'll go right out, photograph it and all."

* * * * * *

DR. HARRY BURTON of the little town of Havelock had just come in from his daily-round on a Saturday night. He was getting out of his big coon-skin coat when his little five year old daughter, Aileen, came bounding into the hall.

"Daddy! Daddy! Did you get the funny paper?"

"Sure—Chick. Here it is, open it out and hunt up the funny page while I take a wash and then I'll be right on the job."

"Daddy, don't read the funny page first," pleaded this contradictory Miss a few moments later as she cuddled up closely on his knee, the two sitting on the big leather easy-chair before the cosy grate fire. "Read about this picture—isn't it a lovely picture! See all the dollies and the nice little girl having a tea-party with them there—hurry up, Daddy, and read all about it!"

So, Dr. Harry Burton read the write-up about Marjorie Glendenning's Doll Shop.

"Isn't it a beautiful story!" commented the little listener.

"You see, Chick, we're not the only lonesome folk in the world."

BORROWED UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS—*Continued from page 76*

"Say, Daddy, may I send for a doll right away? She says any little girl can have one if they send—how much is it, Daddy?"

"Twenty-five cents, fifty or a dollar."

"Daddy, Daddy, write me a letter right away."

"Sure, Chick, what shall I say?" and he reached for paper.

"Say,

Dear Doll Lady:

Have you any dollies for this much money what is called Patsy? That is for a girl. I would like her to have brown eyes like my daddy's. And be sure to have a string of beads on her what the borrowed-till-after Christmas little girl strung, like the paper says she does for all the dolls. And send her very quick, please, for I can't wait.

Aileen."

"Why that's a lovely letter, darling—Oh, I believe I know what—I'm awfully interested in that doll-story too, Chick. I'd like to see just what that doll-lady is like and I've got to go to the city tomorrow morning in the very first train to see Jake in the hospital there—suppose I take your letter to her."

"Oh, daddy! Oh, daddy! Take me too, daddy. Please, oh please! I'll get up early—so early!"

* * * * * *

IT was eight o'clock on the Monday morning of the opening of the Doll Store, Marjorie and Ruth had just completed breakfast when the door-bell rang.

"It can't be anyone to see the dolls so early, surely," exclaimed the doll-lady all excitement.

"I'm sure it is! I'm sure it is!" answered the borrowed little girl dancing about in her excitement.

"Please—please, may I go sit on my little rocking chair in the window with Elsie on my knee and string beads like the newspaper woman told us?"

"Surely—run along, quick."

Marjorie opened the door with considerable perturbation and discovered standing on the outside, a big man in a coon-coat and the twinkliest brown eyes she had ever seen. By his side was a diminutive figure in brown velvet and white fur.

"Pardon me but—we came about dolls," explained the coon-coated individual. "This is their home is it not? And I presume you are the doll-lady"—his tones were very solemn also business-like, but the brown-twinkles belied the solemnity.

"Have you got any little dollies called Patsy what wants me for a mother and is that the borrowed-till-after-Christmas girl in the window stringing beads?" chimed in the brown-velvet little girl.

"I expect we are your first customers?" enquired Dr. Harry as they were ushered into the "doll's living-room."

"Indeed you are. I didn't expect business to start so early but, of course—"

"Well, we're glad to be first. We wanted to be and hoped your first customers would bring you good-luck."

They did. But stayed longer than any of the others.

* * * * * *

NEXT Saturady evening the program at Dr. Harry Burton's house in Havelock was almost a repetition of the one on the preceding Saturday.

"Daddy, have you got the newspaper? Please hurry up and see if it says anything more about the doll-shop?"

Daddy turned and found this advertisement.

"Wanted

A little girl with blue eyes to be a big-sister to a little blue-eyed doll, called Peggy. Beads and slippers to match her eyes (50 cents)."

Monday morning brought Marjorie forty-two letters all wanting Peggies. The first one opened had the Havelock post-mark. It was in a man's handwriting and said:

"Dear Doll-Lady:

Here's fifty cents. Send Peggy by the very first mail for I'd love to be a big

sister to her and will try awful hard not to let her be lonesome. So will my daddy. We'll give her a tea-party the very first day. Please hurry and send her.

Aileen."

Every Monday morning a somewhat similar letter came from Aileen asking for the doll which had been specialized in the Saturday advertisement.

But five weeks later there was no Monday morning order from Havelock. Marjorie found herself somewhat relieved for she was feeling frightfully afraid that the big brown eyed doctor was patronizing her for philanthropic reasons. All the same there was a keen sense of disappointment at the absence of the envelope addressed in that now well-known big sprawling masculine hand writing.

But it was only ten minutes after the postman had gone that the door-bell rang, and there was—Dr. Harry.

"I've come in person this time you see. The head of the house says this is an unusual order"—handing Marjorie a small pink letter. "She and the housekeeper concocted it. It's a secret to me so I'd better wait till you see the extent of it's demands."

Smilingly Marjorie opened the little pink envelope and read from the childish printing there:

"I want, awful bad, twin dollies what have long baby dresses on like what my father took to Mike Flaherty's. Please make them have the same kind of names as his: Nora and Tim. Mrs. Timmins is fixing me up two bottles for them. They've got milk inside."

"It's a good thing all my customers haven't got doctor papa's," she said, "or I'm afraid—"

"May I read it?"

As he did so the lonesome gray eyes of the doll-lady became almost as twinkly as the brown ones bent on the pink note.

"I'm just afraid I'm not prepared for such a wholesale order," she stammered, "But I'll get busy right away and prepare—the twins."

"That will be fine," laughed back he. "I'm to be in the city all day and can call on my way to the six train."

But there came up a terrible snow-storm so the doctor rushed his business and arrived at the doll-store about four o'clock a veritable snow-man in appearance. Of course the inmates were not expecting him so soon and were seizing the opportunity that the too-stormy-for-customer-time permitted them and indulging in afternoon tea. Dr. Burton saw it all through the window as he hurried up the steps: The little kindergarten red table drawn up in front of the blazing grate-fire, about it three little red chairs occupied by the Doll-Lady, the borrowed-little-girl, and Elspie, the originator of all this now thriving doll-business.

The doll-lady was pouring out steaming tea from a tea-pot of buttercup colored Devonshire china into two dainty real-sized cups, white decorated inside and out with gay yellow primroses.

"It's a marked contrast to the dreariness of the elements," thought the man as he glanced hungrily at the warm home-like picture inside. "It's a pathetic little picture though," his thoughts continued, "somehow it reminds me of that gray-bird I saw along there that insisted on singing in spite of this howling snow-storm—" and it was actually a tear that froze on the sturdy doctor's cheek (though doctors are so often credited with having no feelings) but in spite of the tear his heart was strangely warm.

In five minutes time the storm was all forgotten, afternoon tea was resumed with only this alteration,—Elspie was in Ruth's lap, the big first customer occupied Elspie's little red chair and was drinking from a primrose cup.

Three weeks later when another trip to the city called for a night's stay-over, Dr. Burton called at the doll-store in the evening with another commission from Aileen, this time for a grandmother doll.

But the house was in utter darkness. No gay little fire-side tea-party to be seen this time. Even the window shades were down.

"She's surely not moved!" he said aloud in almost the same tone he would have used if a "sure-to-recover" patient had died, even as he was announcing to him the "as-good-as-new-in-a-few-days" fact.

But he rang the bell, No answer. He rang again, and again. Then he heard a step. The door slowly opened a little way.

"Are you a doll customer?" questioned a faint muffled-like voice. "Well, I'm sorry, but we're not doing business tonight"—This last in what seemed to the doctor a heart-broken tone.

"Well, you'll let me in, please, Mrs. Glendenning"—and as he said it Dr. Burton without further invitation entered.

"Oh, its Dr. Burton,—I—I—"

"May I—please—turn on the light and—tell me what's the trouble? I know there is trouble."

Without waiting for permission he turned on the light, thus revealing a weeping-eyed, sad-eyed, lonesome-eyed little lady with all her brightness flown, her mass of almost raven-black hair a touzled, crumpled mass, making the pale little face below with lips all aquiver appear but a ghost of the piquant, enthusiastic doll-lady. He saw at a glance that she had been lying on the lounge evidently in the abandonment of grief, the crumpled cushions gave evidence of a recent tear-bath.

"It's Ruth," she explained at once. "Oh, doctor, she's gone! Her aunt came in on the three o'clock train and they left for California on the five."

"Oh, I'm so sorry—but—but you've really had her much longer than you expected have you not! We'll hunt you up another, see if we don't—and—and—"

"Doctor, I—I couldn't—not yet anyhow. You see I knew she'd have to go sometime. But it was so sudden. Her aunt just came from England and was going right on to California. She meant to come the very first year but when she learned Ruth had such a good home with me and that I was so anxious to keep her awhile she left it until she could settle up her affairs better. And then the word she did send when she'd decided never reached me. So she's gone, and I—I seem to have lost all interest in my dolls."

He had noticed that, for the first time the folding doors between the rooms were closed.

"Oh pardon me, doctor, for being so thoughtless and selfish. Sit down and tell me about Aileen. I expect she wants a doll of some kind"—the voice was still very pathetic.

"She surely does. This time it's a grandmother doll, and woe to me if I return without it." ("Perhaps I may win back her enthusiasm," he was thinking, "and make her stop missing Ruth so.") "Have you a grandmother?" he said in his very crispest everyday tone.

She smiled a pathetic little smile as she answered. "Why that was the very last kind Ruth and I planned. We were to advertise it on Saturday—isn't it strange! I'll get you one."

She hadn't more than turned on the light in the doll-room when a violent ring came at the door-bell. And almost along with the ring the door hastily opened. "Pardon me if I come right in," apologised the somewhat breathless lady. "I saw the light in the shop—did you hear that Edna was sick? We've been so anxious. And all at once she took

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Bannatyne Ave., - Winnipeg.

BORROWED UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS—Continued from page 77

a notion she must have a baby-doll to keep her company in bed; so I had to come. Have you any baby-ones?"

And, Mrs. Glendenning reached to a tiny cradle under a fern on the table and lifted out a baby-doll.

As she opened the outer door for her customer and before she had time to slip the lock two more ladies, former customers, rushed up the steps.

"Oh, Mrs. Glendenning, please let us in!" exclaimed one. "We know you are not supposed to do business at night, but we saw your light. And you see we're going on the early morning train and nothing would do Helen but that she must have your latest doll to take along as a travelling companion—What was it you were advertising this Saturday?"

"A grandmother"—and actually a little twinkle came as she said it.

"How delightful! The very thing!"

Then the customers sat down and began a detailed explanation of their proposed journey.

Dr. Burton, now in the living-room, impatiently looked at his watch, then reached hurriedly for his hat.

"Could I have Aileen's grandmother now, please. I have an appiontment very shortly."

Mrs. Glendenning excused herself to the visiting customers, hurried to bring him his doll and went with him to the door, saying in an undertone, "I'm so glad you came just tonight, doctor you've—helped."

He shook hands detaining hers awhile as he looked into the sad gray eyes and said ever so gently, "Will you let me prescribe? That last evening I was here coming along in the storm I saw a little gray bird blown about by the tempest and covered with snow but bravely clinging to a top-most branch, its little throat fairly bulging with ecstasy as he sang a song that sounded to me like, 'Cheer up! Cheer up! Winter will soon be over; Spring is near—very near—That's the prescription."

Surprised, it took her a moment to grasp it. She hesitated to reply. Then, recalling her valuable lady customers, said,

"I—I like your medicine doctor. I do not wonder that I hear all your patients—get better."

The very next afternoon a messenger-boy brought a special delivery letter to the door of the doll-house. At once the doll-lady recognized the writing. Hurriedly tearing it open she saw a small slip of a letter printed very irregularly in a sprawling childish hand. This was pinned to a letter written in a grown-up hand.

She read on the top slip this:

"Dear, Dear Doll Lady:

I want very bad a speakin', walkin', talkin' doll. I want it for a mother-doll. Please send it right away, I can't wait.

Aileen."

The other letter began almost like Aileen's. It said:

"Dear Doll Lady:

Have you any talkin', walkin', speakin' —loving dolls? I want one called Marjorie. I want it 'very bad.' It must have the most wonderful gray eyes that sometimes seem as windows closed in rooms full of very sad memories and long buried joys, and again as though the blinds were all up revealing wonderful Christmas-trees asparkle with gaily lighted colored candles, and delightful surprising Christmas gifts. It must be short of stature but made high with a wonderful crown of black shining coils and have about the forehead and eyes little stray, adorable fairy-like bits of curls just made for kissing, on which my doctor-self could operate at once. The doll I want is such a dainty, small delightful little person that I know she will just fit into the big old leather chair in front of our grate-fire where Aileen and I have such cosy times. The doll I want is so brave and courageous that although the storms have almost battled her to pieces her brave heart has kept fighting and singing in spite of all 'Hold on! Hold on! Be brave! Be brave!' I love this kind of doll so much that I just 'can't wait' to know if you can let me have her. You can fill Aileen's order and mine in one for hers is for a mother-doll mine for a wife. Oh—I can't wait! So, please, if you can give it to me wire at once and if nobody starts to begin to die just then, I shall come on the very first train or just as soon as possible."

One hour after Marjorie had read the letter Dr. Harry Burton's brown eyes were twinkling over a telegram that he had read a good dozen times without letting up.

"Easy seein' that's from no dying woman" thought the telegram boy. "But I saw it and it's only about dolls."

The telegram read:

"Your doll has been ready for some time. May have it just as soon as can arrange to come."

RING OUT THE OLD—Continued from page 8

to see Lawrence, who stared at him a long minute, then strolled on. This was their chain business, which could be set up overnight in any place of amusement!

In sharp contrast there stood out in his memory the vision of a girl in a small country school-house training a dozen children to sing for a concert.

"She is different," he said softly. "Thank heaven for my trip into town! For now I know what I wish to do with my new year! It's not that I like the city less—but when I come back to it next time it will be in other company and with changed prospects!"

The afternoon bus to Shelby's siding was full. Again Lawrence's long legs were in the way and his knees sawed into a fat old gentleman opposite. All the other men read newspapers, but he gazed out of the window as if seeing the country for the first time. The frozen ground with the few bare trees sticking up here and there no longer seemed forbidding and hateful to him. Beneath its aspect of austerity he perceived a rough kindness, as though it said, "Wrestle with me harder and I will be your friend, I will yield to you."

Lawrence felt as jubilant as a boy. He could hardly keep from rattling the money in his pockets. Why did they all read, when he wanted to pour into somebody's ear how he had sold his cattle and had the cash with him, and how it would pay off his debts and give him a clean sheet to start the first of January with!

The night of Netta's concert! Perhaps she would ask him to be chairman, seeing he was a trustee. It would be dark when the bus arrived at the siding shortly after four o'clock, for the sky was dull, promising snow. He wondered if the children would be practising when he dropped off the bus. Yes, they were at it again, singing the words that would ring in his memory forever.

He stood watching them before they saw him. That never failed to make Netta blush prettily. Wasn't he a trustee and shouldn't he show an interest in the school by an occasional visit?

The children ran out to have a snow-ball game in the yard. As he stood alone before Netta, pawing the air to find words to explain his intrusion, the whole thought of his mind was, "I'll win her some day—when I'm good enough to have her!"

Whether his thought showed in his face or not, Netta began to blush handsomely; and to ease off the embarrassment of the moment she began to show him the funny New Year's resolutions the children had written on the blackboard.

"They insisted that I should write one first," she explained; "so I put down this, 'I resolve that Shelby's siding shall be a better place because I live here.'"

"Fine!" he exclaimed: "I'd know that was yours even if you hadn't signed your name."

They had a hearty laugh over the next:

"I resolve to wash my face and clean my teeth more regularly."

"I know you think us silly," Netta said: "I don't suppose you attach any importance to New Year's resolutions."

"On the contrary," Lawrence replied, "I believe in them, and I just made mine as I came in this door."

"Oh," she clapped her hands enthusiastically, "you must write it down!"

He shook his head.

"It is more rigid, more difficult to accomplish than those," he said, a grave smile warming his face; "but I promise when I feel that I have won out on it, you'll be the very first I'll tell!"

"A Song of the North"

'Tis a song of the mighty North I sing—
Where the Storm-gods rage, and the forests ring
With the flaring notes of the angry foes,
Who battle for life on the frozen snows.
When Aurora's lights are gleaming.

'Tis there where the angry North wind's sweep,
In a swirling torment—stirs from sleep—
All slumb'ring life, who haste from the cold,
To the deep green forest's shelt'ring fold.
When Aurora's Sprites are streaming.

Hark to the call of the running pack
Who hunt thro' the timber's inky black—
Or speed as winged, o'er the frozen snow;
As the "Frost-Nymphs dance in the star-lights' glow."
When Aurora's lights are gleaming.

List to the Eagle, shriek his lay—
As he soars aloft at the break of day,
Where his steely eye doth scan below—
His prey, which dwell on the open snow.
When Aurora's ceased her gleaming.

Morn, and the blazing sun doth shine—
In vain, tho' its glare is a light divine;
For the "Demon Frost," with his mocking cry,
Tells all, that he rules the Northern sky.
Where his tyrant aides are screaming.

Harold F. Cruickshank

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December 1st to January 5th, 1924
From Stations, Winnipeg, Emerson and West in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

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PACIFIC COAST
Certain dates Dec., Jan., Feb.
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Any Canadian National agent will be pleased to give full information on these special fares. He will also be pleased to assist in planning your trip and arranging all details.

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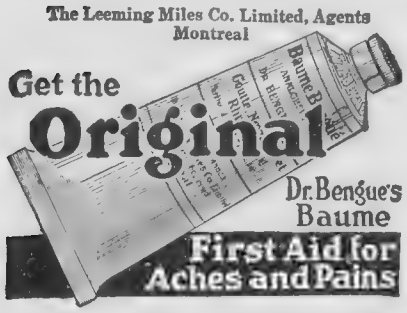

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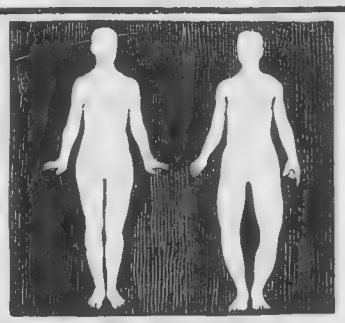
GETS every rat where ordinary rat poisons fail. The secret is—you vary the bait by mixing it with a different food each night. Write for free booklet—"Ending Rats and Mice."

E. S. WELLS, *Chemist*, Jersey City, N. J.



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Farmer Burns School, 599 Railway Bldg. Omaha, Neb.

About the Farm

Conducted by Allan Campbell

House Plants

NOW the period of outdoor blooms in the Prairie Provinces is at its annual close season, the horticulturists' consolation lies within the home where the house plants constitute the indoor garden. The bleak surroundings of the home consisting of a snow-covered landscape or, in the case of the town dweller, snow-covered streets and gardens, may be considerably enlivened when viewed through a group of house plants in the window, while the interior of the home will be considerably embellished by the presence of these mementoes of the summer.

House plants consist of two classes, viz., foliage plants and flowering plants. Among the first we have the ferns, palms, etc., while the second classification includes narcissi, tulips, geraniums, etc. Flowering plants should be placed in the best lighted part of the house while the foliage plants do well if they receive less light.

If house plants are obtained, they are worth looking after, and they should receive just as much regular attention as though they were birds or other pets within the house. It is far easier to give such regular attention than to neglect them and then try to coax them back to normal health by a series of painstaking experiments. Like humans, they need good air and in a similar way will become lacking in health and vigor through an over long period of foul air that is lacking in moisture. If the air is too dry, a good plan is to place pans of water about in order to increase the humidity of the atmosphere.

Watering should be done regularly, say, every other day, depending on the condition of the soil in the pots. A good method of telling whether a potted plant needs watering is to tap the pot with the knuckle and if the pot gives out a hollow ring, it is a sure sign that it needs watering. On the other hand, pots should not be allowed to stand in water as the plants are liable to turn yellow. In regard to temperature, plants do best when kept in a temperature which never goes much higher than 70° F., and does not ever fall below 50° F., even during the night.

Most plants are benefitted by a yearly repotting. Fresh air is beneficial but not in the form of direct draughts as house plants are always susceptible to draughts.

Good drainage is an essential and this may be done by means of pieces of broken pots or stones placed in the bottom of the pots. This allows any surplus water to run out of the hole at the bottom of the pot.

Why Plant Trees?

Trees should be planted for various reasons, some of which may be enumerated as follows:

(1) For protection against wind.
(2) For improving the appearance of the farmstead.
(3) For the production of fuel.
(4) For shading the home grounds against the midsummer sun.

Now, in the winter season, should your farm not be treed as you would have in extent, it would be a good plan to make a pencil sketch of what your ideal is in the way of making the maximum value out of a few well selected varieties of trees. It is surprising what a fine effect may be made of just a few additional trees placed at commanding points. Think of the future and do not be dissatisfied in later years so that there has to be removals of certain trees, or undue pruning owing to the fact that they have blocked out the light of certain rooms of the house or have encroached on other trees, their neighbors. They should be spaced so that their future development is amply provided for.

The length of the winters in this country justify the extensive planting of evergreens, for where there are many such trees around a farm house, winter, instead of bringing a dreary outlook from the windows of the home, will start a new season of beauty when the snow and sometimes the hoar frost will lodge on the needles of the evergreens making a most attractive picture of winter beauty. The pathetic words of Tosti's song, "Good-bye summer, good-bye, good-bye," were surely not written in the environment of evergreens powdered with snow.

In regard to protection from wind, a good belt of trees soon prove their value, for this country is subject to periodical wind storms and it has been repeatedly demonstrated that the well treed farm suffers very little from these attacks. It is very disheartening to have one's garden ruined by a succession of wind storms when by planting a hedge in the first place the garden produce would have escaped. Then again, there are occasional winds that attain great velocity and it is then that a natural rampart of trees will prevent damage to property. It has been found by experiments that a row of white spruce with branches to the ground will slow the wind up ten feet for every foot the trees are in height. The drying winds of midsummer encountering such a windbreak will be retarded so that their moisture-robbing tendences will be discounted over a considerable area if the trees are of a fair height. The icy blasts of midwinter are very expensive along the line of fuel consumption, therefore the shelter belt acts as a fuel conserver. The difference in the amount of fuel used by the exposed farm house and the farm house protected by a considerable windbreak has by investigation been found to be very marked.

Tree planting should be undertaken to set an example in the district and to start a contagion of the enthusiasm so that the bare prairie eventually becomes dotted with "islands" of trees that will prove fortresses against the elements.

There is another important phase of this work, and that is the providing of nesting places and shelter for the birds that protect us against the armies of destructive insects that threaten the total destruction of the crops. Birds seek trees, and where the district is practically treeless there is less likeli-

Continued on page 80

A beautiful view of Mr. Allan Campbell's garden at Brandon.

TEN times as penetrating as ordinary liniments, Gombault's Balsam scatters congestion, sets the circulation going again, promptly removing the cause of pain.

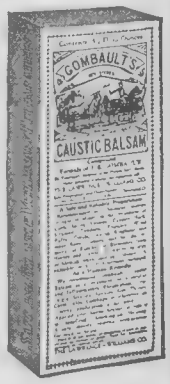
Yet it is absolutely free from any harmful ingredients.

It quickly relieves the pain of bruises, cuts, sprains, burns, backache, sore throat, colds — all rheumatic conditions — all cases where external application is needed.

Why pay the price of ten bottles of ordinary preparations when one bottle of Gombault's Balsam will go just as far? $1.50 at your druggist's, or direct from us upon receipt of price.

Good for animals, too

It has no equal for most horse troubles. No firing or cautery. Hair returns to its natural color. Try it.



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GOMBAULT'S BALSAM

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HEALING *and* ANTISEPTIC

Celery King is the thing to stimulate the liver, cleanse the bowels, purify the blood, banish headaches and make you feel the joy of better health and strength. Nature's own laxative and tonic roots and herbs in Celery King. 30c and 60c packages.

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Why not cure it this very day? A few drops of Shiloh relieves that tickling in the throat that maddens you. A few doses heal up the sore and inflamed tissues in the throat and really banish that cough. 30c, 60c and $1.20. All druggists.

SHILOH FOR COUGHS

Don't Wear a Truss

We Guarantee Your Comfort

C.E. Brooks, Inventor

with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves or plasters. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Look for trade-mark bearing portrait and signature of C. E. Brooks which appears on every Appliance. None other genuine. Full information and booklet sent free in plain, sealed envelope.

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ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all

Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Saves so much Suffering

when you have ABSORBINE JR. handy in the medicine cabinet.

If the younger Children develop Toothache, Ear-ache or Sore Throat in the night, a little ABSORBINE JR. will soothe and relieve and send the sufferer off to sleep.

If accidents happen—a cut finger, burnt hand, sprained ankle, bruised arm, wrenched shoulder or bleeding cut—apply at once

Absorbine Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
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It prevents infection, soothes the pain, starts healthy healing, and is a dependable "first aid" for any injury.

It does not grease or stain bandages—has a clean, aromatic odor that freshens up a sick room.

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100

CARHARTT

"EVERY SEAM DOUBLE STITCHED
EVERY BUTTON RE-INFORCED"

TRADE MARK

OVERALLS

ABOUT THE FARM—Continued from 79

hood of the valuable services of the birds.

In regard to fuel, it is surely hard on any farmer who has to travel a great distance before any fuel is obtainable and then these trips are undertaken when the season's work is over and the weather is likely to be anything but pleasant. With a few acres of trees growing into the future fuel supply for the home, one has a sense of security that makes it well worth the endeavor where such planting has been done.

When trees are successfully planted and each season shows them with increased development, the planter becomes a tree enthusiast, but, on the other hand, should failure, through some fault or other cause the trees to wither up, it may prove hard work to induce the planter to start over again.

Tree planting calls for special effort in order that success may be permanent, after which there are only the light tasks such as cultivation. To insure success, the soil must be thoroughly prepared before the trees are planted, and the trees used should be obtained from nurseries that have hardy stock raised for your own climatic conditions. Beware of stock imported from districts that are too far away. Weed growth must be almost an unknown quantity and this condition can only be realized by thorough cultivation. In conclusion, it may be said that by giving the young trees care and protection they will be enabled to eventually protect you.

Winter woods

Suggestions for the Wintering of Pigs

IN wintering pigs it is very important to bear in mind that dryness must be one of the chief considerations. A moisture-laden atmosphere is detrimental to the health of the pigs as they are subject to rheumatism and other trouble arising from damp environments.

The ordinary cabins, used to shelter them when on pasture, may be successfully converted into winter quarters for pigs. This plan is a money-saving one, in addition to the fact that the pigs are kept healthier than they would be when housed in a stuffy piggery of the "good and warm" type.

The ordinary A-shaped cabin is found to be very satisfactory and is cheaply and quickly made. Where the location is well drained and the climate dry, these cabins are better without floors. The pigs work the soil into a fine dust which makes an excellent bed. The disadvantage of putting floors in such cabins in addition to the extra cost and labor, is that such floors are likely to have a cold draft under them. Where the location is likely to be muddy most of the time, of course floors are preferable, but provision should be made against cold getting under the floor, by banking with earth. When these A-shaped cabins are used, a good plan is to place a number side by side, filling in the intervals with straw, and in order to keep the straw from being pulled or trampled out by the pigs, wire can be stretched across the front and back of these intervals.

When wintering in a piggery, the pigs should have ample sunlight as the sun is a great cleanser of bedding, etc. However, if the area of glass is too extensive, it will be more difficult to keep the piggery warm. The ceiling of a piggery should not be too high as a low ceiling allows the place to warm up more readily. Cement floors are durable and sanitary but pigs should never be allowed to lie on them, and to avaid this, sleeping platforms must be provided. In regard to ventilation, a straw filled loft with slatted ceiling gives very good service.

The most economical of all is the straw pile shelter which has been employed successfully. A small bridge may be constructed and a quantity of straw thrown over it so that the pigs can burrow in without much difficulty and shelter in the hollow place in the centre.

Winter Feeding of Sheep

THERE are two distinct kinds of feeding of stock and they are, feeding for winter gains and feeding for winter maintenance or in other words, giving sufficient rations to tide over the hard season.

In the case of sheep, which are most enthusiastic grazers, the great need during the winter months is the furnishing of succulent feeds such as roots, and those kinds with considerable protein content, such as alfalfa, clover, bran, pease and oats. The feeds available for the winter feeding of sheep are fodders, grains and roots. A ration should contain feeds from each of these groups and as great variety as possible. Feeding has to be varied likewise to meet the needs of different classes of stock, such as lambs, breeding ewes and fat sheep.

The fodders available include alfalfa, timothy, brome grass, upland hay, slough hay, green feed; fodder mixtures such as oats, pease and vetches; and straw. Alfalfa or clover, where either of these is available is the best fodder for sheep. Alfalfa and roots alone will keep young stock growing and in fair condition. Slough hay is not good sheep feed; it is commonly coarse and lacks flavor. The ease with which large yields of green feed are produced is a temptation towards its liberal use, but it should be used only as supplementary fodder or should be liberally supplemented with oats or bran. Heavy feeding of green feed without roots or grain brings on indigestion, constipation, and some inflammation.

A mixture of equal weights of oats and bran makes a good grain ration. Barley is not commonly fed alone to sheep on account of the ferment it contains, though it is sometimes used in small quantities mixed with other grains in fattening mature wethers. Bran is especially valuable in the absence of succulent feed or where the fodder is low in protein content. Roots are considered absolutely necessary for the production of good sheep. Silage is not as good succulent feed for ewes as roots are. A dozen tons of turnips will give an average of three pounds per day each for forty sheep over a period of six months and they can be produced on an acre of land or less.

Mrs. Young Bride—I'd like to get some chestnut coal, please. Do you guarantee it to be free from worms?

—Boston Transcript.

Children's Cosy Corner

Conducted by Bobby Burke

"In Reading There Is Knowledge"

SOMETHING TO LEARN

The Christmas Tree

You come from a land where the snow lies deep
In forest glade, on mountain steep,
Where the days are short and the nights are long
And never a skylark sings his song.
Have you seen the wild deer in his mountain home,
And watched the fall of the brown pine cone?
Do you miss your mates in the land of snow,
Where none but the evergreen branches grow?

—Mary A. McHugh

Christmas has come, let's eat and drink-
This is no time to sit and think;
Farewell to study, books and pen,
And welcome to all kinds of men
Let all men now get rid of care,
And what one has left others share;
Then 'tis the same, no matter which
Of us is poor, or which is rich.
Let each man have enough this day,
Since those that can are glad to pay;
There's nothing now too rich or good
For poor men, not the king's own food.
Farewell to study, books and pen,
And welcome to all kinds of men.

—W. H. Davies.

Now winter's here and rivers freeze,
As I walk out to see the trees,
Wherein the pretty squirrels sleep
All standing in the snow so deep:
And every twig however small
Is blossomed white and beautiful.
Then welcome winter with thy power
To make this tree a big white flower.
To make this tree a lovely sight
With fifty brown arms draped in white,
While thousands of small fingers show
In soft white gloves of purest snow.

—W. H. Davies.

Just to Wish You 'MERRY CHRISTMAS'

THIS is a time of the year for letters, letters to our uncles and aunts and cousins and friends, and every letter will carry a message of happiness to some one just the same old wish that for two thousand years has been written and sung and said, "Merry Christmas." Lots of people will not write letters but will send Christmas cards with printed greetings and perhaps their names written on them, this is a nice thing to do because it shows some one that you have not forgotten them, but if printed words are nice, then written ones are nicer, and I would suggest to all you boys and girls that instead of spending five cents on a card you should buy a holly post card for one cent and just write your message on the other side of it, and it will be very welcome to people who love you and are far away.

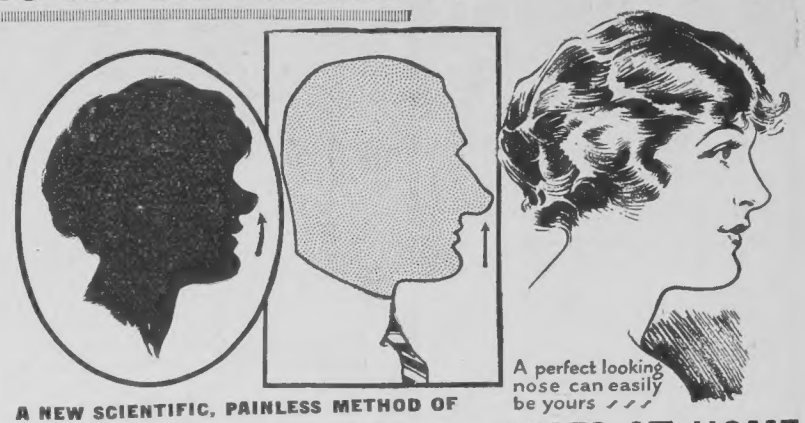
Christmas is such a lovely time when you are boys and girls—such a time to look back to with happiness when you get older. There is magic in the snow then, and more magic in the green of evergreen trees; the rustle of paper, a whisper, the smell of puddings boiling, the chop-choppings of nuts and fruits in the big wooden bowl, all these things are magic that will come popping out of your memories when you are very old, as old as forty and even older; and more magical still is the first peep at a bulging stocking hanging from the bed post or over a chair back: or the first big-eyed look at the lighted Christmas tree glistening and shining, that has been hidden in the mysterious back room for so long. How cold it is in the house in the early morning, and how the bed creaks and the stairs, and the doors and everything else when you are trying to keep so quiet and sneak downstairs without mother and father hearing you! Oh how hungry you are at dinner time, and how good the turkey smells; and how very full you feel after dinner, and strangely dull and stupid, and how good bed feels again when at last the last game has been played and the last candy eaten, and Christmas is over once more. These are all things that happen to most boys and girls at Christmas time, things that will make pictures in your minds that will never be rubbed out as long as you live.

But with all the happiness there is another side to Christmas and we cannot forget that side either, and that is the sad side. Christmas is such a very special day to all happy people, that it makes it a very specially sad day to all unhappy people, and for that reason we must all try and give some thought and care for those others who will have only their mind pictures to cheer them, and to those boys and girls who have no homes, or having them will not have any bulging stockings or shining Christmas tree. One Christmas when we were little, we gave our oranges away from the table, and we only had one each, and I am sure they gave some happiness to the little children they went to. You have toys and books that you could give away; you have clothes that you have outgrown; you can make candy, gather up a few nuts and raisins and put them in a red netting bag, and make Christmas a happy time for someone in your neighborhood. This year there will be many boys and girls on farms where the crops have been a failure, and where father and mother will not be able to do much for them. If there is anyone near you like that see what you can do to help them and give them as Merry and Happy a Christmas as the Children's Cosy Corner wishes you.

In the midst of all the fun and work and present-giving I want you all to come into the Corner just for a few quiet

Continued on page 82

DO YOU SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU?



A NEW SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF

CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES AT HOME

TIME ADVANCES—as does science succeed in perfecting each invention. My 15 years of experience in manufacturing and selling Nose Shapers have proven to me that I can now offer to the unfortunate possessors of ill-shapen noses the most meritorious Nose Adjuster of the age. My latest improved Model No. 25 (U.S. and many foreign patents) has so many superior qualities that it surpasses all my previous shapers and other Nose Adjusters by a large margin.

In the first place, my newest appliance is better fitting; the adjustments are such that it will fit every nose without exception—my apparatus is constructed of light weight metal, and is afforded very accurate regulation by means of six hexagonal screws, which are regulated with a key and the screws are then locked in the desired position. These screws will bring about the exact pressure for **correcting the various nasal deformities**—such as: long—pointed nose—pug—hook or shrew nose—and turned up nose—and will give marked success in modulating the distended or wide nostrils. There are no straps to be pulled in order to exert pressure on the nasal organ.

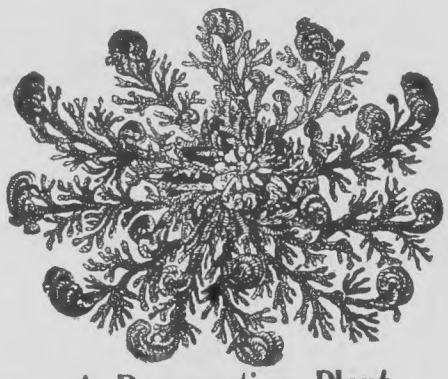
Model No. 25 is upholstered inside with a very fine chamois (covering a layer of thin metal) which protects the nose from direct contact with the apparatus; this lining of metal causes an even, moderate pressure on the parts being corrected, thus avoiding a harsh, violent pressure in any one place.

Model No. 25 is guaranteed, and **corrects now all ill-shaped noses without operation,** quickly, safely, comfortably and permanently. It is to be worn at night and therefore, will not interfere with your daily work.

If you wish to have a perfect looking nose, write to-day for my free booklet which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses withou cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist **1924 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.**

The Western Home Monthly
FOR ONE YEAR
The Free Press Prairie Farmer
FOR ONE YEAR
AND



A Resurrection Plant

For $1.25

The Resurrection Plant is found among the pines and cedars of Palestine. It is a ball of tightly folded leaflets, which, when dropped into a bowl of water, expand into a striking rosette of fine fern-like leaves both odd and beautiful.

This special offer is, of course, good for a limited time only, so we suggest immediate acceptance.

USE THIS COUPON

Date.....

Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg.

I enclose $1.25, for which please send me the Free Press Prairie Farmer for one year, the Western Home Monthly for one year, and Resurrection Plant.

Name .....

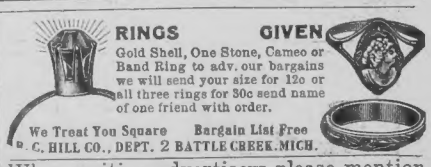
Address .....

.....

REMNANTS

2 lbs. Remnants $2, 5 lbs. $4; 2 lbs. Cotton Quilt Patches $1, 5 lbs. $2; 3 lbs. Silk or Velvet Patches $2; 4 lbs. fine Worsted Yarn, all shades, $5.

A. McCREERY & CO., CHATHAM, ONT.



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Gold Shell, One Stone, Cameo or Band Ring to adv. our bargains we will send your size for 12c or all three rings for 30c send name of one friend with order.

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D. C. HILL CO., DEPT. 2 BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

FAITH SUSTAINED

Today, as in by-gone days, grandmother knows the power of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

to strengthen the body. She also knows full well its value to a child who is not over-strong. *Take SCOTT'S!*

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 23-76

NEW LAMP BURNS 94% AIR

Beats Electric or Gas

A new oil lamp that gives an amazingly brilliant, soft, white light, even better than gas or electricity, has been tested by the U.S. Government and 35 leading universities and found to be superior to 10 ordinary oil lamps. It burns without odor, smoke or noise—no pumping up, is simple, clean, safe. Burns 94% air and 6% common kerosene (coal oil).

The inventor, T. B. Johnson, 579 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg, is offering to send a lamp on 10 day's FREE trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help him introduce it. Write him to-day for full particulars. Also ask him to explain how you can get the agency, and without experience or money make $250 to $500 per month.

Should Women Know?

Should women know that whole races now living have never seen a case of cancer, tuberculosis, goitre, heart, liver or kidney disease and that science attributes their immunity to the foods they eat? Surely yes, since women know that these diseases are rampant among civilized races whose foods differ radically.

Races who know nothing of "denatured" white flour, polished rice, refined cereals, white sugar, etc., but who live upon nature's whole grains, milk, eggs, nuts, beans, vegetables and fruits are free from the above diseases, but when they adopt our "denatured" foods, they soon die out with our dread diseases.

The greatest curse of civilized man is the refining of the "Protective Substances" out of his grain foods.

Roman Meal contains three whole grains. It is rich in the "Protective Substances" refined out of flour, other cereals, rice, sugar, etc. It keeps the blood non-acid, "cool," and invigorating, being the only alkaline cereal.

Blood should be kept naturally alkaline by using alkaline foods, but flour, other cereals, meats, fats, and sweets are "Excess Acid" and largely consumed by civilized races. Might they not cause disease? Science says they do, because they are acid-formers and "Deficient" in "Protective growth and repair substances." Acid foods "heat the blood," alkaline foods "cool the blood." Roman Meal is alkaline enough to correct the acids of flour, other cereals, meats, and sweets. Use it for porridge, muffins, pancakes, johnny cake, etc., or mix with white flour in the proportion of 25% in all domestic baking. Roman Meal is sold by your grocer.

HOMEWORK

We require parties to knit men's wool socks for us at home, either with machine or by hand. Send stamp and addressed envelope for information.

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co. Orillia, Ont.

CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—*Continued from page 81*

minutes and think what Christmas means. It means that 2000 years ago a little child was born in a stable in Bethlehem of Judea, and that because this little child was the Saviour of the World we keep His birthday forever with love and peace and goodwill to everyone. Because His life was beautiful and full of good works and kindness and love, there is much more love in the world now than there used to be. It is because Christ showed us what love means that we have orphan homes for poor little children whose fathers and mothers are dead; homes for old men and women whose families are gone; hospitals for sick people; charitable societies that care for poor and sick people all over the world. His love for us made love grow in all the world, and that is the real reason why at Christmas time and all times we are so much happier ourselves if we can help to make some one else happy too. Do you remember in Dickens' Christmas Carol, what Tiny Tim says? Well that is what I want to say to you, "God Bless Us Every One."

Something To Do After Christmas Dinner

THIS is the time of all others that you want games I think, some quiet games to begin with, and then later on a few noisy games. Here is one that should make a lot of fun: Cut two pieces of cardboard the same size. If you are clever with pencil or pen, you can make a little cardboard man or woman about ten inches high, if not cut the cardboard in two squares. Now put a hole through each piece in the exact middle. Take two pieces of cord four or five feet long; run one cord through each piece of cardboard; tie one end of each cord to the leg of a chair; now divide your guests into two parties; one person in each party begins, and at the end of a minute the next person in each party takes the cord. The idea is to hold the cord straight but wiggle it so that the cardboard will walk along; the cardboard must touch the door all the time, and the two pieces race against each other; the piece of cardboard that reaches the chair first is the winner, and that side has won.

Instead of pinning tails on the donkey suppose you try putting eyes in Santa Claus. Draw a big picture of a Santa Claus with colored crayon and pin it on a sheet or curtain; now draw and color and cut out an eye for each guest; stick a pin in each eye and then blindfold each person in turn, turn them around three times and let them pin the eye the first place they touch, as they must walk with outstretched arm, the paper and the pin in the hand. Poor Santa Claus will probably have eyes all over the room. The person who gets the eye nearest the right place should get a prize. You all know how to play musical chairs and that makes good fun for Christmas. Is there some one you know who can tell stories well? Get them to start a story, a thrilling one, after you have all sat down in a circle on the floor, then make each person add something to the story, and it will be a wonderful thing before you are through. Hunt the slipper, or hunt the thimble is always fun; and then there should be charades so that every one can dress up. Divide your party in half, one half to be the audience and the others the actors. Here are some words that you can act easily and that are hard to guess—ingratiate (in-gray-she-ate) handkerchief (hand-cur-chief) employment (employ-ment) encounter (en-count-er) counterfeit (counter-feet).

Our New Competition

ONCE more boys and girls I must tell our new readers that buttons are earned only by trying the competitions. These are beautiful gold buttons and must be worked for. Your letters are always welcome but we cannot give a button for them unless they are entered in the competitions which you will find in the Corner every month.

Our next competition is one to try all your brains. I want a story, an interesting one, not more than 500 words and not less than 100 using all the following words properly. Don't drag them in, use them in the right places and the right way, and make them part of the story—words which are alike need not be used together, and they may come in any order you like in the story as long as you use them all. Now here is a task for you!—desert, dessert, ocean, dirigible, island, polar bear, Honolulu, dreaming, rudder, Toronto, palm trees, palaces, explorers, newspapers, bonfire, cabbages, motor, mosquitoes, Christmas and fairyland. If any of the stories are absolutely A1, that is, interesting, well told, neatly written, there will be a special prize of a book for the best one, and two other prizes of buttons for the next two. Now put on your thinking caps, and see what you can do this Christmas season. Send in the stories to Bobby Burke, Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg, before January 1, and the prize story will be given in the February number.

Some Letters We Have Received

Laurier, Man.,
October 27, 1923.

Dear Bobby Burke,

I wrote to your W.H.M. quite a while ago. I have not received my button yet but I hope to receive it this time. I have done quite a few things since I wrote to you last. I hope I will get my button this time. I am sending some riddles in.

Why did the willow weep?
Because it saw the water-fall.

Why did the owl howl?
Because the woodpecker would peck her.

Which leads the busiest life, tea or coffee?
Tea, because it is compelled to draw, while coffee is allowed to settle down.

What is the difference between a ship and a sailor at the top of the mast?
One sails over the sea and the other sees over the sail.

How can you make Canadian butter into Irish butter?
By making it into little pats (Pats).

What is the difference between a branch of a tree and a dog?
One is a bough, and the other is a bow-wow.

I would like to correspond with boys or girls near my own age, eleven.

Jean Edwards.

Luseland, Sask.,
October 19, 1923.

Dear Bobby Burke,

May I join your Cosy Corner too? We have taken the W.H.M. for a year. I find the letters very interesting. I go to school and am in grade four. I am 10 years old. I like to go to school. I live a mile from school. I am sending a riddle:

Nine pears hanging high,
Nine men came riding by,
And Each took one,
How many are left?
Ans:—Eight left.
Each is a man's name.

Round as an apple,
Thin as a knife,
If you guess this riddle,
I'll be your wife.

Would like to get some correspondence from any girl or boy my age.

Mary Zimmer.

Fruitvale, B.C., 1923.

Dear Bobby Burke,

Although we have not been taking your paper very long I like it very much.

The next competition I think I will write about. I liked the other ones as well as the answers.

I hope I will receive my badge from you.

Wishing the Cosy Corner good luck.

Yours truly,
Roxie Kinney.

Wallenstein, Ont.,
R R No. 2
October 29, 1923.

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been reading your page for quite a while, but could never find courage enough to write till now. I am twelve years old and in grade three at shcool. I have a mile and a half to walk to school. I am enjoying the stories in the page very much and would like to hear from some boy or girl my own age. I will close for this time hoping to gain some correspondents and wishing the page all success.

Lydian Snyder.

Wallestein, Ont.
R R No. 2,
October 28, 1923.

Dear Editor and Readers,

I have been an interested reader of your wonderful page for quite a long time, but could never find courage enough to write till now. I am fourteen years old and in grade four at school. I live on the farm and have to walk a mile and a quarter to school. I enjoy the stories, letters and riddles in the page very much and I learned a great deal from the boys and girls who wrote to the page telling stories of their favourite animal.

I have no pony, but would like to hear from somebody who has.

I will close for now hoping to gain some correspondents and wishing the page all success.

Margaret Craik.

Fairy Folk

The story books have told you
Of the fairy folk so nice,
That make them leather aprons
Of the ears of little mice.
And wear the leaves of roses
Like caps upon their heads,
And sleep at night on thistle down
Instead of feather-beds!

These stories too, have told you,
No doubt to your surprise,
That the fairies ride in coaches
That are drawn by butterflies.
And come into your chambers
When you are locked in dreams
And right across your counterpanes
Make bold to drive their teams;
And that they heap your pillows
With their gifts of rings and pearls;
But do not heed such idle tales
My little boys and girls.

There are no fairy-folk that ride
About the world at night,
Who give you rings and other things
To pay for doing right.
But if you do to others what
You'd have them do to you
You'll be as blest as if the best
Of storybooks were true.

A. Carey.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

A man was reprimanding his wife for continually asking for money.

"It's always the same story," he said. "Why, you seem to think I'm made of money. I should like to know what you'll do when I'm dead. You'll probably have to beg for money then."

"Well," said his wife, bitterly, "I shall be a lot better off than the woman who've never had any practice."

—The Beacon Light.

Her Figure

Ugly Customer—"What price did you say this gown was?"

Pretty Milliner—"Twenty guineas, madam.

Ugly Customer (after a pause)—"Don't you think it rather a dreadful figure?"

Pretty Milliner—"Well, madam, since you say so, it is not the best I have seen, but I think you'll find the gown will hide it!"

Fatuous

The leading lady was very thin. One day she quarreled at rehearsal with the other actress in the play, and ended the quarrel by saying, lightly: "Remember, please, that I am the star."

"Yes, I know you're the star, dear," returned the other, eying the leading lady's long, slim figure, "but you'd look better if you were a little meteor!"

—The Beacon Light.

Tough

Two negroes were lying behind a packing case on the docks at Brest taking the labor out of the alleged Labor Battalion. Said one boastfully:

"Boy, Ah comes f'um a tough breed. Mah ole man done cut his nails wif a ax an' brash his teeth wif a file."

"Huh, ain't so tough. Mah ole man am a plumber, an' twice a week he done shave hisself wif a blow torch."

—American Legion Weekly.

Contents

Editorial

EDITORIAL—The Editor 3
THE PHILOSOPHER 32
WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING 84

Fiction

HER CHRISTMAS MAKE-BELIEVE—Florence M. Theel 4
THE BREAD OF DESPAIR—Anthony Alcott Arnold 6
FLORRIE'S CHRISTMAS IDEA—Mrs. Nestor Noel 7
RING OUT THE OLD—Mabel Burkholder 8
BORROWED UNTIL AFTER CHRISTMAS—Marion Wathen Fox 10
CHRISTMAS AT ROYCROFT MANOR—M. E. Colman. 12
THE SONG—V. W. Horwood 14
PURE GOLD—W. R. Gilbert 16
INCOGNITO—Janey Canuck 19
GENUINE BRIAR—S. C. L. Scobell 20

Women and the Home

MOTHER'S PAGE 22
WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS—Margie Moore 36
FASHIONS AND PATTERNS 44
FOR THE CHEERFUL GIVER—Sylvia Sims 46
BETTER COOKERY—Gertrude Dutton 40

Regular Departments

YOUNG WOMAN AND HER PROBLEM—Pearl Richmond Hamilton 24
COME LET US READ AWHILE—W.H.M. Librarian 27
DOLLARS AND CENTS—J. A. Aikins 28
MUSIC IN THE HOME 30
HOME DOCTOR 34
SUBSCRIBERS' CORRESPONDENCE PAGE 35
POULTRY PROFIT—Helen E. Vialoux 64
YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM—H. J. Russell 69
ABOUT THE FARM—Allan Campbell 79
CHILDREN'S COSY CORNER—Bobby Burke 81

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THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year, or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more, it would be well to send by Registered Letter or Money Order.

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address, and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

An Easy Way to Earn Money at Home

TAKE up Dressmaking. It is just the kind of work that every woman and girl likes to do—it is dignified—and it pays splendidly. Through the Woman's Institute you can now learn easily and quickly, in spare time, to make the stylish, becoming dresses you have always wanted, and make a splendid income planning and making clothes for others.

Become a Dressmaker

Earn $20 to $40 a week

Even though you are now employed, or have household duties that take up most of your time, you can learn in a few weeks right at home to make pretty, becoming clothes for yourself at one-half or one-third their cost in the shops. Then you can start making clothes at home for your friends, secure a position, or have a cozy dressmaking, lingerie, or specialty shop of your own, and make $20, $30, and even $40 a week.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
"Making Beautiful Clothes"

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon and you will receive, without obligation or a penny of cost, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having pretty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 16-Z, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet, *"Making Beautiful Clothes."* I am most interested in learning:

- ☐ How to Plan and Make Attractive Clothes
- ☐ How to Earn Money Sewing for Others
- ☐ How to Become a Professional Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Design and Make Becoming Hats
- ☐ How to Become a Successful Milliner
- ☐ The Art of Successful Cookery

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(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

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When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Jaeger

During the Cold Months

Every man, woman and child should be clothed as lightly as warmth and comfort will permit. In proportion to its weight, it is impossible to have anything lighter, warmer or more comfortable than Jaeger Pure Woollen Garments for men, women and children.

A fully illustrated catalogue, including list of Agents, free on application.

For sale at Jaeger Stores and Agencies throughout Canada.

Look for the Jaeger Label.

The JAEGER CO., Limited
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
6

WHAT THE WORLD IS SAYING

But Can Lenine and Trotsky Banish Santa Claus?

So Christmas has been abolished in Russia. Poor Russian children!—Vancouver Province.

More Than Numbers Needed to Make a Nation

China's population is 436,004,953, but to make a nation requires more than population.—Calgary Herald.

Quick Thinking Needed Then

"The slow thinkers live longest," writes a leading psychologist. Not if they cross the street.—New York Evening Post.

Pugilism and Wealth

Prize fighters once retired and started saloons. Now they retire and start a few banks.—Brandon Sun.

What Motorists Need

Horse power under the hood is not as important as horse sense behind the steering wheel.—Red Deer Advocate.

The Farmer Feeds Us All

Half of the world is said to be engaged in agriculture. That's how the other half lives.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Sanguine Optimism

An optimist is one who believes that politics will pass the stage of bunk in about twenty years.—Minneapolis Journal.

Evidently, Yes, They Had

"Bananas have suddenly gone up 3 per cent.," says the New York Herald. So they did have some, after all.—Punch (London).

Prohibition Across the Line

If Canadians and Englishmen won't help Uncle Sam to enforce prohibition, he might as a last resort appeal to Americans.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Will Go Not As Far, But Faster

A dollar will not go as far now as it would twenty years ago, but then it will go much faster.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Strange How They Manage It

The only thing about the movie hero that we envy is his ability to keep a shirt clean through all adversity.—Saskatoon Star.

Beautification Running Into Millions

American women spend $70,000,000 on cosmetics and perfumery in a year. Which shows what a few scents here and there amount to in the aggregate. —New York World.

History Is Always Moving On

General Smuts says history is moving at fearful pace. And a lot of people are not just sure where it's headed for.—Victoria Colonist.

His Father's Son

The former Crown Prince wants permission to return to Germany. He did not ask anybody's permission when he left Germany.—Halifax Herald.

Looking Backward

The early North American Indians made a great mistake in not having an Immigration Bureau to restrict the number of people admitted from Europe.—Kansas City Star.

In Regard to Betting

An evangelist denounces betting as "a means of getting money for nothing." Worse than that, it is often a means of getting nothing for your money. —St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Man's Place in the Church

A religious brotherhood is to discuss "Man's place in the church." Man's place in the church is in a pew, any pew, every Sunday A.M.—Chicago Evening Post.

The Ins and the Outs

Citizens of the United States may be divided into two classes—those who are paying for automobiles and those who are dodging them.—Buffalo Express.

The Old-Fashioned Word "Obey"

The word obey is now generally omitted from the marriage ceremony, and there is a distinct movement toward cutting it out of law enforcement.—Washington Star.

Such Often Are Great Arguers

If you want to hear a good argument about capital and labor get in touch with a few people that never have had much to do with either.—Montreal Gazette

Where The Real Strain Comes

A special amplifier for political spellbinders relieves the strain on the speaker's voice. What is really needed, however, is a device that will relieve the strain on the listener's intelligence.—Toronto Telegram.

A Kind of War Machine Not Yet Invented

The newest war machines can operate on either land or water. If they could only operate on an empty treasury what a sale there would be for them in Europe!—Toronto Globe.

What All Lives Lead To

Feriad Pasha, former grand vizier of Turkey, who twice escaped assassination in 1920, died a natural death last week. So in the long run what you may escape doesn't matter very much.—Ottawa Journal.

A Pretty Good Platform

General Plutarco Elias Calles, probably Mexico's next president, says he stands for better farms, better homes and better schools. It is a declaration presenting much in few words.—Boston Transcript.

They Would Be Unconsidered Scraps of Paper

Another thing that would cause no commotion in the town would be an announcement that someone was going to throw away German thousand mark notes from the top of the highest building in Winnipeg.—Winnipeg Free Press.

A Bank Outside The Bank Act

A new fishing bank has been found off the Labrador coast. Seeing that fishermen have been working that territory since the days of Jacques Cartier this bank must have been mighty skilful at concealing itself.—Journal of Commerce.

A Black Sheep Who Admits It

A convict in the Kansas penitentiary has asked the governor for a pardon on the plea that he fears he will corrupt his fellow inmates. He finds, he says, from what the others say, that he is the only guilty man behind the bars.—Omaha Bee.

P. E. I. Horse Dislikes Change

A correspondent in Nova Scotia writes:—"Last year they changed the rule of the road here from left to right. In Prince Edward Island the farmers still hold out because they say the horses can't get used to it. There's a joke in this somewhere. —Toronto Star.

Great Britain Pays Her Debt

From the point of view of British prestige and financial rehabilitation the American debt settlement was a master stroke. It did more than anything else to silence American critics of Great Britain, and it raised British credit here and throughout the world.—Wall Street Journal.

No Talk About Normal Happy Marriages

Did it ever strike you that the happy marriage, as opposed to the unhappy marriage, has never had its due share of publicity? If one of your neighbors has a family ruckus, the whole community learns about it and discusses it. But if all the families in the community are having just a quiet, happy time at home, there is no talk about that.—New Westminster British Columbian.

The Banana Curse

One of the great colonial governors of Great Britain once called the banana "the curse of Central Africa," and explained his remark by saying that because of the banana the natives of Central Africa were able to live without doing any work whatever, and were therefore thoroughly lazy and demoralized. —Toronto Mail and Empire.

Bumps Are Not Always To Be Relied On

Judging character by bumps on the head or facial features is a delusion, according to the psychological department of the Northwestern university. "An individual's anatomy is not an index to his character," state the professors. The man with a square jaw may be as pugnacious as a rabbit and fake stock may be sold to a person with a bump of caution as big as an egg.—Duluth Herald.

Cost Of The Dominion Parliament

A magazine writer says that while the Canadian Parliament is in session it costs the country $26,000 a day. Last year Parliament sat 108 days, which cost the country $2,808,000. On the other hand, it should be noted that there were 257 days on which Parliament did not sit, so on that period we saved nearly $7,000,000. The pessimist will look at it one way, the optimist another. You might as well be an optimist.—Kingston Whig

It Would Seem So, Indeed

There are more than half a million automobiles in Canada. This would work out to one car to every 16 inhabitants. Each car, however, will carry five persons, and as the population includes a large number of infants who have no use for cars, it is plain that every year the number of pedestrains left to be knocked over is getting smaller. In time something may have to be done about it.—Kitchener Record.

The World Is A Whole Of Related Parts

Washington counselled his countrymen not to interweave their destiny with that of any part of Europe, not to entangle their peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalries, interest, humor or caprice. That was sound advice, but today no nation, especially no great nation, can live unto itself. Economically, financially, commercially, the world has become a unit with all its parts closely inter-dependent.—New York Tribune.

The World And Its Government

A woman in the United States has intimated in a public address that the men have made a mess of governing the world and that the time has arrived for the women to try their hand at the job. It is true that a pretty strong case could be made in support of her statement that the men have made a mess of the job, but then a world governed entirely by women might be just as bad as a world governed entirely by men. Isn't it possible to have both working on the job?—Regina Leader.

Both Men And Women Needed As Teachers

Altogether more than ninety men are in the Normal school training for teachers. That is very promising. One of the weaknesses of our educational system is the scarcity of men teachers. The Albertan would not pass judgment on the comparative worth of male or female teachers, but no educational system is complete without a fair share of either sex. The Alberta schools will be very much better because of the comparatively large number of men training for teachers.—Calgary Albertan.

A Presage Of Transoceanic Air Traffic

The new "Leviathan of the air" that has performed so gracefully on her maiden voyage at Lakewood is harbinger of the transoceanic fleets shortly to be, that will carry freight and passengers safely and swiftly. There will be small risk of a repetition of the tragedies of recent dirigible ventures, for the gas that fills the interior "balloonets" is the non-inflammable helium. The cost of the ZR-1 is $2,000,000; but that is less than a quarter of the sum it took merely to recondition the Leviathan of the sea. —Philadelphia Ledger.

The Jazz Age

Legitimate music is respectable, enjoyable and ennobling, but we have so much jazz on gramophones, player pianos, and among the young, that many people are coming to hate the word music. Likewise reform is respectable, necessary, and everyone respects it, but we have so much jazz reform that people are coming to hate the word. Our newspapers are written in jazz; our plays, books and orations are rotten with it. Jazz controls in most of our public school and churches, and in too many homes. It is a jazz age; in every election the jazz candidates win. Old-fashioned common sense is an outlaw.—Providence Journal.

To Establish The Rule Of Law

Laws will be enforced, here and everywhere else, when the people come to the conclusion that life cannot be carried on unless law prevails. What is needed is a new sense of the necessity of observing law. Reforms may help this to grow. If courts win the public confidence by being swift and sure, if legislators are particular not to enact measures which cannot be enforced, if executives take the position that the law must be applied without fear or favor—if all these things are made to happen, the news will become less lurid, for there will not be so many crimes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Fiction About The Gulf Stream

Rumors about the Gulf Stream reach the culmination of absurdity by a story in circulation that buckets of water recently extracted from the great oceanic river were so hot that "a hand could not be put into them for more than a minute, without danger of having the skin blistered." This is good enough for a yarn, and was doubtless a source of great joy to the sailors responsible for it—though it is hard to swallow. It is quite on a par with another story that the Canadian climate this year has been affected by the Gulf Stream moving nearer to the coast. Slight changes doubtless do occur in temperatures, but their importance is diminutive. —Halifax Chronicle.